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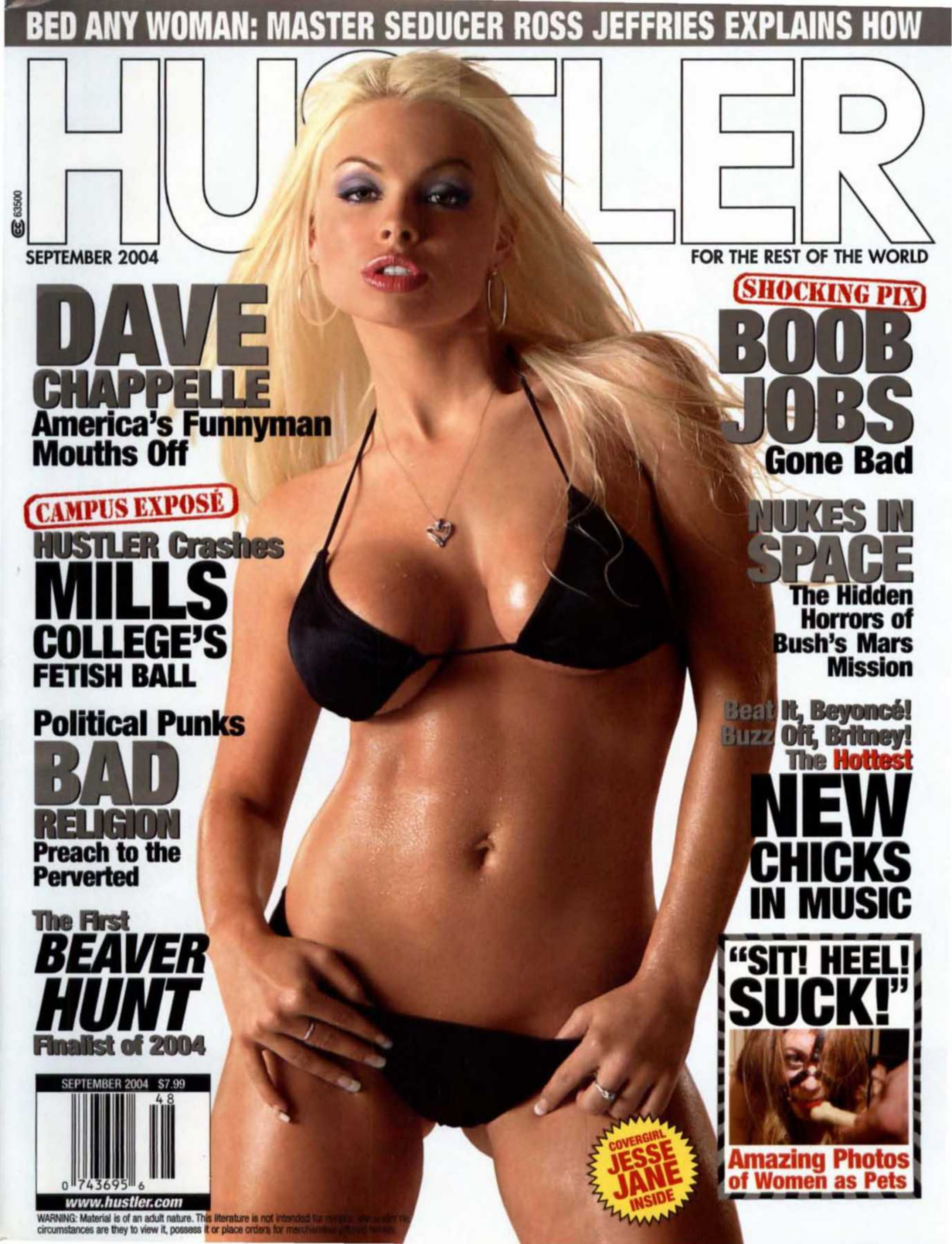

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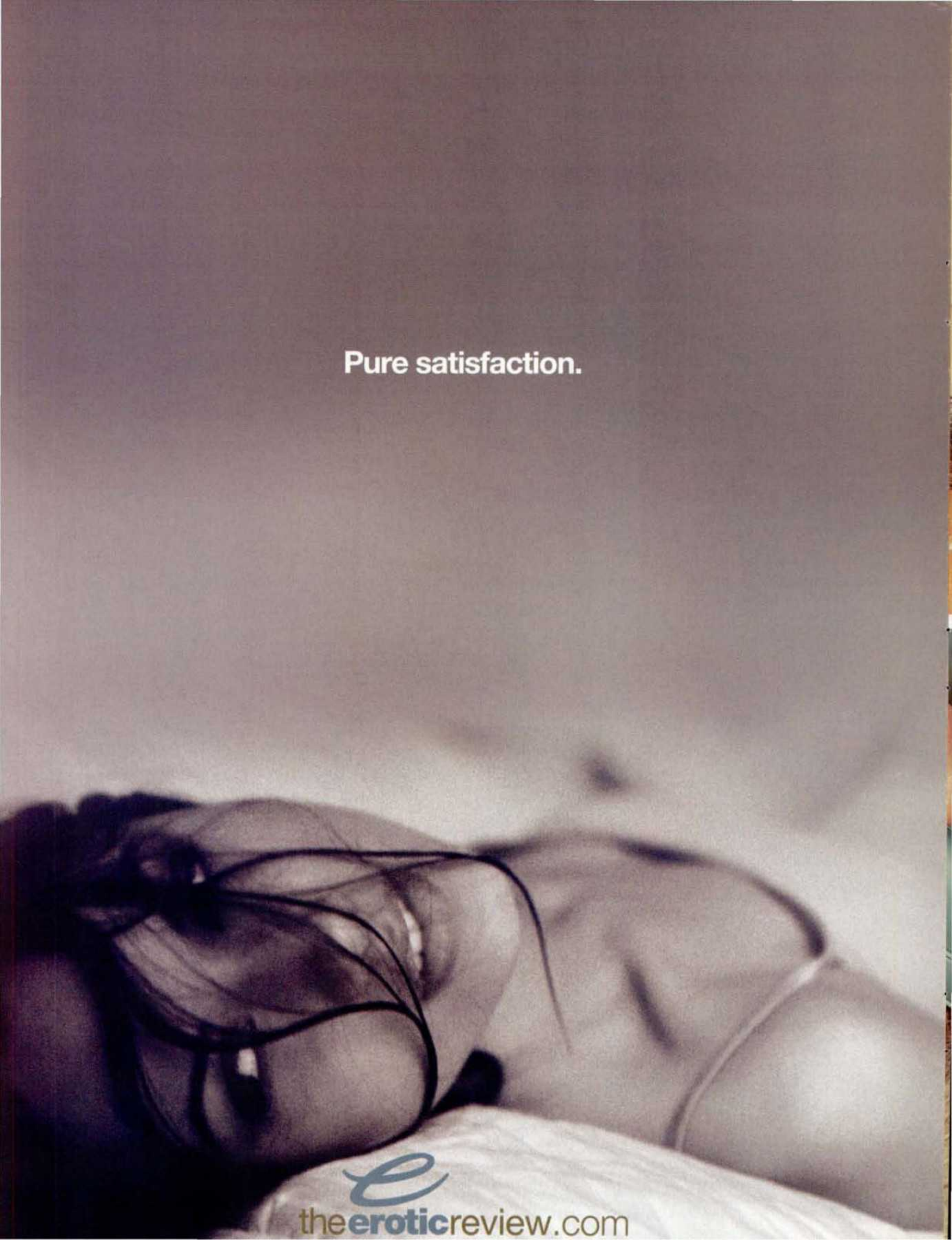

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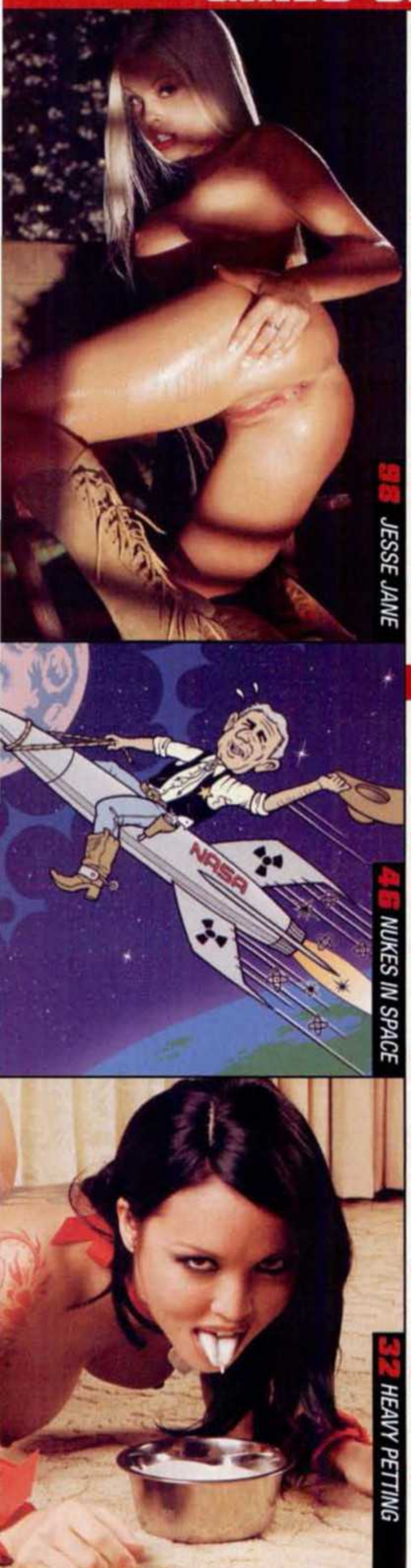

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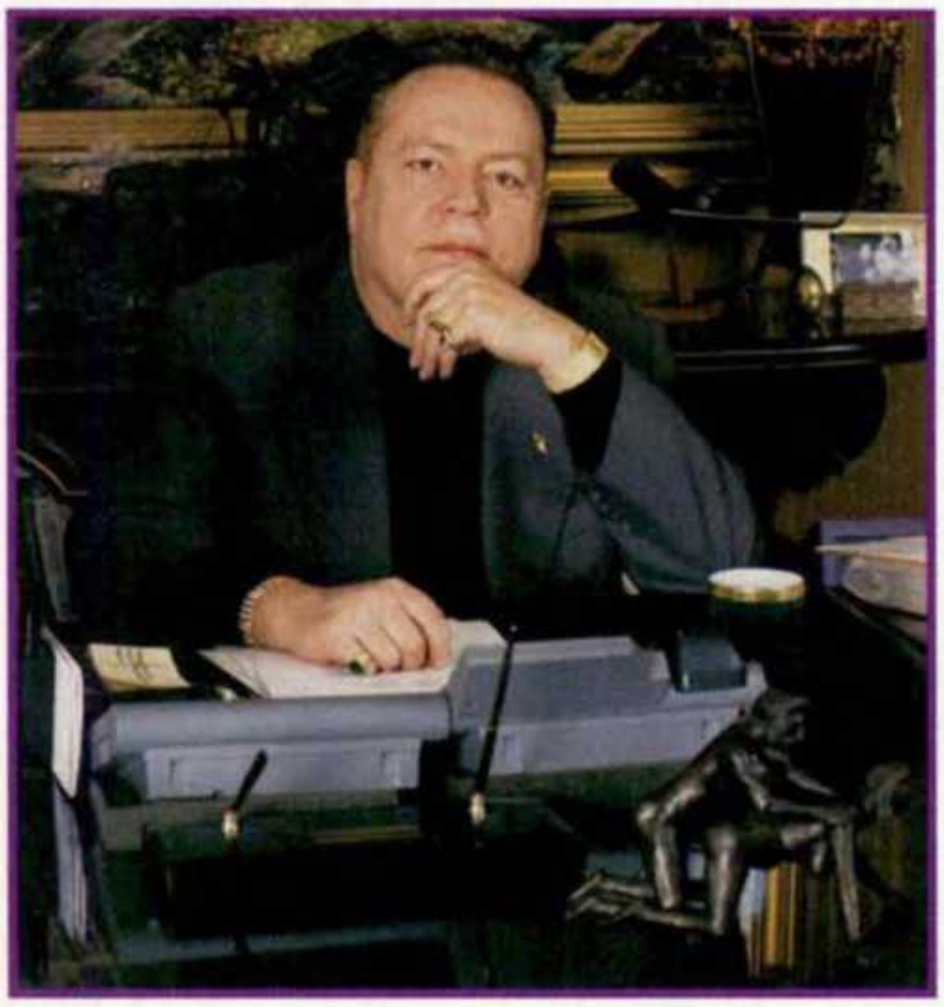


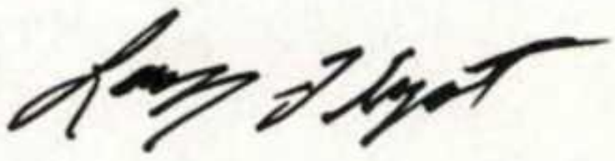
THE RAPE SHIELD LAW: IT'S JUST WRONG!

The Kobe Bryant case has once again put the spotlight on a law that—however well-intentioned when it was enacted in the 1970s—has created a whole new class of victims. Designed to protect women who might otherwise be reluctant to file rape charges, the Rape Shield Law prevents defense attorneys from presenting evidence about the alleged rape victim's past sexual history, behavior or indeed any other past information that might prejudice the jury against her. I understand the desire to protect rape victims from unscrupulous defense attorneys using innuendo and personal attacks to subvert justice, but this can't be done at the expense of justice itself.

Two examples of Rape Shield Law abuse come immediately to mind: Sportscaster Marv Albert had his career destroyed by a woman who accused him of assault and battery during a sexual encounter. Although the woman had a history of making such false accusations, the jury was prevented from hearing this. Jessie L. Redmond had a similar situation. He was convicted in 1993 of raping a 15-year-old girl because his jury was denied evidence showing that this girl also had a history of making false rape accusations. He served 7½ years of his sentence before he was finally released.

It's time that someone just came out and called it as it is: The Rape Shield Law, the result of what is being called feminist jurisprudence, is just wrong. It prevents many men from making a legitimate defense in cases where it all comes down to a he-said/she-said situation. As it stands, the Rape Shield Law creates an uneven playing field at a time when—God help us—the very definition of rape has been expanded far beyond the mere use of force to achieve sex. These days, if you have sex with a woman who is drunk, you could very well find yourself in court facing rape charges.

It is my belief that all of the foregoing has come into being because of pressure from feminist groups that are, to put it simply, antiman, and I, for one, have had enough of it. It goes without saying that rape is an abomination, but so too is the false accusation of rape. With that in mind, let us finally restore some sanity to the rape laws.



Larry Flynt
Publisher
HUSTLER

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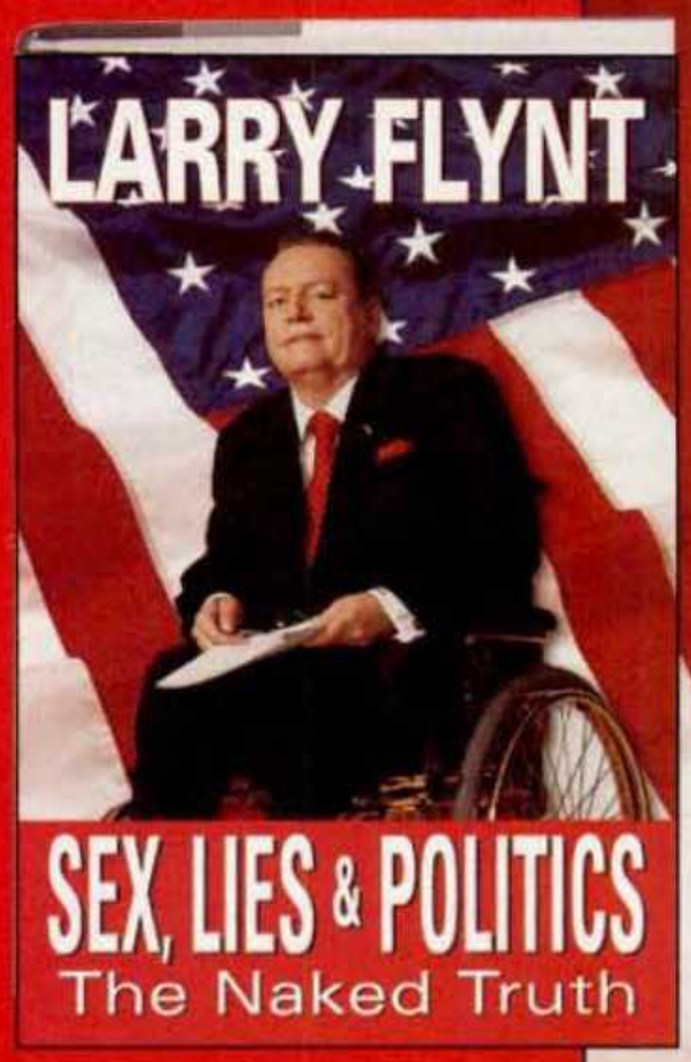

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Land of the Free?

This letter is in response to your February 2003 *Publisher's Statement* ("Does America Have a Free Press?") on the topic of free speech. Thank you! Once again, we Americans have a voice. It has been far too long. I manage an adult bookstore, and since we first opened our doors, we have repeatedly been turned away by most of the local papers and television stations. This includes help-wanted advertisements as well as regular business ads. If we are lucky enough to get a response, we are told that some readers might be offended and the paper might lose financial support. I understand that a publisher is in business for profit, but isn't there a more important obligation to inform the reader? It is now clear to me that the politicians and corporations who are controlling the media as well as our right to free speech are on the same train as the Bible-thumpers. Before the owner ever moved to this area, he had a telephone survey conducted, and 89% of the respondents were in favor of the store opening. This should tell any logical person that 11% of the population is controlling what everyone can read and hear.

—W.M.
Horse Cave, Kentucky

Hot Chocolate!

I have a HUSTLER subscription, and when a new issue comes every month, it is the highlight of my day. I've been flipping through the pages since I was about 17 years old. I'm writing concerning the June issue with a spread of Spantaneeus Xtasty *(Spantaneeus Xtasty: Back 'n' Black)*. My God, she's hot! I remember this goddess from when she was first in the adult industry, and I'm so glad to see that she's back. She is still all that and a box of Cracker Jacks! This was a wise addition to the magazine. Does she have an address so I may tell her of my complete adoration?

—A.J.
Green Bay, Wisconsin

To see more of Spantaneeus, check out her Web site at www.ClubXtasty.com. E-mail her and she might just e-mail you back.

Phoenix Rising

I just received HUSTLER's July issue in the mail, and I must say that it's quite stunning. By far my favorite spread is the one featuring the lovely little slut, Lauren *(Lauren Phoenix and Barret: Boogie Nights)*. She has the most delicious legs and ass. When I saw the photo of her taking Barret's cock to the tonsils, I almost blew a load. The final photo, where she gets a face full of man-goo, just further illustrates that she's a voracious, cum-sucking whore. I also enjoyed the fact that Barret is cropped out of that photo and all you see is the stream of splooge shooting out of his dick. Less of the dudes, more of the chicks. Keep up the good work, guys!

—B.S.
Palm Springs, California

Jenna Fails?

The worst article in HUSTLER every month is *Jenna Tales*, written by the most overrated "star" in the history of porn,

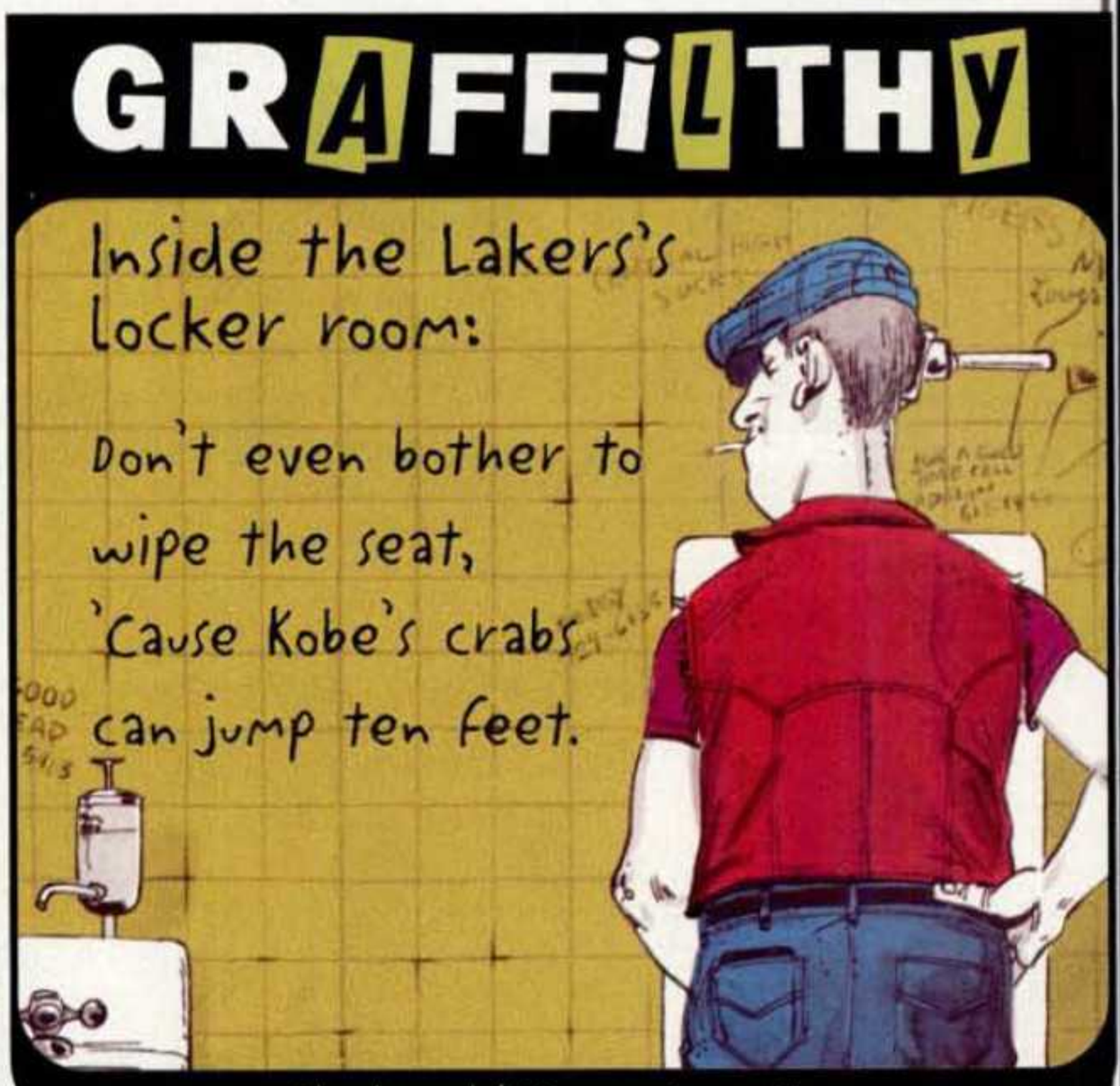
From Our Troops

Here I am holding up the September 2003 HUSTLER with my buds in Samarrah, Iraq. The covergirl is Charlie *(Charlie Laine: Dork at Heart)*, and she was all we had for a couple of months. At any rate, we took some time out to take a picture and show off our guns. Please print this letter so that we can all be immortalized in the best porn magazine ever.

—N.C.
Samarrah, Iraq

Your wish is our command, N.C. All of us here at HUSTLER HQ appreciate your sacrifice over in Iraq and superb taste in smut.

GRAFFILTHY



Thanks and $50 go to **Jerry H.**

Jenna Jameson.

—R. M.
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

The Beat Goes On

As a longtime reader of HUSTLER, I'm happy to see the return of pussy hair. I think that a completely hairless cooch is simply unnatural. The July issue featuring Ginger Jolie *(Ginger Jolie: Playing Around)* is a triumph! It was so refreshing to hear her state that she normally has more hair than she sports in the photos. She's one hot piece of ass.

—V. D.
Burlington, Vermont

Hair-Brained

I am a first-time subscriber and really liked the June issue. However, I am sick and tired of seeing girls with hairless pussies. Please start publishing pictures of hot girls with lots of hair under their armpits and on their pussies. (Make sure that their legs are shaved though.) I also recommend fewer blondes and more brunettes and redheads.

—A. D.
Los Angeles, California

There'll probably be peace in the Middle East before the highly contentious shaved vs. hairy debate is resolved, A. D. Nonetheless, HUSTLER will continue to represent all of our readers' tastes within our pages.

Genius at Work

In the *Aural Pleasures* section of the July HUSTLER, you attempt to show a photo of David Palmer of Jethro Tull, who recently had a sex change. I couldn't care less about him, but I do care about Ian Anderson, whose photo you used by mistake. Just pointing out this error. Otherwise, keep up the good work!

—J. N.
New York, New York

As the text for that news item notes, we're fully aware that it was Anderson in the photo. Palmer was unavailable to pose, presumably because he was busy with hormone treatments.

Icing on the Cake

You guys did one hell of a job on the 30th Anniversary HUSTLER. Congratulations on 30 years of serving up some of the best smut in the universe. I particularly liked the piece about the old porn stars (*Those '70s Ho's: Where Are They Now?*). Annette Haven was one of my favorites from back in the day, but she sounds like a real cunt. I find it tragic that she balked at your characterization of her as a "starlet." Vanessa Del Rio, Marilyn Chambers and Seka are just as bangable today as they were at the height of their careers. Hell, I'd even fuck Juliet "Aunt Peg" Anderson just for sport.

—B. M.
via Internet

Do you have a comment or complaint? We want to hear it. Send your letters (typed or neatly handwritten) to HUSTLER *Feedback*, 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or e-mail to hustler@lfp.com. Include a phone number if you want your letter considered for publication.

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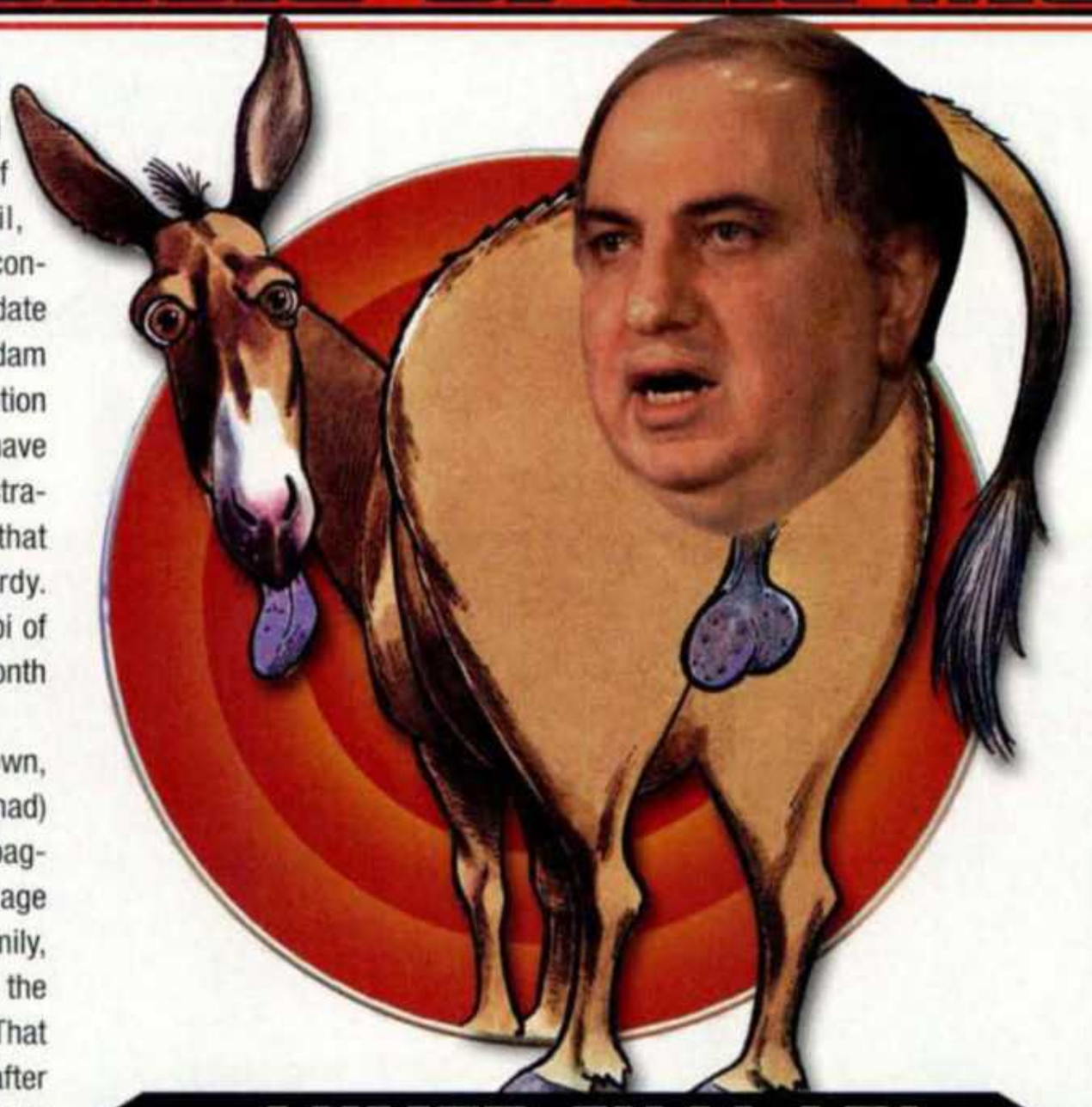
Asshole of the Month



AHMED CHALABI

As head of the Iraqi National Congress and a leading member of the Iraqi Governing Council, Ahmed Chalabi has long been considered the number-one candidate to assume power in post-Saddam Iraq. Thanks to a spree of deception and arrogance that seems to have rattled even the Bush Administration's atrophied conscience, that succession is now in jeopardy. However, no one can rob Chalabi of HUSTLER's Asshole of the Month title for September 2004.

A weasel of international renown, Ahmed (sometimes spelled Ahmad) has a solid record of douchebaggery. Fleeing Iraq in 1958 at the age of seven with his aristocratic family, young Chalabi went on to form the Petra Bank in Jordan in 1977. That tenure came to an end in 1989, after $300 million of the bank's assets mysteriously vanished.

Ahmed, who hightailed it to the border, is believed to have personally absconded with more than $70 million of Petra's cash. A Jordanian court convicted him in absentia of embezzlement and fraud, sentencing him to 22 years; Jordan is currently seeking his extradition. Chalabi calls the charges "political," which isn't to say they're untrue.

With his first major swindle under his belt, Chalabi was appointed to the top spot of the newly formed Iraqi National Congress (INC) in 1992. Created at the behest of the first Bush Administration to orchestrate the overthrow of Saddam Hussein, the London-based INC's existence has been marked by spectacular and expensive—particularly for the U.S., which has poured about $40 million into the INC—failures. Most notably, a botched 1996 coup attempt against Hussein led to the execution of more than 100 INC officials. After this fiasco, the CIA ended its INC funding. The State Department later followed suit, noting that Chalabi could not account for nearly half of the INC's intelligence-gathering budget.

However, under George W. Bush's No Fuckup Left Behind Act, Chalabi found friends and funds at the Pentagon, where bloodthirsty charlatans such as Richard Perle and Paul Wolfowitz welcomed him. Just days after September 11, 2001, according to the *Wall Street Journal*, Chalabi was invited to a Defense Policy Board meeting to discuss how the attacks could be used as a pretext for invading Iraq.

Chalabi responded with a propaganda blitz worthy of Goebbels. In the lead-up to Gulf War 2: Iraqi Bugaboo, Chalabi was instrumental in hyping the threat that Hussein ostensibly posed to the U.S., assembling a cabal of Iraqi defectors to make the pro-war case.

Defectors are notoriously bad intelligence sources; ulterior motives such as cash, visas and revenge often lead them to embellish or fabricate. Chalabi's cast of clowns was no exception, providing inaccurate data or outright falsehoods at almost every turn: The secret nuclear-weapons facilities that never materialized. The alleged efforts to enrich uranium for a bomb, despite numerous experts' evidence to the contrary. Hussein's purported role in the September 11 attacks, which the White House has since conceded to be baseless.

Nonetheless, the Pentagon eagerly swallowed these claims, ignoring warnings from the CIA. The media dutifully parroted the shaky assertions. And for brokering this fraud, Chalabi was seemingly promised a catbird seat in the new Iraq.

As much as anyone, Ahmed Chalabi is responsible for rushing America into a needless war that has so far killed thousands of civilians and more than 700 U.S. troops. Yet Chalabi—whose INC, amazingly, still receives $340,000 a month from the Pentagon for "intelligence collection"—has no regrets.

"As far as we're concerned, we've been entirely successful," he asserts. "What was said before is not important."

No use crying over spilled blood, *eh,* Ahmed? But then, with all those lucrative U.S. government contracts flying around in Iraq—$400 million of which, coincidentally, have been awarded to companies with deep ties to Chalabi associates—who has time to grieve?

Alas, Chalabi's star is dimming. The U.S. government is increasingly reluctant to hand him the reins. Likewise, a recent poll of Iraqi citizens found him placing dead last among leaders they trust, behind even Saddam Hussein.

Don't worry, Ahmed; as an Asshole, you still take first prize.

Farts in the Wind

Antonin Scalia: Has Supreme Court Justice Scalia gone power-mad, or just fucking insane? During an April 7 speech by Scalia at a Mississippi high school—the subject of which, ironically, was the U.S. Constitution—a deputy federal marshal made two newspaper reporters erase their recordings of the speech. Apparently, Scalia believes that his public appearances are immune from the First Amendment's guarantee of a free press. Tony the Tyrant's subsequent apology had a hollow ring to it—but then, hollow rings are what you get from Assholes.

John Burt: Florida anti-abortion activist Burt, who buddied up to doctor-killers Michael Griffin and Paul Hill in the '90s, was convicted in April of molesting a 15-year-old girl who'd been placed in Our Father's House, Burt's foster home. If only Mama Burt had flushed the rancid cargo from her womb, the world would have one less Asshole today.

A Message to the FCC

HUSTLER SUPPORTS HOWARD STERN

Three days after Howard Stern criticized the Bush Administration, media giant Clear Channel (who are big contributors to Dubya) pulled the King of All Media off their stations. A few weeks later, the FCC smacked Stern's bosses, Infinity Broadcasting, with a $27,500 fine for a broadcast that aired way back in 2001. The so-called indecency from that show was a brief discussion of innocuous slang words for sex: *blumpkin*, *balloon knot* and *David Copperfield*. Obviously, this censorship against Stern is politically motivated, plus the wackos on the Christian Right are trying once again to squash free speech. HUSTLER supports the First Amendment and Howard Stern, who has the right to all its protections; besides, we think he's funny. To learn more, go to **www.HowardStern.com**. Oh, and one more thing: Ba Ba Booey.

All Dolled Up

What guy wouldn't want to spend the night with Jenna Jameson, Briana Banks or Sunrise Adams, even if they are only 7½ inches tall? Adult Superstars is a new line of action figures bearing an amazing (well, sort of) likeness to today's hottest porn stars. We predict these plastic performers might someday be more valuable than the *Star Wars* toys; and unlike the Princess Leia "action figure," you can take their clothes off. These X-rated babes (and many more) are available at all HUSTLER Hollywood stores, Tower Records, comic-book and novelty stores, or go to **www.PlasticFantasy.com**.

Porn From the Past

Thanks and $150 go to E. M. of Los Angeles for this flashlight-wielding flasher. Send your smut of yesteryear to HUSTLER's "Porn From the Past," 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. Include a self-addressed, stamped envelope if you want the material returned. HUSTLER is not responsible for lost pictures.

BARELY LEGAL!!

We're pleased to announce that the Olsen twins turned 18 on June 13, 2004. Congrats, ladies! If you're interested in posing for HUSTLER, there could be a couple of bucks in it for you.

Homeland Security

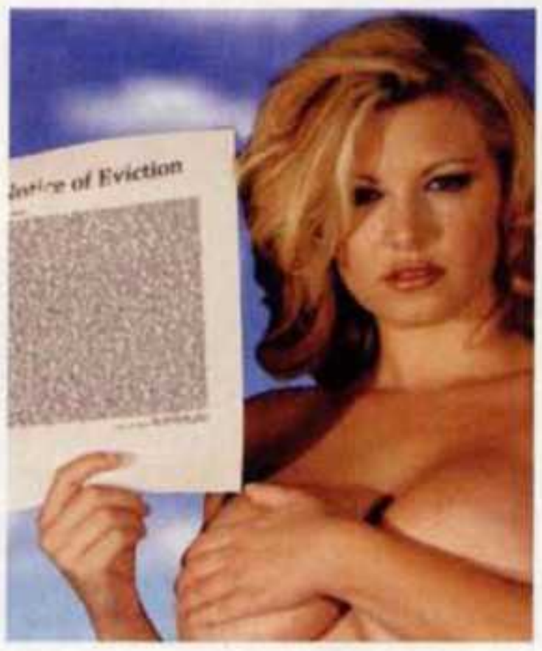
Where's the one place that even the most hardened burglar would never look for valuables? Answer: A shit-stained pair of underwear. However, this is not your ordinary pair of horribly soiled tighty-whities, it's the Brief Safe, which is adorned with fake, though thoroughly thief-repelling, skidmarks. You can hide cash, documents and small objects in its 4" x 10" secret pouch. Then just place the fake undies in plain view, because no one (except maybe your wife or mother) will ever go near these disgusting drawers. To order a pair, go to **www.ShomerTec.com**.

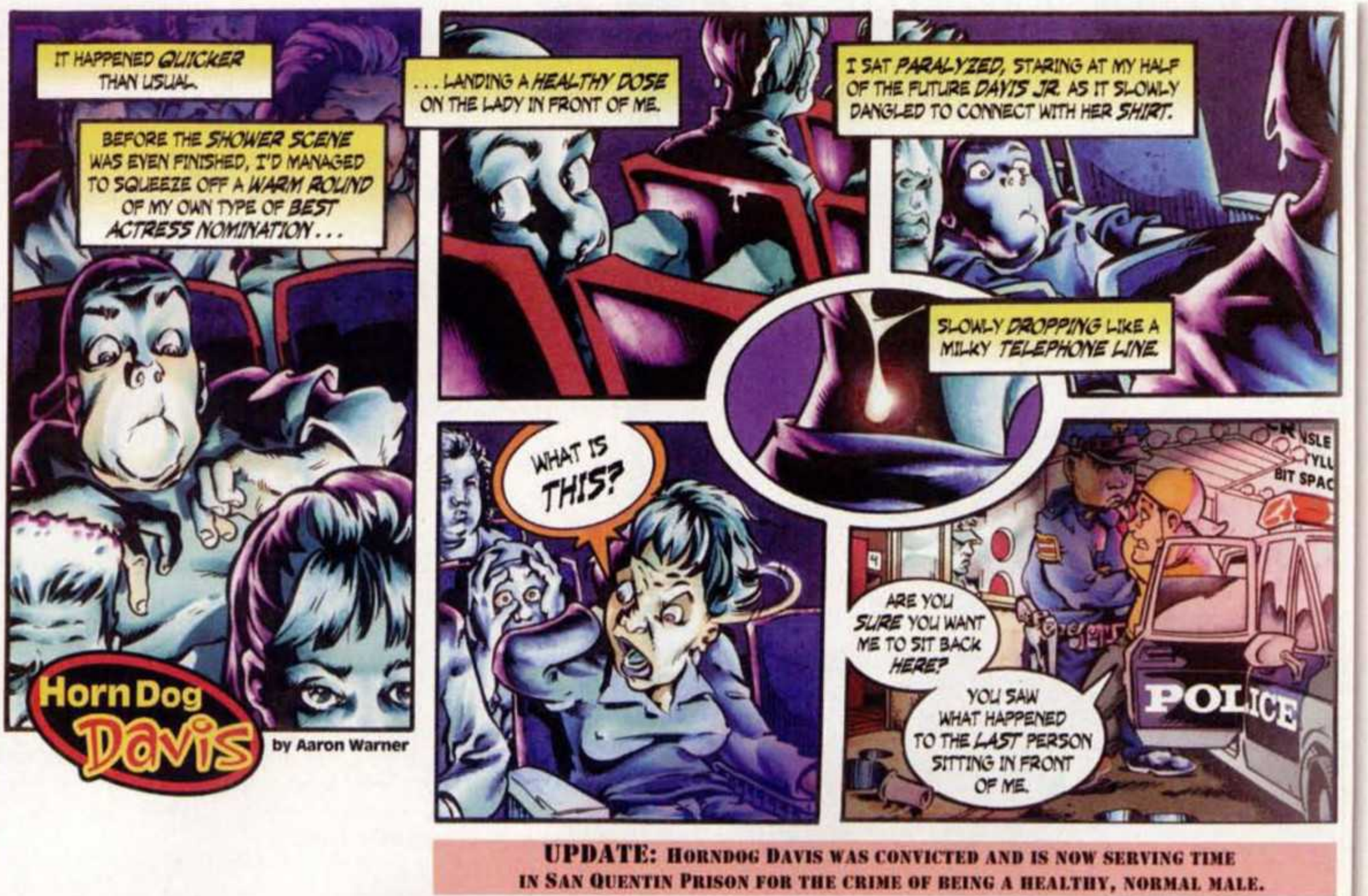
"We may eventually come to realize that chastity is no more a virtue than malnutrition." —ALEX COMFORT

"If my film makes one more person miserable, I've done my job." —WOODY ALLEN

Calendar Girls

As the Presidential election kicks into gear, two calendars are on the market to sway your vote. Babes Against Bush is packed with scantily clad, young, hot nymphs and facts about Dubya's abysmal record. Babes for Bush is full of middle-aged, frumpy, postmenopausal GOP crones (and—*ugh!*—even a few guys) singing pie-in-the-sky praises for Bush. In true Republican fashion, Babes For costs almost twice as much as Babes Against. To get yours, go to **www.BabesForBush.com** or **www.BabesAgainstBush.com**.




IT HAPPENED QUICKER THAN USUAL.
BEFORE THE SHOWER SCENE WAS EVEN FINISHED, I'D MANAGED TO SQUEEZE OFF A WARM ROUND OF MY OWN TYPE OF BEST ACTRESS NOMINATION...
. . . LANDING A HEALTHY DOSE ON THE LADY IN FRONT OF ME.
I SAT PARALYZED, STARING AT MY HALF OF THE FUTURE DAVIS JR. AS IT SLOWLY DANGLED TO CONNECT WITH HER SHIRT.
SLOWLY DROPPING LIKE A MILKY TELEPHONE LINE.
WHAT IS THIS?
ARE YOU SURE YOU WANT ME TO SIT BACK HERE?
YOU SAW WHAT HAPPENED TO THE LAST PERSON SITTING IN FRONT OF ME.
POLICE
Horn Dog Davis
by Aaron Warner

UPDATE: HORNDOG DAVIS WAS CONVICTED AND IS NOW SERVING TIME IN SAN QUENTIN PRISON FOR THE CRIME OF BEING A HEALTHY, NORMAL MALE.

NEWSBITES

Sexual Weapons and Tactics: A motel in Morgan Hill, California, was the site of an alleged X-rated hazing by SWAT team members. Deputy Chad Ellis claims that seven of his fellow officers tied him up with duct tape, kicked him and then pulled down his pants with the intention of boning him up the ass with a pole. According to Ellis's statement, his coworkers aborted the attempted anal rape when he tore a muscle in his shoulder and started screaming. The lawyer for the SWAT officers described the incident as "horseplay," which we assume is lawyer-speak for *Deliverance*-style "foreplay."

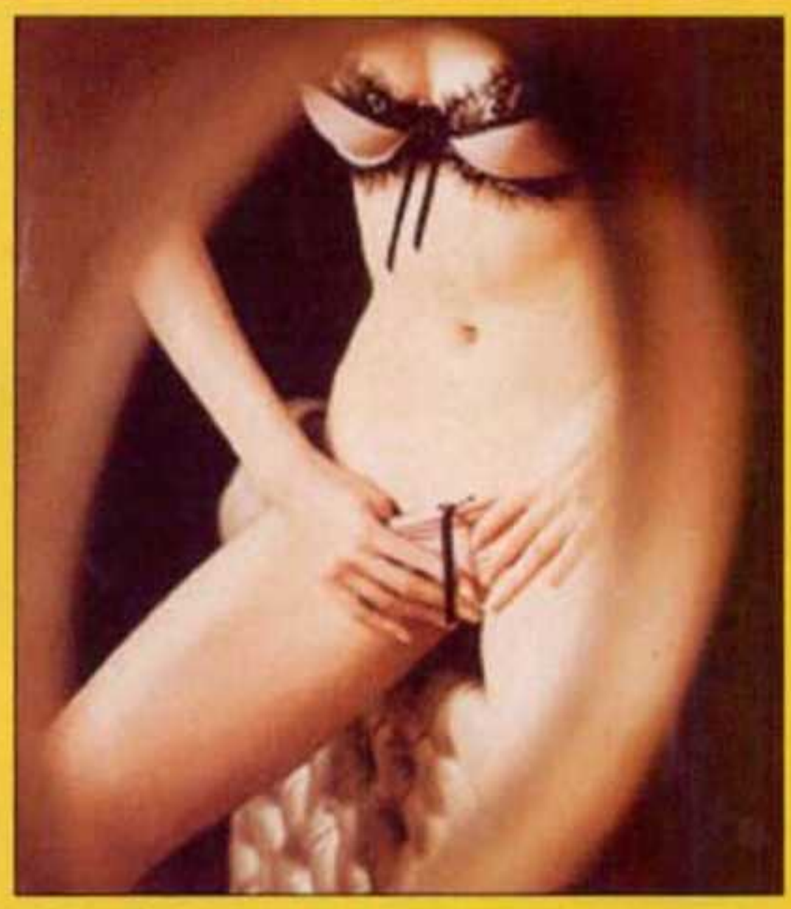
The Blowjob Defense: A woman on trial for second-degree manslaughter in Middleton, Connecticut, has a unique defense. Heather Specyalski claims that she was not the one behind the wheel of a car when it smashed into some trees, killing occupant Neil Esposito. The defendant says Esposito was driving and she was giving him a blowjob. Specyalski's attorney cites that the dead man's pants were pulled down when he was thrown from the car.

I've Fallen, and I Don't Want Any Help Up: Glen Schibley, 83, took a nasty fall while working in his yard in Orlando, Florida, but forbade his wife from calling for help. Harriet Schibley dutifully left him in the yard for three days, where the cranky geezer endured heavy rainstorms. His long-suffering better half covered him with a tarp and brought food, until *she* fell and was unable to get up. When the elderly couple's son-in-law eventually dropped by, Glen had passed away, but Harriet was still alive and is now rumored to be celebrating her new widowhood.

Kiddy Porn: In Fort Worth, Texas, a 16-year-old girl has been suspended from school and faces criminal charges for allegedly showing a homemade porn flick to other students. The smut film was reportedly shot in the girl's home and features her with two other girls, along with a boy who has been identified as her cousin. Police say there was no sexual contact between the horny relatives on the tape, most likely because it was shot in Texas, not Alabama.

Soft-core Porn of the Month

This ad for model Elle MacPherson's new line of lingerie caused censors in England to shit their knickers when it appeared in *Vogue*. The Advertising Standards Authority (ASA) pulled the plug on the panty promotion because it "implied" that the female hottie, being spied on through a keyhole, was masturbating. *Vogue* defended the ad as "beautiful with no disturbing undertones." We agree, and that's the problem: no disturbing undertones. Next time, show some pink!



Burn on the Bayou

According to the Centers for Disease Control and Prevention, Louisiana reported the highest rate of gonorrhea cases in the United States in 2002, just as it did in 2001. Not surprisingly, the state also ranked in the top ten for chlamydia and syphilis. The state's efforts to bring down the STD rate include pushing abstinence in the schools and charging residents for VD tests at state health facilities. With logic like that, Louisiana seems to be headed for a third straight title.

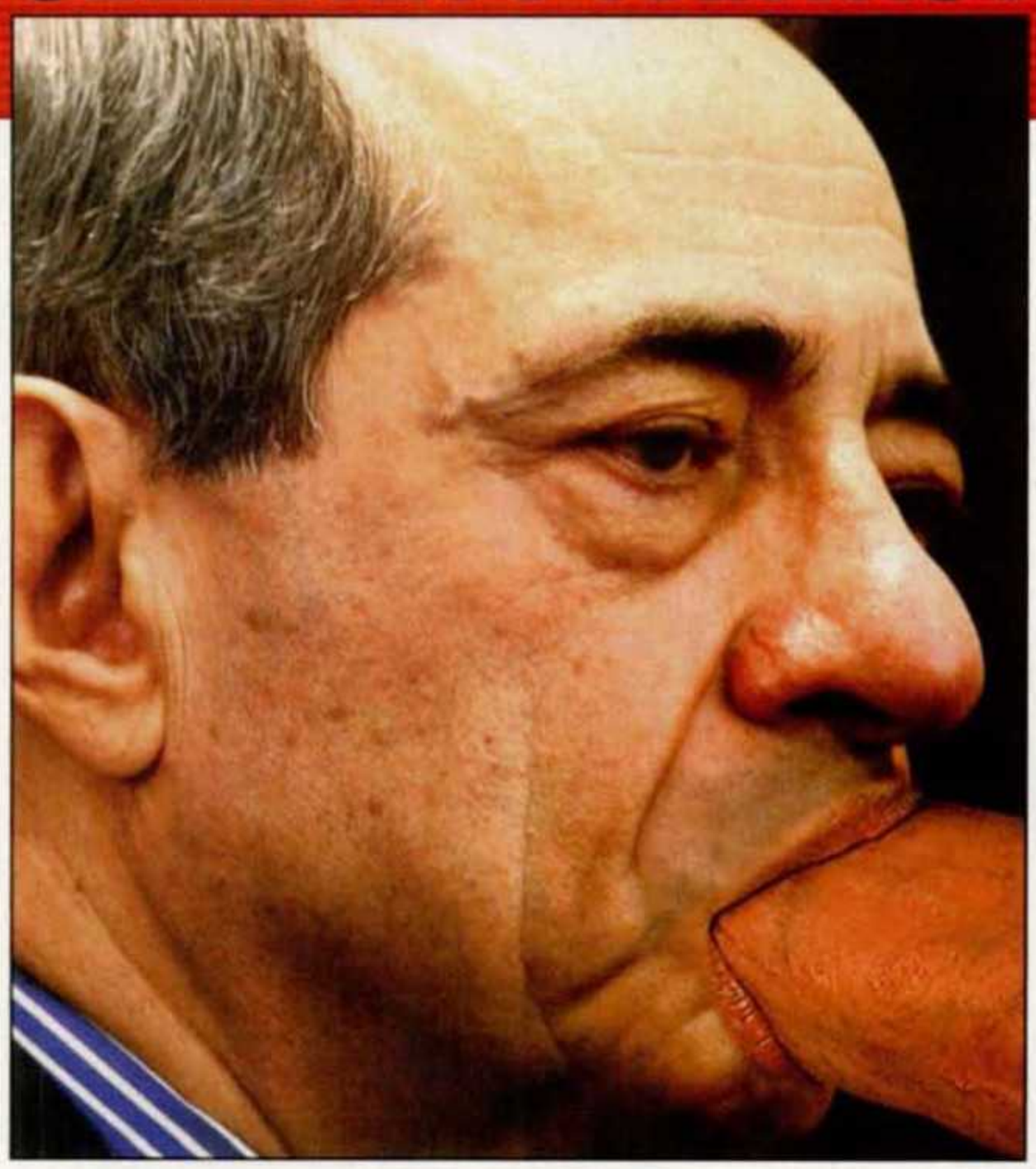
CELEBRITY JUSTICE

We always feel better about our own lives when we hear about a celebrity getting busted, and now you can savor those moments with Starz Behind Barz playing cards. This all-star deck features 53 different mug shots (and the accompanying criminal charges) of the rich and famous. The law-offending pics include Bill Gates, Kid Rock, Keanu Reeves, Larry King, Marilyn Manson, Matthew McConaughey, Tim Allen and Bobby Brown (who should probably have his own set by now). Order your deck at **www.StarzBehindBarz.com**.

Q
Microsoft boss Bill Gates was photographed by the Albuquerque, New Mexico police in 1977 after a traffic violation (details of which have been lost over time).
6
DEC 20 971
Larry King was arrested in December 1971 in Miami, in regards to a loan to a close associate of Jim Garrison, who investigated the John F. Kennedy assassination. The Charges were formally dropped in March 1972.
9

"The first half of our life is ruined by our parents and the second half by our children." —CLARENCE DARROW

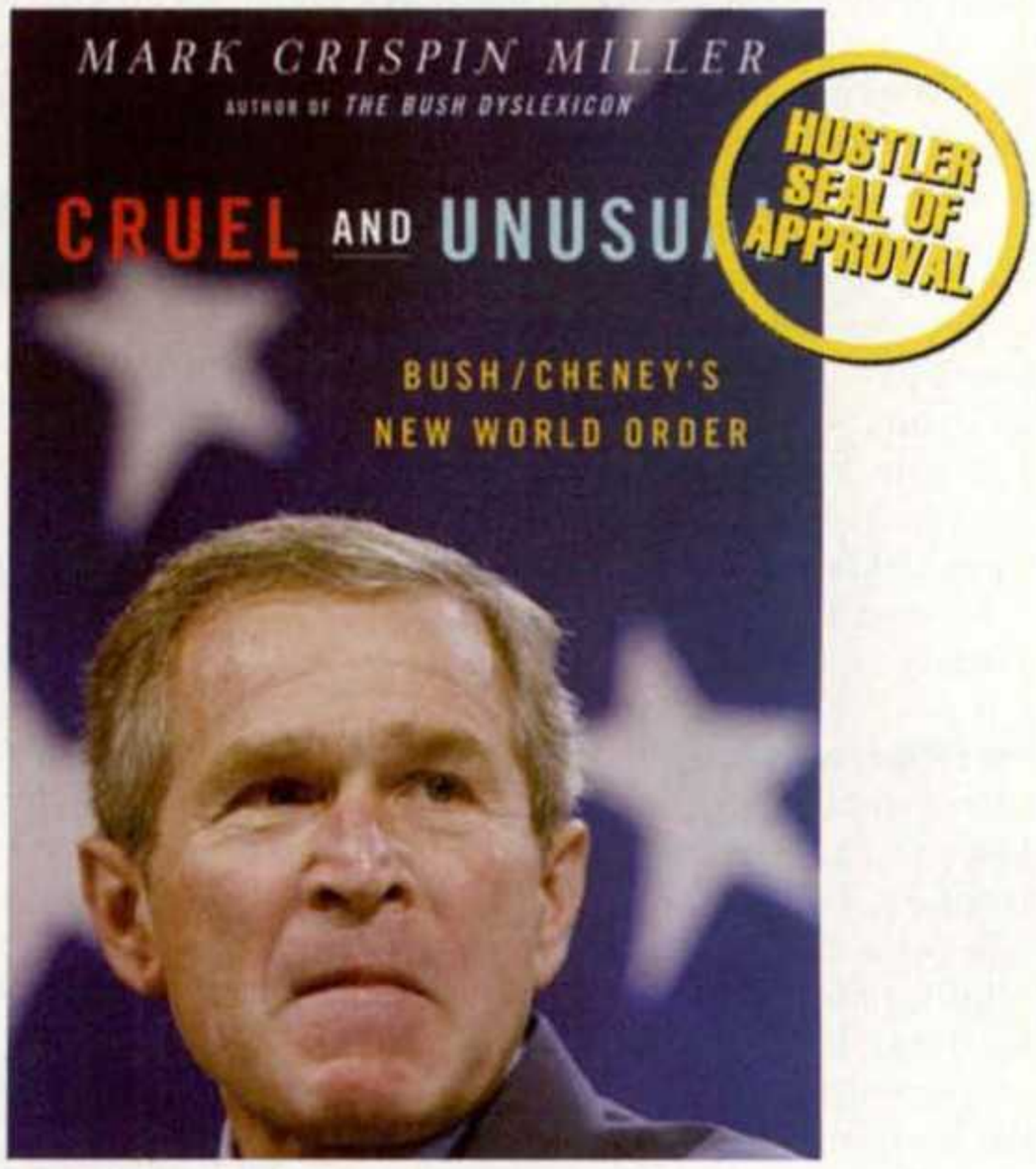
CELEBRITY FANTASY

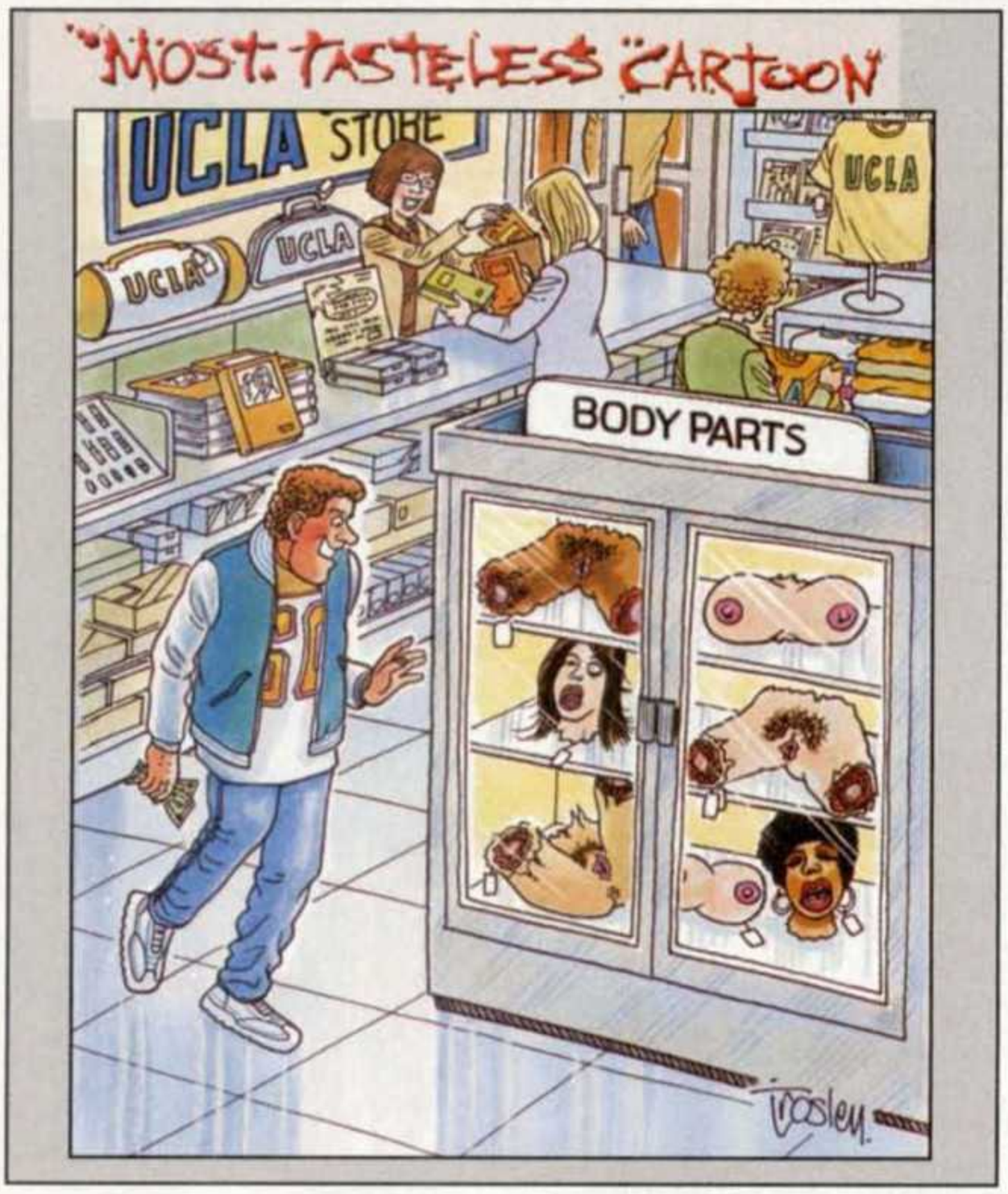


What would Mario Cuomo look like with a dick in his mouth?

Former New York Governor Mario Cuomo has filed a $15-million lawsuit against journalist Greg Palast because of a passage in Palast's book *The Best Democracy Money Can Buy*, which questioned whether or not Cuomo had unduly influenced a judge's decision to throw out a jury's verdict. Northeast Public Radio host Alan Chartock has offered Mario a chance to debate Palast on the air, but, for some odd reason, the normally chatty political icon has been conspicuously silent. Perhaps he's afraid of debating Greg, or maybe he just has his mouth full.

Disclaimer: No such picture of Mario Cuomo exists. This is a social commentary on a man who outwardly champions individual freedom in America, but changes his tune when the First Amendment works to his detriment.





This Month: *Cruel and Unusual: Bush/Cheney's New World Order* by Mark Crispin Miller

What It Is: An excellent recap of Bush and Cheney's dirty deeds: stonewalling the 9/11 commission, using patriotism as a guise to limit freedoms, the pre-9/11 invasion plans for Iraq, their ties to corporate America and more. Miller also recounts Bush's checkered "service" in the National Guard and the SEC investigation into his shady Harken Energy stock deal.

Why We Care: Amazing as it may seem, millions of people are oblivious to the sleazy maneuvers of the Bush White House, mostly due to political strategist Karl Rove's spin machine and the lapdog mainstream press that treats Dubya as if he were King George.

Buzz: Miller is a professor of media studies at New York University, author of *The Bush Dyslexicon: Observations on a National Disorder* and an expert on Bushocracy.

How to Get It: *Cruel and Unusual: Bush/Cheney's New World Order* is available at bookstores nationwide.

Bottom Line: Everything you wanted to know about Bush and Dick, but were afraid to ask.

"I never vote for anyone. I always vote against." —W.C. FIELDS

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RAMONA
DANGER ZONE

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MICHAEL BISCO

A California native, exotic beauty Ramona grew up in a conservative home, but that upbringing had no bearing on her present career as a stripper. "I've been doing it since I was 18. My parents have no clue, and they live just 20 minutes from me," the 21-year-old winks.

GIRLS!
SURFING RABBIS
BALLOON ANIMALS
MAXIM
GIRLS!

Not surprisingly, her folks are also in the dark about her posing nude in **HUSTLER**. "Hopefully they won't find out," the sassy babe giggles. If that wasn't enough, Mom and Dad have yet to discover her porn movie career. "Knock on wood," she laughs.

The luscious Latina's future plans include going to cosmetology school and working as a stylist on porn sets—covertly, of course. When the sneaky babe isn't taking her clothes off for the camera, you'll probably find her in the desert, tearing up the dunes in a 4x4 truck.

As for her preference in men, the free-spirited Libra is an equal-opportunity dater: "I like skinny guys, big guys, tall guys, short guys; I'm very open-minded." Her mind's not the only thing that's open.

Ramona gives up the booty in BARELY LEGAL #32, YOUNG GIRLS' FANTASIES #1, HOT SHOWERS #8 and HUSTLER'S YOUNG SLUTS, INC. #5 on VHS and DVD from HUSTLER Video. Call (877) 325-6464 or visit www.HUSTLERHollywood.com to order.

OH, SHIT, GOD IS A WOMAN!

Dog Day Afternoon

You might find this hard to believe, but I use my dog's excrement to get off. When Muffy has to take a dump, I follow her out to the yard, wait for her to shit and pick it up with my bare hands. I then rush to the bathroom, stick my rock-hard cock into the hot pile of poop, furiously stroke my cock and explode all over the sink. Is there something wrong with me? I simply like the feeling of hot, squishy stuff on my dick. Can I catch a disease from this onanistic practice?

—D. K.
Marquette, Michigan

As a safer alternative, try heating up some peanut butter (chunky or smooth—your choice) in the microwave. Make sure to stir the center once you remove the container; otherwise, you run the risk of burning your schlong. This method would probably be a lot more hygienic. It's logical to surmise that sticking your prick into steaming dogshit is the equivalent of having anal sex and not washing up afterward.

Prison Sex

I'm curious about hermaphrodites. If they have to use a public restroom, which one do they use? If they are arrested, would they be sent to a male or female prison?

—X. H.
St. Petersburg, Florida

I once worked with a hermaphrodite who decided to live life as a man and had his breasts removed; yet he had working ovaries, a functioning vagina and a relatively small penis. I imagine that he typically used the men's room when nature called. To answer your question regarding incarceration, I believe placement would depend upon which attributes are predominant.

(Not So) Hot for Teacher

I am an attractive female high-school student who's not very good with the books. I'm close to graduating, but I'm failing one of my science classes. My teacher has been tutoring me during the semester, and he's very touchy-feely. One day after class, he sat me down and told me there was an easier way for me to pass his class. He suggested that I go over to his house after school for some beers. He implied that he'd accept a sexual favor, such as a blowjob, in exchange for a passing grade. I really need to graduate; so should I just suck his dick and get it over with?

—C. N.
via Internet

There is a much easier way to graduate, which involves informing your high-school counselor about your teacher's actions. Any failing grades you might have could quite possibly be overturned. More than likely, the school administration will want to keep this quiet. Ask for your past test scores, because he might have been purposely failing you all along. You shouldn't have to blow your teacher to pass high school. This individual is a sick predator who has probably made such propositions to other girls, and will continue to do so until he is stopped.

Flirtin' With Disaster

I'm a 19-year-old girl who wants to get into the porn business. I live in a rural town with one fast-food restaurant and a truck stop. I've been honing my craft with the truckers that stop by the interstate. Can you give me any tips on getting into the XXX industry? I really love sex, and a couple of the truckers said I give them the best blowjobs they've ever had.

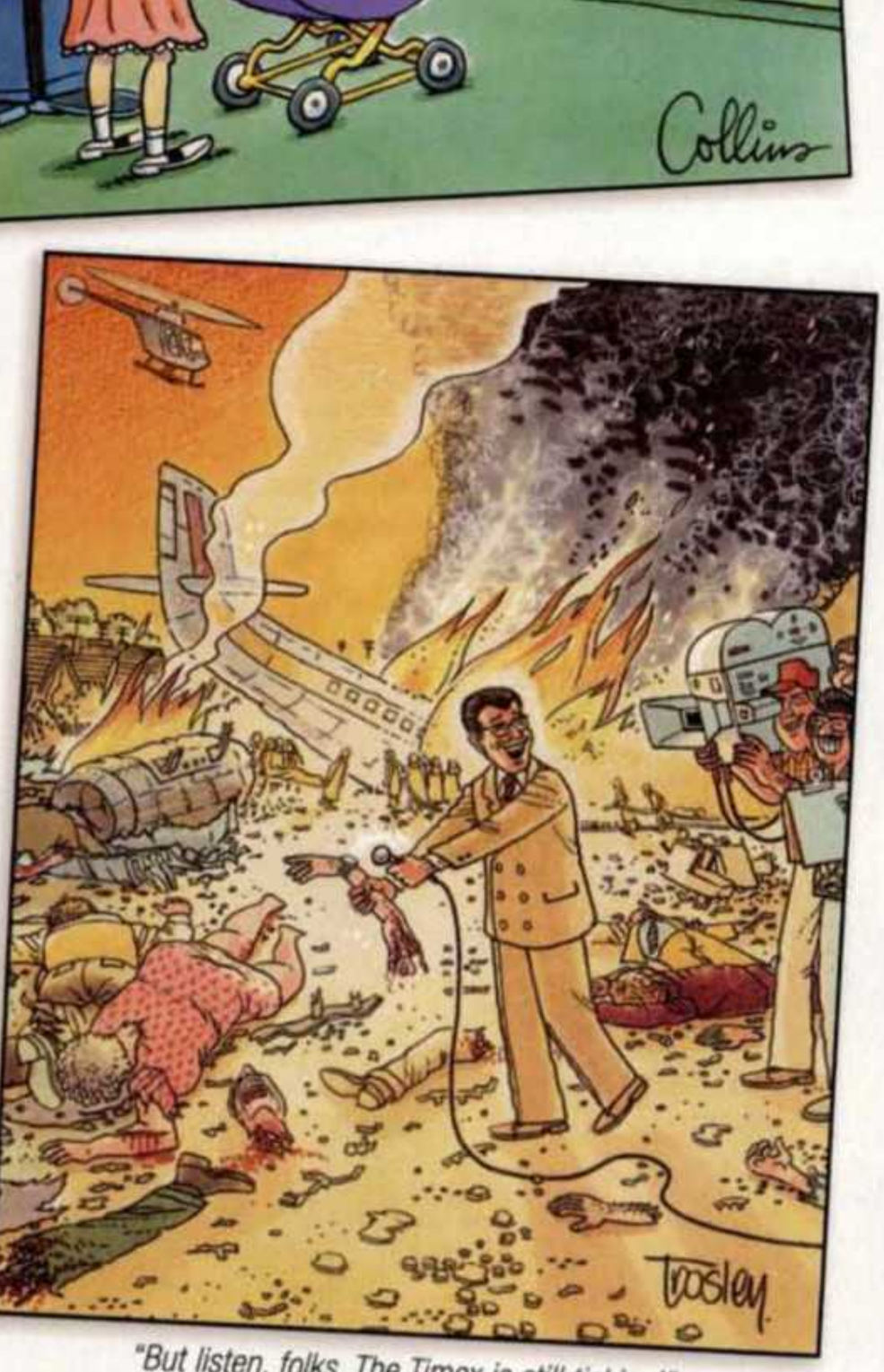
—G. I.
via Internet

First, please discontinue the dangerous and potentially fatal practice of being a lot lizard. You could catch a disease, be physically assaulted or, worse yet, end up as a dismembered corpse tucked away in the back of some psycho trucker's cab. As far as getting into the porn business, you need to take an honest look at yourself in the mirror. Are you stunning and gorgeous, or do you need a bit of plastic surgery? If you think that you have star quality, you could shoot a video of yourself masturbating in front of the camera in the privacy of your own home to demonstrate your talents and send a copy to some of the larger XXX companies. Good luck!

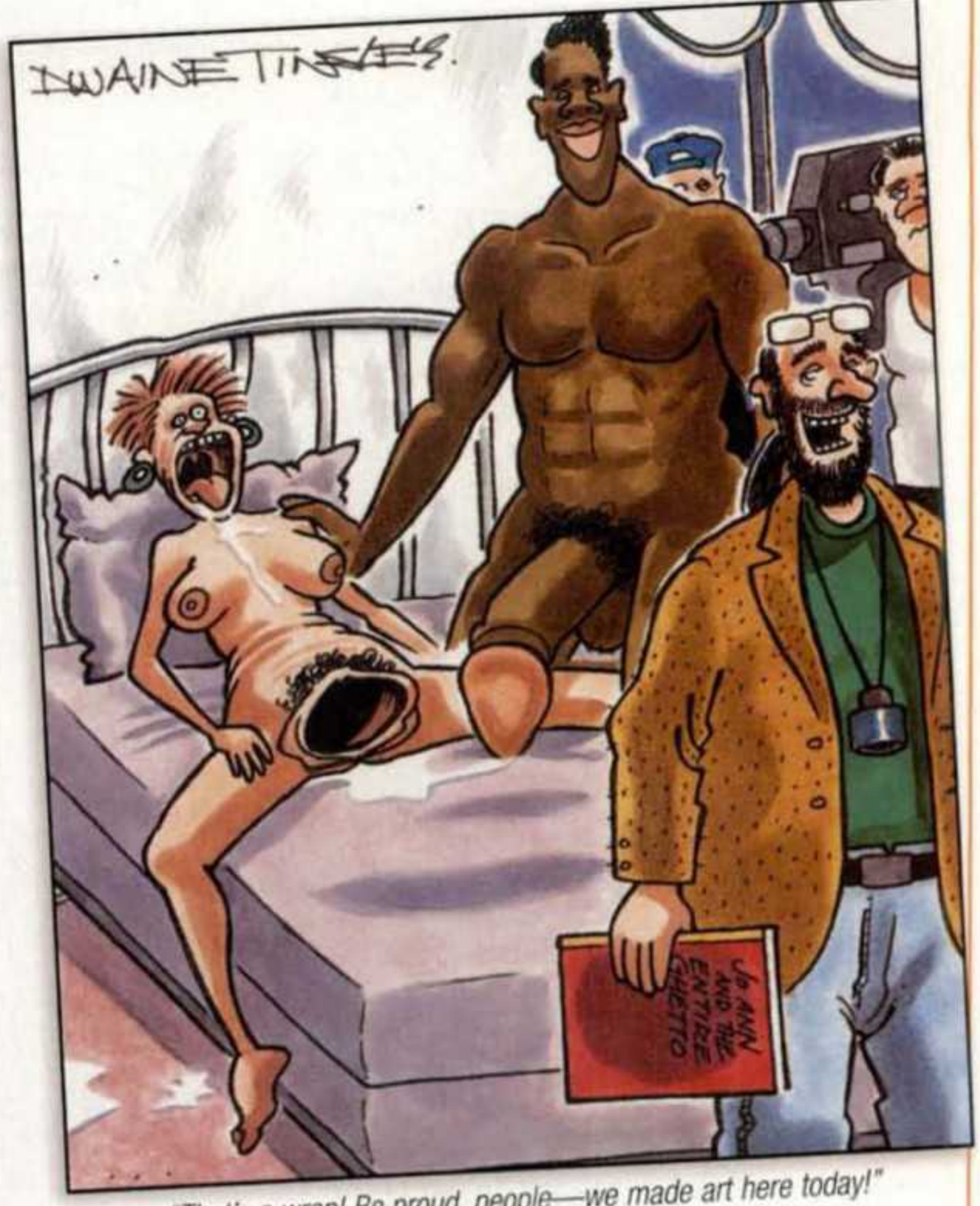
Jeanna Fine responds to readers seeking erotic enlightenment. She invites you to drop her a line and join her on the fearless quest for the fucking truth. Write to *Dear Slut*, c/o HUSTLER, 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or e-mail at slut@lfp.com.

HUSTLER® CLASSIC CARTOONS

"Don't worry, my old lady has no idea where I am!"



"But listen, folks. The Timex is still ticking!"



"That's a wrap! Be proud, people—we made art here today!"

Nancy Ann is a sexologist and freelance writer contributing insights on the latest sexual techniques, sex toys, and supplemental enhancements in the U.S, Canada, and Europe.

Give Her A Cum-Drenching THE ULTIMATE FUCK She'll Never Forget!

Learning "The Ropes"...

The letters keep pouring in, written by women of all ages, about a supplement that has made their sex lives explosive (literally). I'd like to share one, from a loyal reader...

Rebecca writes:

Nancy, my boyfriend has always been able to satisfy me sexually. With an ample cock-size, average endurance, and creative oral technique, he almost never fails to get me off. But what I experienced the night he returned home from a business trip in Europe was the surprise of my life—a fucking I will never forget, and an orgasm that no man before him has ever come close to equaling.

Since I love to suck cock, the second my boyfriend dropped his luggage I stripped off his clothes and proceeded to please him with my best welcome-home blowjob.

Before long my wet mouth had him pumping gob after hot gob down my throat and on my face. With a fistful of throbbing cock, I held on for dear life as he unloaded his sweet jism; these were "power throbs" that kept launching massive amounts of come. I've never seen anything like it—a man having a multiple! I was so totally turned on being nearly drowned with his superhuman load. And it didn't stop there! He stayed erect, throwing me down on the floor and pounding my twat until we both had simultaneous, earth-shattering orgasms, practically causing both of us to pass out. The rest of the evening and throughout the week we fucked ourselves into a frenzy; his recovery time between these super-charged orgasms was that of a teenage boy.

Since that mind-blowing night, all I can think of is sucking and fucking my new "power lover" all hours of the day and night. Finally, curiosity got the best of me, so I asked what had turned him into such a fuck machine. His answer: He had learned "The Ropes."

Turns out my boyfriend had spent an evening in Europe with a Swedish nutritionist and his wife of 20 years. The couple was openly sexual and couldn't keep their hands off each other, so my boyfriend asked them their secret. The nutritionist explained he regularly took a natural supplement, and gave my boyfriend about a month's supply, telling him it would teach him "the ropes" of great sex.

The supply is about to run out, and we want to know where we can buy this incredible enhancement. Do you know if this product is available in the States?

Rebecca M.
San Diego, CA

Rebecca, as I've mentioned in previous columns, I do know all about what your last boyfriend used to enhance his orgasms. I'm happy to report that across the U.S. and Canada more and more men are finding out and using this unique supplement, learning that not only do they themselves benefit sexually, so too do their partners.

The physical contractions and fluid release during male orgasm can be multiplied and more sensitized using an all-natural product called Serogen. Although formulated to trigger stronger, longer orgasmic experiences in men by strengthening the prostate gland, an added bonus of using Serogen—from a woman's perspective—is that these powerful, added contractions men achieve while in the throes of an orgasm can induce an intense, simultaneous female climax.

Moreover, the term "ropes" Rebecca mentions in her letter is actually common European slang for the added contractions and heightened release that cause these rope-like sensations during male orgasm.

As far as finding this enhancement in the States, I know of just one importer—Somalab. If interested in purchasing Serogen, Somalab can be contacted toll-free at 1-866-SOMALAB. Orders can also be placed through Somalab's informational Web site: www.somalab.net.

Nancy Ann

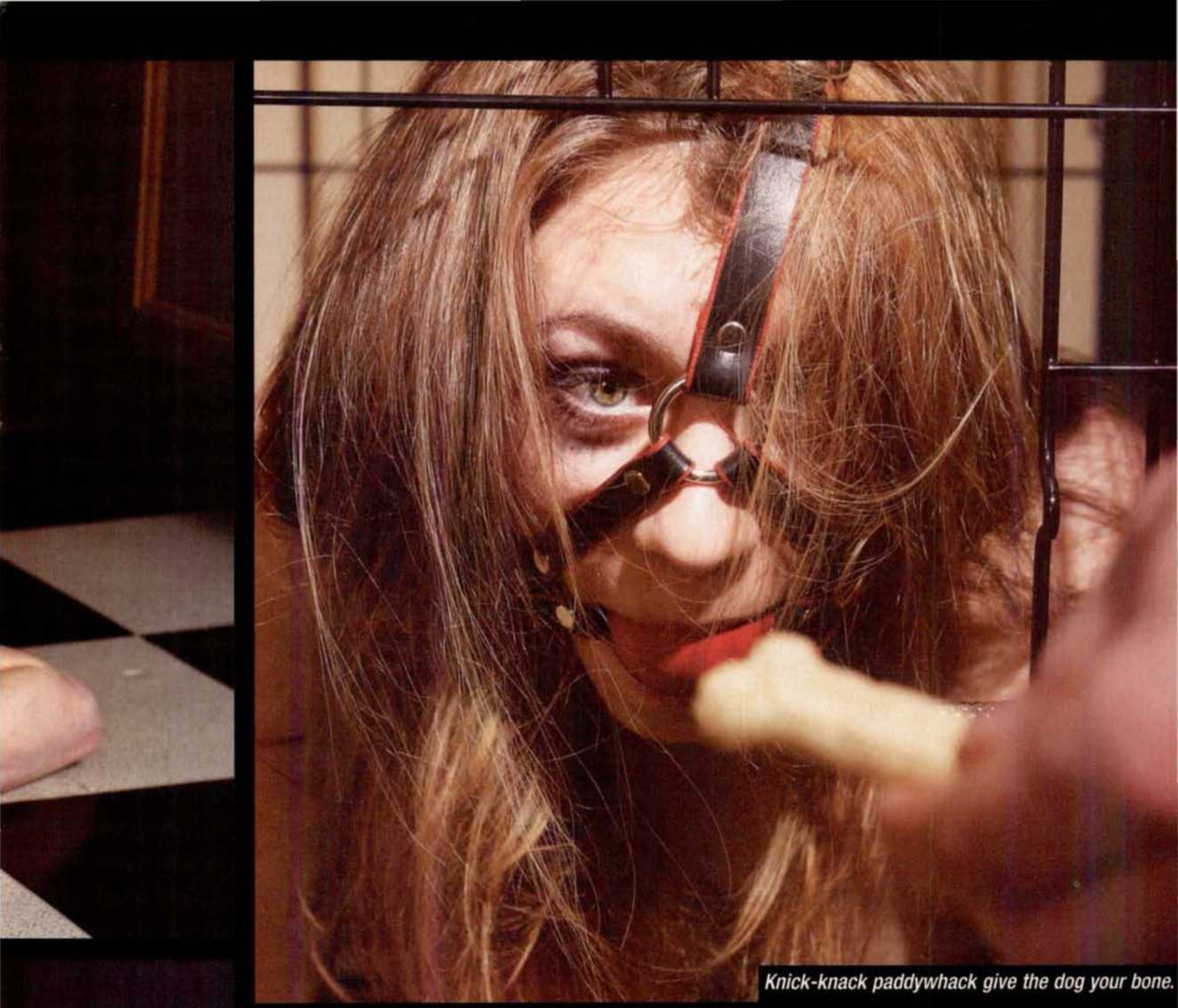
Nancy Ann

Paid Advertisement

Milk. It does the pussy good.

A few swats with a rolled-up newspaper will fix this.

This sex kitten can play with our balls anytime.



Knick-knack paddywhack give the dog your bone.

HEAVY PETTING

PetGirls.com turns cute girls into sexy beasts.

Does fish-woman vagina taste like human?

★ **Photos Courtesy of PetGirls.com**

Got an itch to see women on all fours, caged, co
lared, leashed, muzzled and/or licking milk from
bowl? PetGirls.com offers a stable of picture ga
leries of women as dogs, cats, pigs, horses an
more. The site promises a "plentiful portion of *pur*
fectly proportioned petgirls fresh from the farm" an
gives new meaning to the phrases "hot bitches
"pussycats," "doggy-style" and "puppy love."

We're not quite sure what kind of animal she's supposed to be, but with udders like these, who cares?

Meow.

Tragically, every year thousands of pets that are given as Christmas gifts are abandoned within months. We suspect that won't be the case here.

IF I SWALLOW, HE'S GOING TO THINK I'M A SLUT; BUT IF I SPIT IT OUT, HE'S GOING TO THINK I DON'T LOVE HIM.

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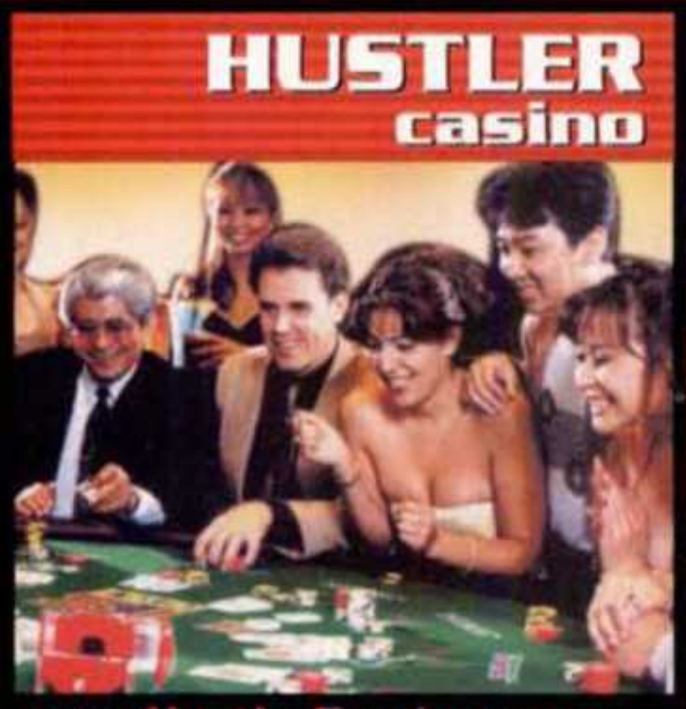

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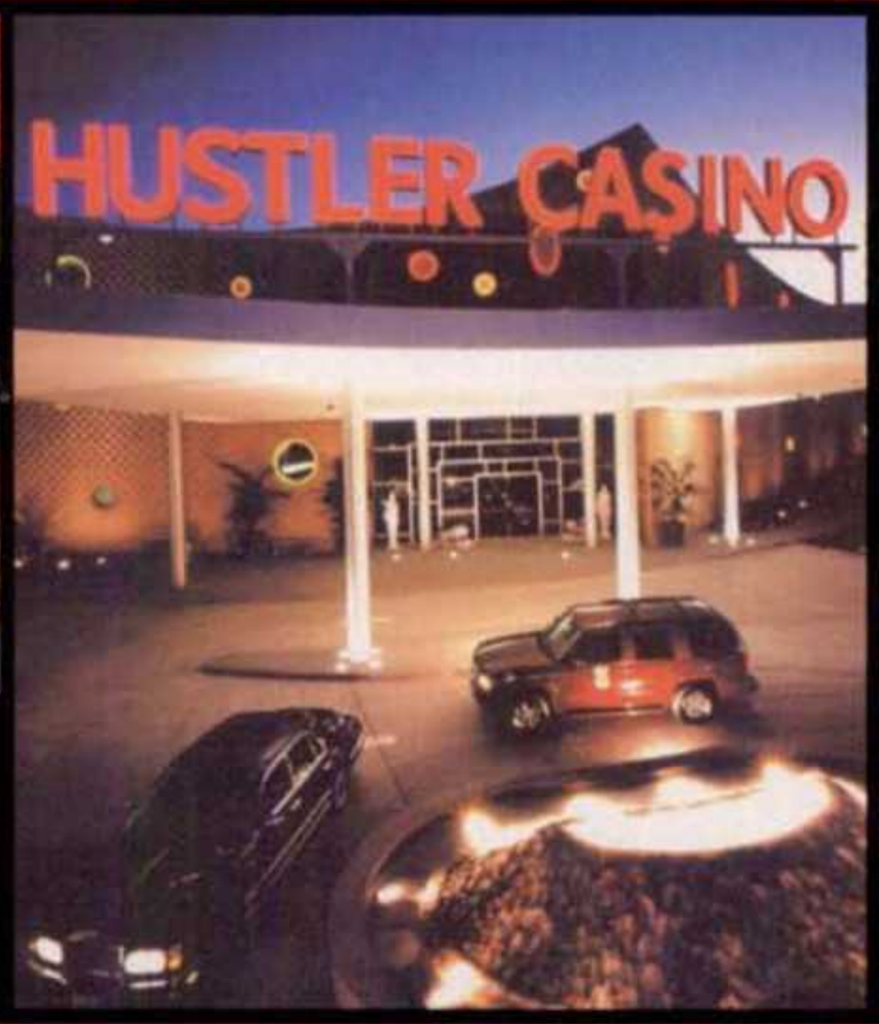

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MIKAYLA AND SARAH

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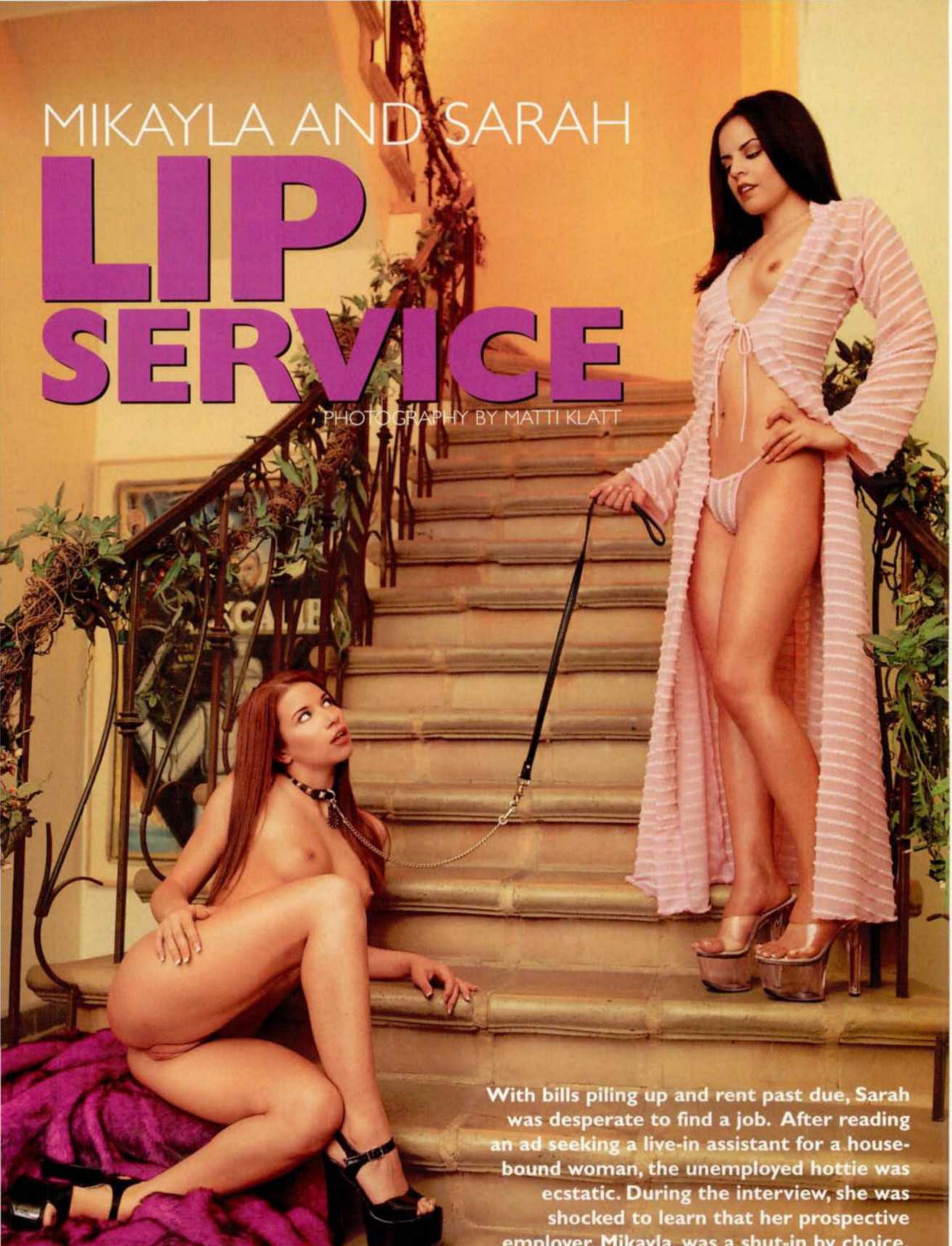
PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATTI KLATT



With bills piling up and rent past due, Sarah was desperate to find a job. After reading an ad seeking a live-in assistant for a house-bound woman, the unemployed hottie was ecstatic. During the interview, she was shocked to learn that her prospective employer, Mikayla, was a shut-in by choice.

The wealthy heiress told the starving sexpot that she would have to work in the nude and wear a collar with a leash.

After complying, Sarah was led downstairs and ordered to demonstrate her oral communication skills. She quickly went to work, licking and slurping Mikayla, who returned the favor.

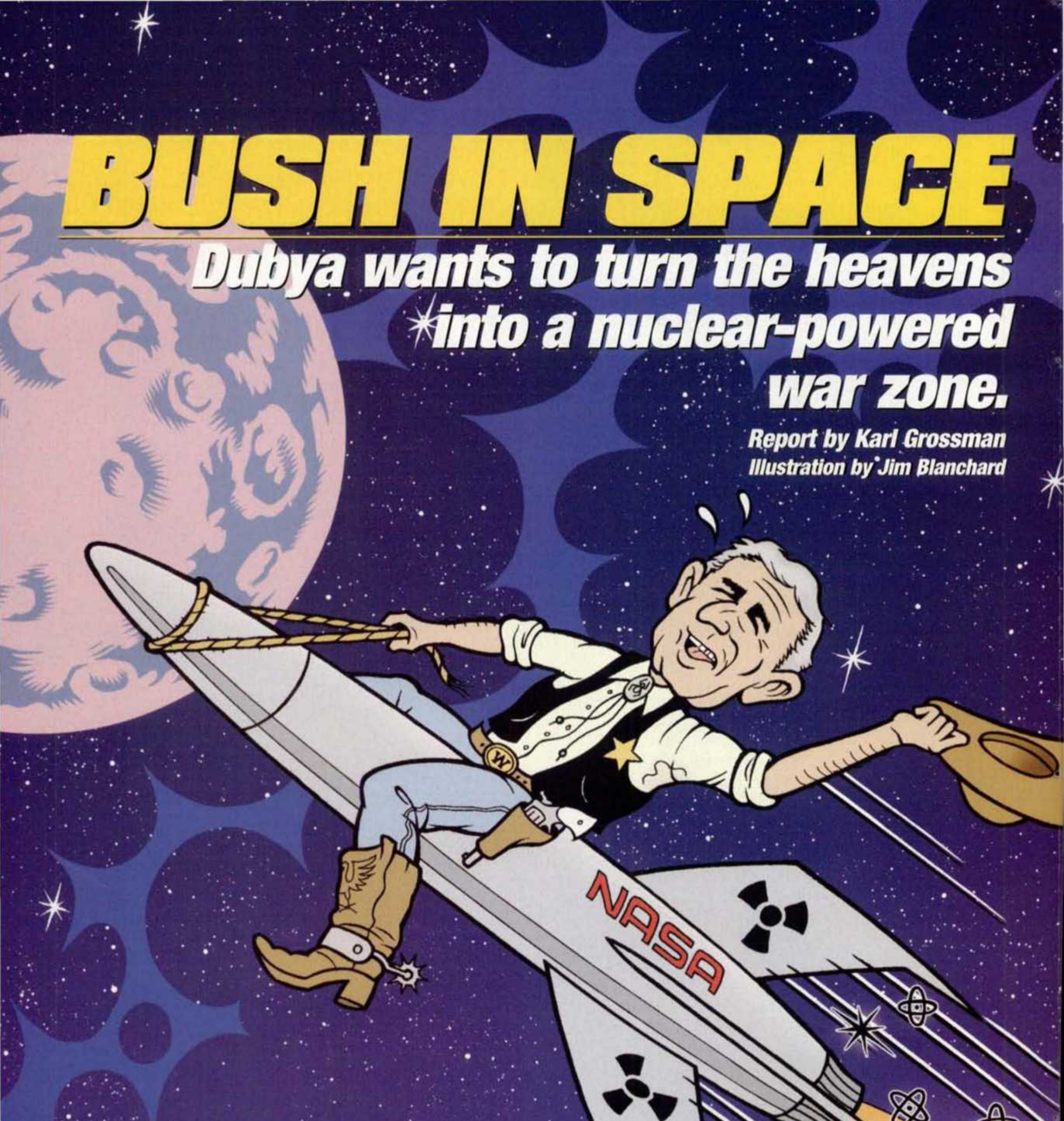
The truth was, Mikayla wasn't hiring anyone, just doing interview after interview; it was all lip service.

Sarah spreads wide in BARELY LEGAL #46 on VHS and DVD from HUSTLER Video. Call (877) 325-6464 or visit www.HUSTLERHollywood.com to order.

BUSH IN SPACE

Dubya wants to turn the heavens into a nuclear-powered war zone.

Report by Karl Grossman
Illustration by Jim Blanchard



President George W. Bush's new U.S. space program would rocket America back to the past with the use of nuclear-powered spacecraft, a scheme on which $10 billion was spent from the 1950s to 1972, when the undertaking was canceled largely because of the still-present possibility of an atomic rocket falling back to Earth.

Consider the consequences if the doomed space shuttle Columbia had been nuclear-powered. Radioactive debris would have spread over Texas and Louisiana.

An atomic rocket would get astronauts to Mars twice as fast as a conventional rocket, argue the plan's promoters, and Mars—specifically, getting there as soon as possible—is the centerpiece of the program announced by Bush earlier this year.

Others don't have such a rosy outlook for the program. "The planets are not going to go away," notes Dr. Michio Kaku, professor of theoretical physics at the City University of New York, who is one of many critics of atomic spacecraft. Kaku says that safe alternatives can be developed. Indeed, new space energy technologies such as solar sails (utilizing the ionized particles emitted by the sun that constitute a force in space) and solar-electric propulsion are already propelling spacecraft today.

Critics of nuclear spacecraft emphasize that their opposition is not sky-is-falling hysteria. Atomic-powered space devices already *have* fallen back to Earth, dispersing radioactive poisons. A bigger mishap, such as the fall of a spacecraft powered by a nuclear reactor, would amount to a "Chernobyl in the sky," warns Dr. Kaku.

Why do we want to return to the moon and go to Mars anyway? Is it, as Bush says, just because "mankind is drawn to the heavens"?

The truth is not so benign. The moon is considered a source of helium-3, which is used for fusion power plants. Mars and other celestial bodies could also be mined for minerals and precious metals.

Which may prove to be a boon for certain industries, but the public benefit is unclear. A *Time*/CNN poll found that more than three-fifths of Americans oppose the Bush space program. Only 9% of those queried back his plan. Some 40% would rather improve education, 27% prefer balancing the federal budget, and 13% would instead clean up the environment. An Associated Press poll found that 55% of respondents believe "it would be better to spend the money on domestic programs." AP quoted a retired University of Michigan researcher, Dallas Hodgins, declaring: "You can't have a war, cut taxes...and spend billions going into space." In Hodgins's city of Flint, Michigan, he adds, "There isn't a school roof that doesn't leak."

Besides mining space, there is a drive to militarize space. Bush's choice as NASA Administrator, Sean O'Keefe, a former Navy secretary, stresses partnerships with the military.

The U.S. has been plotting to move up into space with weapons, deploying orbiting lasers, hypervelocity guns and particle beams, for years. Plans to establish military bases on the moon have also been underway for years, despite the Outer Space Treaty of 1967, which the U.S. helped initiate and has ratified, setting space aside for "peaceful purposes." But our advantage in seizing what the U.S. military calls the "ultimate high ground" of space would be short-lived. If we militarize space, the Chinese, the Russians and others will surely end up doing the same.

A shooting war in space would be particularly disastrous. There is now so much orbiting space junk (100,000 pieces) that when a space shuttle is launched, NASA has to chart its trajectory to avoid debris that is whipping by at 18,000 mph. Shuttle windows commonly get pitted by pieces of debris, and there is concern about losing a shuttle or the International Space Station to a piece of space junk. A shooting war involving orbiting weapons would produce so much junk up there that there might not be a way up from the Earth's surface and out into space; humanity could be bound to the Earth for millennia.

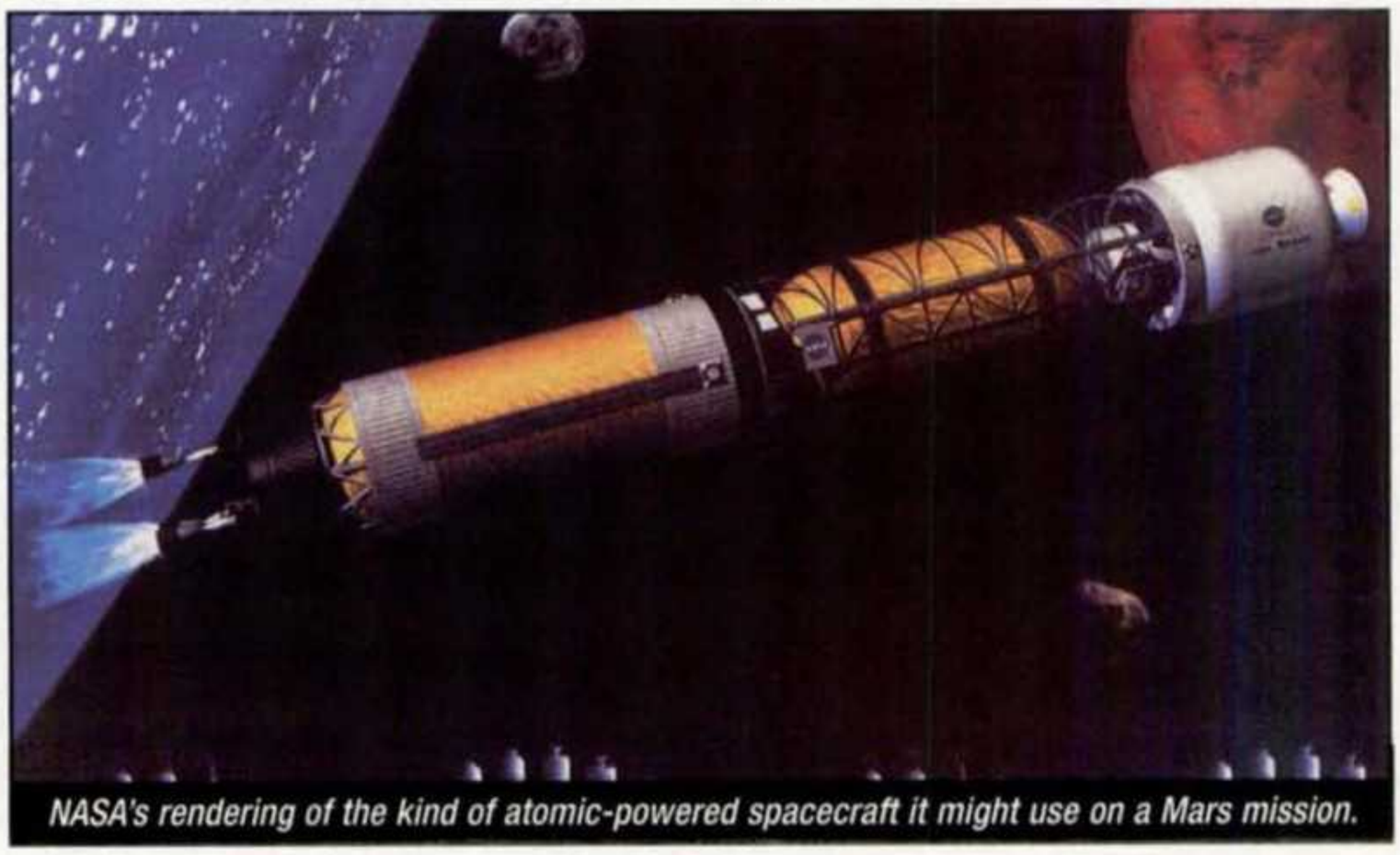
The new U.S. space program announced by Bush in January is closely linked with what NASA calls Project Prometheus, a $3-billion undertaking begun last year to build nuclear-powered spacecraft and more atomic space devices.

"Nuclear is very important [to the Bush space program]," says Dr. Charles Elachi, director of NASA's Jet Propulsion Laboratory, where Project Prometheus development is underway.

Project Prometheus has been on a fast track. As NASA Administrator O'Keefe said in unveiling the undertaking last February (quietly, just two days after the Columbia tragedy): "We're talking about doing something on a very aggressive schedule to...develop the capabilities for nuclear propulsion and power generation." A successful test of a Prometheus engine was announced by NASA in December.

Project Prometheus proponent Dr. Robert Zubrin, president of the Mars Society, maintains, "By restarting the United States' languishing space nuclear power program, NASA and the Bush Administration are making a critical contribution to science and the human future." However, Dr. Kaku notes that NASA has already gone the nuclear route, resulting in accidents. Nuclear rockets are a particularly dangerous technology that has been rightly rejected for the past several decades. "NASA hasn't learned its lesson from history, and a hallmark of science is that you learn from previous mistakes," says Kaku.

In 1955 NASA and the since-disbanded U.S. Atomic Energy Commission first began working on the sort of atomic



NASA's rendering of the kind of atomic-powered spacecraft it might use on a Mars mission.

spacecraft that would be used in the Bush space program. There was Kiwi, a nuclear rocket named inauspiciously for the flightless New Zealand bird, followed by Projects Pluto, Rover, Poodle and Orion.

Orion was the wildest of the schemes. It was modeled after a coin-operated Coke machine, but instead of cans, small, atomic bombs would be dispensed. The plan: Load a rocket with hundreds of small, atomic bombs, eject them one at time from the rear of the Orion spacecraft and set them off. The shock waves from the explosions would impact a pusher plate, sending the Orion rocket lurching through space.

Although all these nuclear spacecraft experiments were canceled mainly because of concern about such a rocket falling to Earth, in the 1980s atomic rocket research picked up again. A spacecraft called Timberwind, which would have been propelled by a thermonuclear reactor designed at Brookhaven National Laboratory, was developed. Timberwind was first designed to loft heavy Star Wars equipment and then, under Bush Senior, to have a second use: voyages to Mars.

The similarities in the space programs of both Bushes are striking.

The current President, in unveiling his program, set up a panel of private and public sector experts and named Edward C. "Pete" Aldridge as chairman of the President's Commission on Moon, Mars and Beyond. Aldridge is a former Air Force secretary and undersecretary of defense for acquisition, technology and logistics who last year became a director at Lockheed Martin.

The first President Bush set up the Synthesis Group, and in 1991 announced a Space Exploration Initiative that also had a mission to Mars as its top priority. He named Thomas G. Stafford, a former astronaut-turned-Air Force general, as the Synthesis Group chairman. The Synthesis Group pushed for nuclear spacecraft, stating in its report to the White House, "Nuclear thermal rockets are the choice propulsion technology for the interplanetary phase of the Mars mission."

Perhaps not coincidentally, Stafford was a lead witness at the first public hearing in February of the second President Bush's Commission on Moon, Mars and Beyond. He testified that a nuclear-propelled spacecraft could make a trip from Earth to Mars in 100 days, gushing, "The long pole in the tent going to Mars is that nuclear thermal rocket."

The Timberwind project was canceled after Bill Clinton became President. No Timberwind rocket ever flew, although plans were made for a test-flight around Antarctica to avoid a heavily populated portion of the Earth in the event of an accident. The Timberwind spacecraft was also scheduled for a test-flight over New Zealand; Sandia National Laboratories did a study projecting the risk of the craft crashing into New Zealand. The odds were determined to be one in 2,325.

There have been three U.S. accidents involving nuclear power in space. The most serious occurred in 1964, when a satellite with a SNAP-9A plutonium-powered generating system onboard failed to attain orbit and fell to Earth, disintegrating and dispersing plutonium far and wide. Release of that plutonium caused an increase in global lung cancer rates, says Dr. John Gofman, professor emeritus of medical physics at the University of California at Berkeley. "A worldwide sampling program carried out in 1970 showed SNAP-9A debris to be present at all continents and at all latitudes," determined a report by Europe's Organization for Economic Cooperation and Swedish National Institute of Radiation Protection.

In 1964 a satellite with a plutonium-powered generating system fell back to Earth, dispersing plutonium far and wide.

There have also been six known nuclear accidents in space involving the former Soviet Union, the gravest of which occurred in 1978 when a reactor-powered satellite, Cosmos 954, fell from orbit, breaking apart and spreading a 400-mile swath of radioactive debris over the northwest territories of Canada.

Despite this catastrophic history, the push for nuclear-powered space missions is coming from a combination of interests. There's the U.S. Department of Energy, which took over the space nuclear work from the U.S. Atomic Energy Commission, and its national laboratories that include Los Alamos, Brookhaven and Sandia. Then there's the nuclear industry, which hasn't received an order to build a nuclear plant since 1973 and sees space as a new area of business.

There is also a military tie-in. The U.S. military has long been interested in space-based weapons, but is concerned about how to power them. A U.S. Air Force Board report, *New World Vistas: Air and Space Power for the 21st Century,* suggested a solution to this dilemma: "A natural technology to enable high power is nuclear power in space."

Bruce Gagnon, coordinator of the Global Network Against Weapons & Nuclear Power in Space (www.Space4Peace.org), says the relationship between NASA and the military has never been closer than it is under O'Keefe. According to Gagnon, the notion of dual use, a civilian/military linkage, currently runs through NASA operations. "Space is viewed today as open territory to be seized for eventual corporate profit" with the U.S. military in control, says Gagnon.

Mining the Sky: Untold Riches From the Asteroids, Comets, and Planets by John S. Lewis, codirector of the NASA/University of Arizona Space Engineering Research Center, provides a blueprint. Lewis writes that it would be "quite incredible that any nation...would choose to devote substantial resources" to space exploration "for its intellectual value alone." The key to renewed space operations, he says, is exploitation of space. Lewis maintains that there is a "wealth of energy and materials that surrounds us in space."

This spin has been around for years. "Lunar Mining Could Provide Future Energy Source for the Earth," trumpeted NASA in a 1990 press release detailing the "large amounts" of helium-3 on the moon.

The National Space Society (NSS) held a Space Summit in Washington in 1996 to discuss Mars and the future of the U.S. space program. At the conference, Air Force General S. Pete Worden, then director of advance concepts, science and technology at the NSS, declared that curiosity was a long shot for getting funding to go to Mars. "The qualities that will drive such a mission forward are greed and fear—fear that somebody else will beat us to the prize, and the possibility that riches could result."

Ethical matters of mass manipulation aside, the practicality of mining the sky is questionable. For example, Dr. Lewis says Uranus, like the moon, is a prime candidate for helium-3 retrieval. Going to Uranus, situated at the far reaches of the solar system, to bring back helium-3 can only be described as real spacey.

What about the practicality of militarizing space? Space is described in the Air

Force Space Command's *Strategic Master Plan Fiscal Year 06 and Beyond* as the ultimate high ground of U.S. military operations. The Air Force's commander, General Lance Lord, states, "We must become a full spectrum space combat command."

Farfetched as this plan may currently sound, it's been underway for decades. U.S. space military planning has included a military presence on the moon. A 1959 Army report on its Project Horizon declared, "The lunar outpost is required to develop and protect potential U.S. interests on the moon; to develop techniques in moon-based surveillance of the Earth and space...to serve as a base for exploration of the moon, for further exploration into space and for military operations on the moon if required."

In 1989 a plan titled Military Space Forces: The Next 50 Years, commissioned by Congress, was released. "The moon is rich in many natural resources," emphasizes the study, which speaks of the military's ability to defend the mining operations. The plan also envisions space-based weapons positioned over the Earth, quoting a former astronaut, Michael Collins, as saying, "Space is an ideal place from which to attack...surface combatants."

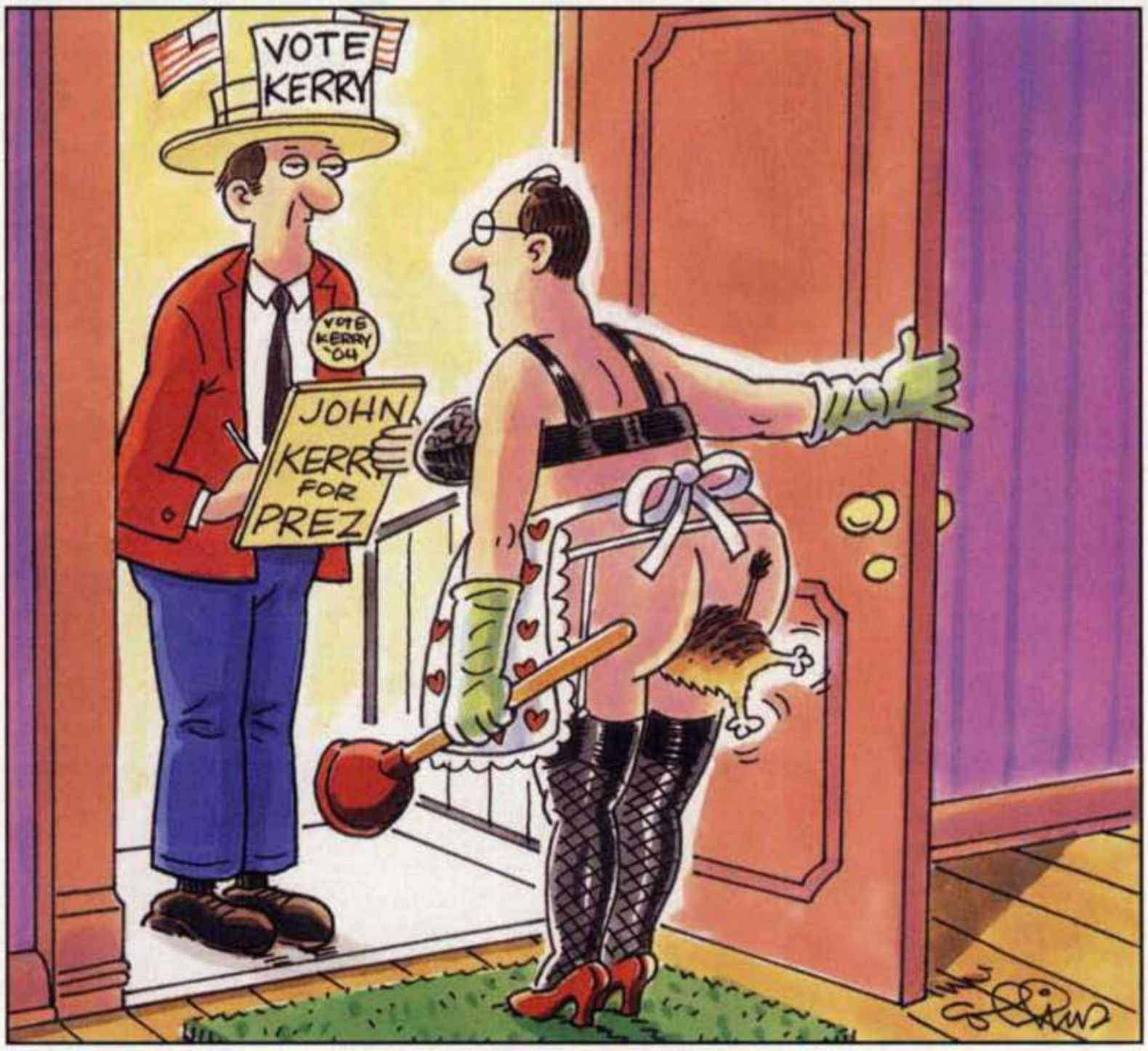
"Superiority in space could culminate in bloodless total victory, if lagging [non-American] powers could neither cope or catch up technologically," the plan concludes. That's a big "if."

As a former astronaut who walked on the moon, Edgar Mitchell has said, "If we have a war in space in the vicinity of the Earth, it will be the one and only." The debris left would so litter the heavens that "getting out to deep space would be like swimming in a piranha-full river or running through a hail of bullets."

"The Bush space plan," says the Global Network's Gagnon, "will be enormously expensive, dangerous and will create unnecessary conflict...In the end, hundreds of billions of dollars will be wasted on plans for the nuclearization and weaponization of space. In order to fund these missions, Bush and Congress will cut programs like Social Security, education, health care, child care, public transit and environmental protection. The lives of future generations will become more insecure."

* * *

Karl Grossman is author of The Wrong Stuff: The Space Program's Nuclear Threat to Our Planet. He wrote and narrated the award-winning Nukes in Space TV documentary series on EnviroVideo and hosts the nationally broadcast TV program Enviro Close-Up (www.EnviroVideo.com).



"No, thanks. I'm a registered Republican."

GEORGE BUSH'S TRIP TO MARS

Featuring Tony the Lapdog

Story and Art by Bruce David © 2004 Bruce David

AFTER THE ONSET OF THE ICE AGE, CAUSED BY GLOBAL WARMING, PRESIDENT–FOR–LIFE GEORGE W. BUSH MOVED THE WHITE HOUSE TO THE MOON, WHERE HE CONTINUED TO LEAD THE COUNTRY...

WE HAVE POSITIVE PROOF THAT THE MARTIANS HAVE WEAPONS OF MASS DESTRUCTION, MR. PRESIDENT!

ARE YOU SURE, ASHCROFT? I THOUGHT MARS WAS UNINHABITED.

BEING A LAPDOG HAS ITS ADVANTAGES.

THAT'S WHAT THE MARTIANS WANT US TO THINK. BUT JUST LOOK AT THESE PICS FROM OUR LATEST MARS PROBE, SIR.

YOU SEE THAT ROCK? IT'S ACTUALLY A POISON GAS FACTORY!

AND THAT ROCK IS ACTUALLY A BIOWEAPONS FACTORY!

IF THERE ARE NO MARTIANS, WHO BUILT THE POISON GAS AND THE BIOWEAP-ONS FACTORIES?

YOU'RE RIGHT. HAVE COLIN TAKE THIS TO THE U.N. SO THEY CAN APPROVE OUR ATTACK ON MARS.

THEY COULD ATTACK US WITHIN 15 MINUTES.

I STILL DON'T SEE ANY MARTIANS.

I DUNNO... HE'S STILL PRETTY TICKED ABOUT THE LAST TIME.

BESIDES, THE U.N. IS IRRELEVANT.

SINCE I TOLD THEM OFF, RIGHT?

SINCE YOU BOMBED THEM.

THE NEXT DAY, BUSH'S ATOMIC ROCKET (BUILT BY HALLIBURTON WITH A NO-BID CONTRACT) TAKES OFF FOR MARS!

MOON BASE SAYS THE PEOPLE ARE PROTESTING OUR ATTACK ON MARS.

IT'S A PREVENTIVE WAR! DON'T THEY UNDERSTAND THAT? WE'RE FIGHTING THIS WAR SO WE WON'T HAVE TO FIGHT A WAR!

HERE WE ARE! MARS, THE RED PLANET!

IT LOOKS ORANGE TO ME. THEY SHOULD CALL IT MARS, THE ORANGE PLANET.

SOMEHOW THAT DOESN'T HAVE QUITE THE SAME RING TO IT, DOES IT?

LOOK, ASHCROFT! YOU WERE RIGHT! MARS IS INHABITED!

THOSE SNEAKY, LITTLE GREEN BASTARDS HAVE BEEN TRICKING US ALL ALONG!

SEE THE EARTH CRAFT #1,00

YOU CAN SEE JUST BY LOOKING AT THEM THAT THEY ARE A FIERCE, WARLIKE PEOPLE!

DIE, SPAWN OF HELL!

ZAP! ZAP! ZAP!

WE HAVE TO LIBERATE THEM FROM THEIR OPPRESSIVE, TOTALITARIAN LEADER-SHIP, LAURA!

LOOK! THEY'RE GREETING US WITH OUTSTRETCHED ARMS!

GEORGE, MY HERO! YOU SAVED US!

NOW ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS HELP THEM SET UP A DEMOCRATIC GOVERNMENT.

IT SEEMS LIKE I SHOULD HAVE A BIGGER ROLE THAN THIS.

SIX MONTHS LATER...

YOU DID IT, GEORGE! YOU'VE CONVERTED THE MARTIANS TO OUR PEACE-LOVING, CAPITALISTIC WAY OF LIFE.

HALLIBURTON

OUR WORK HERE IS DONE. LET'S HEAD FOR HOME.

BOOM!

END

SPECIAL: ADULT ENTERTAINMENT IN-DEPTH

Vol. 3 • No. 2

BORED IN THE U.S.A.

By Sharon Bass

The candid revelations of three housewives and one guy seeking fun and excitement on live chat lines.

Calls to LIVE chat lines are at EXPLOSIVE LEVELS from HOUSEWIVES looking for fun, and wanting to talk to guys (married or not) about anything and everything. We found three women and one guy who frequent a very popular chat line called **1-800-WIFE-CHAT** and asked them why they are turning to a phone line for sex. Not surprisingly, the answer to our questions seemed to lead down one common path each time - Uninhibited, Instantaneous SEX, anytime, anywhere.

It's Friday night, "Susan's" husband is away on a business trip and her pussy is dripping wet with no one to satisfy her. Does she reach for the vibrator again? No, first, she picks up the phone and calls **1-800-WIFE-CHAT** looking for a man that will make her come over and over again.

"I get so lonely. and bored. Weekends and evenings are so hard on me, so I fix it fast, by finding a horny guy on the chat line who's...REALLY HARD and ready for me!" exclaims "Susan". She continues, "Calling the chat line for no-holes-barred sex talk is a necessity, it's become part of my evening routine."

I GET SO BORED AND LONELY

"Stephanie" will be the first to tell you she has an insatiable need for sex. "My husband is a great guy but he can't keep up with me." she says. "I call **1-800-WIFE-CHAT** about 4 times a week. It's free for me, and luckily, Daniel (husband) sort of looks the other way. It works for both of us, I get a different guy when I want and he gets to sleep through the night."

As "Stephanie" spins her wedding band around her finger she admits, "Just cuz I'm married doesn't mean I can't have sex chat with anonymous guys." she says. "It (being married) adds another level of excitement to calling the chat line."

"Stephanie", (married 5 yrs) in Florida admits, "The chat line feeds my continuous need for sex. My husband just can't keep up with me."

UNINHIBITED, INSTANTANEOUS SEX, ANYTIME ANYWHERE!

"I'm a realtor so I'm always working. Scheduling sex with my husband just doesn't work for me. I've been calling the live chat lines for eight months." claims "Kim".

Spontaneous live chat sessions are common in "Kim's" hectic life as a Realtor. "When I want it, I want it NOW! I'm always on the phone so I can get away with it very easily."

"I came five times on one call....while in my car!"

"I admit, when I first called I was nervous, but this guy had me rubbing my clit within minutes. Needless to say, it made me so hot, I've been calling ever since. I can't get enough of talking about sex, some might say I'm addicted to it."

"Kim" says she's made many new "friends" since calling **1-800-WIFE-CHAT**. "I actually met one guy for an innocent lunch which made our future calls with him even hotter. It seemed liked I was cheating....but I wasn't. Talk about having your cake and eating it too!

100% REAL HOUSEWIVES

"Yeah, I was skeptical about the girls on chat lines." Says "Will" computer programmer by day, chat line stud by night.

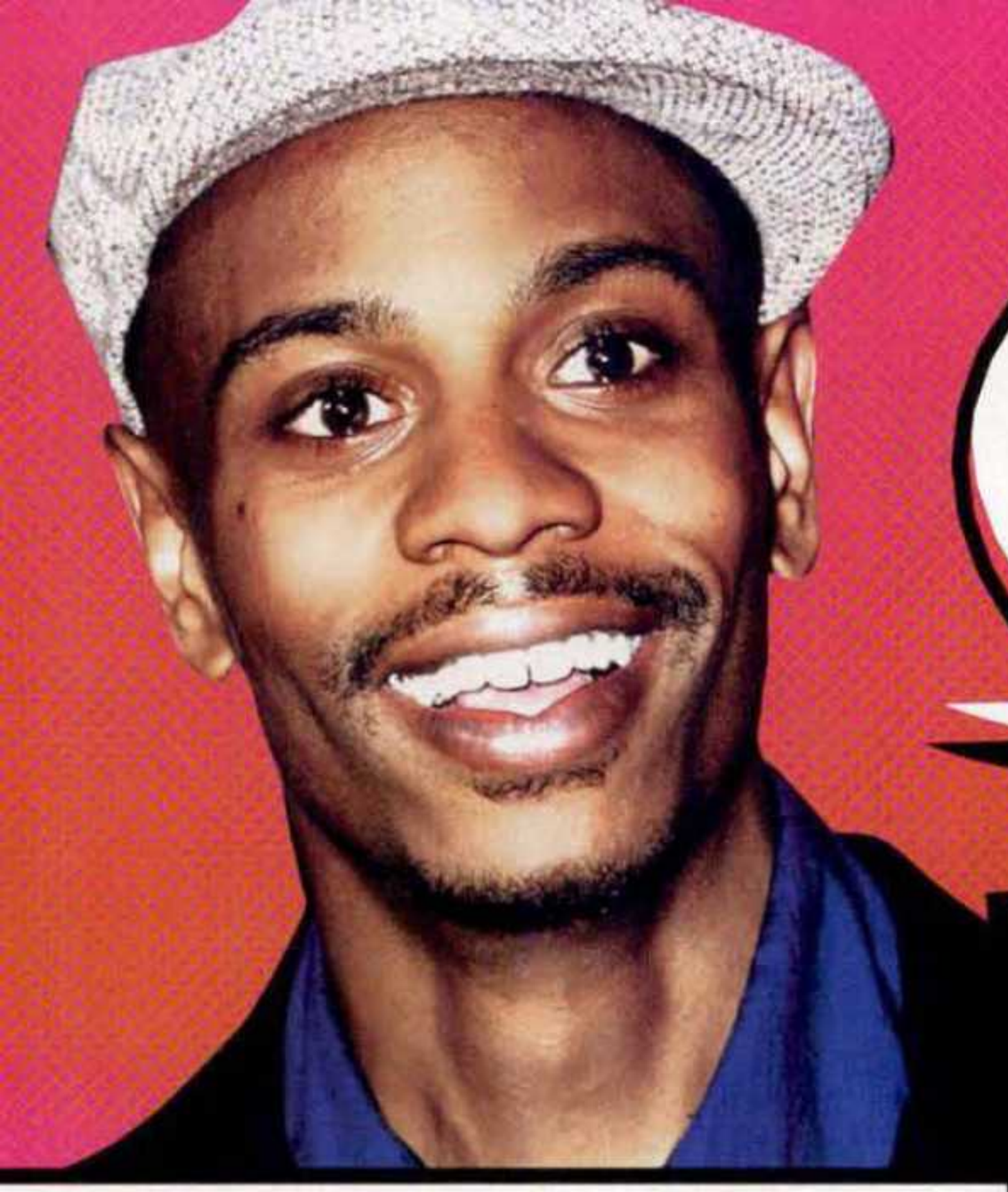
"Turns out, **1-800-WIFE-CHAT** is the REAL deal, they're 100% real married chicks, no actresses like other chat lines. I was surprised by how many wives liked to talk sex for hours." Will exclaims. "Some of these chicks can't get enough of me. It only cost's me $1.99 a minute and I get to fuck as many married women as I want!"

> "No actresses like other chat lines."

Warning - **1-800-WIFE-CHAT (1-800-943-3242)** is an adult community designed to connect Horny Men with Bored Housewives for explicit adult chat and is intended for people 18 or older only.

Paid Advertisement

"Oh, Lord, that's atrocious! You call that ball-sucking? In what nursing home? And there's a thing called a tongue—ever heard of it?"



I'm Dave Chappelle, bitch!

The star of Comedy Central's hottest show speaks candidly about poon, madmen and the afterlife.

Q&A by Rick Cipes

A public howl since age 14, when his mom chaperoned the streetwise prodigy at comedy gigs in the nation's capital, Dave Chappelle has given black-and-white a whole new demeanor. After making a name for himself in the Big Apple, various TV talk shows beckoned. Hollywood was the next stop, with parts in *Robin Hood: Men in Tights*, *The Nutty Professor* and *Con Air*, paving the way for the big time with a starring role in *Half Baked*, the stoner classic he cowrote with Neal Brennan, who was once the doorman at the club that gave him his first big break.

Nevertheless, it's shuffling around before a live audience that brings out Chappelle's true calling, which is delivering a unique social commentary destined to get under one's skin—but not necessarily in a malicious way. No ethnicity, illegal substance or celebrity (*eh*, Tiger Woods?) is immune to the man's biting wit, and whether offended or enlightened, the audience inevitably erupts in laughter.

Chappelle's bread and butter? An array of colorful, if not politically correct, characters—most notably a disoriented crackhead and a blind white supremacist who isn't aware that he's actually black.

Eventually a well-received HBO special led to a regular spot on Comedy Central, where 2.5 million cable viewers faithfully tune in to *Chappelle's Show*, which has become the network's ratings topper. With perhaps the boob tube's funniest and most controversial offering for a pulpit, the son of a Unitarian minister is well on his way to superstardom. Sometimes irreverent but always hip and amusing, Dave Chappelle is the type of dude who should be opening his yap in HUSTLER Magazine.

* * *

HUSTLER: If you could be any white man on earth, who would it be?

CHAPPELLE: Eminem.

HUSTLER: Why?

CHAPPELLE: Because he's cool. He raps and stuff.

HUSTLER: Nominate your favorite black man for President and, with you as VP, tell us what you'd stand for.

CHAPPELLE: President Eddie Murphy, and I would most definitely run on the Pussy Platform.

HUSTLER: As VP, do you think it would be a good idea to take Viagra on the moon?

CHAPPELLE: No, that's a bad idea because, unless there's pussy on the moon, you'd be fucking a crater or something.

HUSTLER: At what age did you start masturbating?

CHAPPELLE: Let's see. I was 12. And I did it with an Amway catalog. And then I found *Playboy*, because I just fell in love with the articles.

HUSTLER: If you were as hairy as Robin Williams, what would you do?

CHAPPELLE: I'd cover my penis with a shower cap and dip my body in Nair.

HUSTLER: How would you turn Snow White black?

CHAPPELLE: I'd take away her health-care benefits.

HUSTLER: Fill in the blank: Black men have smaller _____.

CHAPPELLE: Health-care benefits.

HUSTLER: Speaking as the cowriter and star of *Half Baked*, what drug would you like to slip President George W. Bush, and what would you do to him once he was under the influence?

CHAPPELLE: It would have to be Zoloft. And I'd have him as a musical guest on my show. He could play the drums.

HUSTLER: What if Saddam Hussein wanted to be a musical guest?

CHAPPELLE: I'd probably have him singing Sisqo's "Thong Song" while wearing a thong.

HUSTLER: What was the worst comedy experience you ever had?

CHAPPELLE: I got booed off the stage at the Apollo when I was 15—with my mom in the audience.

HUSTLER: Your Web site says you're the funniest man alive. Who's your funniest dead man?

CHAPPELLE: Redd Foxx.

HUSTLER: How do *you* want to die?

CHAPPELLE: Happy and painless.

DANI AND ALEX

HOT STUFF

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATTI KLATT

During his interview with restaurant manager Dani, Alex bragged endlessly about what a great chef he was. On his first day at work, those lofty promises of culinary excellence went up in smoke. When Dani rushed in to put out the flames, her top accidentally popped open, revealing her succulent breasts.

The fire was quickly extinguished, but the kitchen was heating up fast. The soon-to-be ex-cook tried to save his job by offering his angry employer a taste of his meat.

The sex-hungry restaurateur accepted the offer, moaning as Alex shoved his shish kebab into her sweltering pit.

After Dani sampled the food-service fuckup's special sauce, she showed him the door. "When you can sling hash like you pound gash, get back to me."

Dani sizzles in **BARELY LEGAL #40** and **HUSTLER'S YOUNG SLUTS, INC. #14** on VHS and DVD from **HUSTLER** Video. Call (877) 325-6464 or visit www.HUSTLERHollywood.com to order.

ROSS JEFFRIES

The Speed Seducer

How to bed any babe you want.

Interview by Dan Kapelovitz ★ Photos by Wild Don Lewis

Ross Jeffries is not the best-looking guy. Perhaps this is what led him to write *How to Get the Women You Desire Into Bed* and create his world-famous speed-seduction seminars. The modern-day Romeo teaches men how to use the power of language to engage a woman's inner longings and ultimately get down her pants. Jeffries agreed to share some of his girl-snagging methods with HUSTLER.

HUSTLER: What prompted you to create your speed-seduction techniques?

JEFFRIES: My techniques are designed to replace dating. The whole problem with the dating game is that it's loaded with all sorts of assumptions and rules that tend to work against most guys. It's designed to make the restaurant, entertainment and gift industries wealthy. For the guys who don't have a lot of looks *or* a lot of money, it's a form of gambling. How many times have you said to a friend, "Maybe I'll get lucky"? The problem with luck is, you can't control luck.

HUSTLER: So what's a horny guy to do?

JEFFRIES: I'm saying to guys, "Think of the power of language to capture the imagination and the emotions of human beings, especially women." Rather than go out on a date and try to set the mood with dinner and candlelight and wine, you can learn to use your language and the way you speak. You can unlock a woman's right brain, where she keeps her emotions. Rather than asking, "How can I get her into bed?" the smart question is, "How can I get her into the state of mind where jumping into bed with me is something she naturally wants to do?"

HUSTLER: How do you do that?

JEFFRIES: I teach guys to use their language to get her central fantasies going, without it seeming like you're talking dirty. You can do it in a way where people can't tell that's what's going on.

HUSTLER: Do you use suggestive wordplay?

JEFFRIES: The phonetic ambiguity like "below me," [pronounced "blow me"] and "happiness" [pronounced "happenis"] is really secondary to what I'm driving at. If you don't believe in the power of language to get women turned on, what do you think are the best-selling books in the United States?

Jeffries engages passerby in precoital chitchat.

HUSTLER: Romance novels?

JEFFRIES: Exactly. They beat all the other categories combined. Women are not reading romance novels because they want to study the linguistic structure of the genre; they're reading it because they get off on it. Women's brains process language differently. They've done studies taking men and women, wiring their brains up so they can scan ongoing brain activity. The areas of the right brain, which process emotion, light up and show significantly more activity in women than they do in men when they're exposed to the same words. It's just hard science. Guys have been sweet-talking women out of their pants since

Ross uses a touchy technique he learned from E.T.

time immemorial. You don't have to be a romance-novel writer or a poet to learn to use speed seduction; you just have to learn some simple tricks.

HUSTLER: Such as?

JEFFRIES: Asking the right question can evoke a lot of response in a person. There's a series of questions I always have in the back of my mind when I'm dealing with women. One of those questions is, "What kind of things do you find yourself dreaming of doing, when you just want to cut loose and really indulge yourself?" In order to answer that question, she has to go into the part of her mind where she thinks about her fantasies, her desires.

HUSTLER: How does that translate into her sleeping with you?

JEFFRIES: When a woman starts talking about something, she's doing two things. First, she's giving you information that you can use, but second, for women to make something seem real, they go into the feelings. Women like to talk much more than men because talking makes their feelings come back to life. Talking takes something that's only a fantasy and vivifies the feelings, makes them stronger; so it seems more real for them. By asking the right questions, you get her brain engaged in that direction. Once you see she's having those feelings, you begin to anchor those feelings. Anchoring is an NLP [Neuro-Linguistic Programming] technique that's extremely powerful. If I see she's having a certain set of feelings or a certain set of responses that I want to keep around, I'll tap my chin with a pen, or I'll subtly point to myself as she's talking about these things. I have a necklace; I'll rub the necklace. In her unconscious mind, that tends to link the feelings that she was having with the action that I'm doing. So when I repeat the action, the feelings come up again.

HUSTLER: What exactly is NLP?

JEFFRIES: NLP is a communication science that was created by a linguist and a mathematician to recreate and study people's subjective experience. It also looks at how people fall in love, how they become attracted, how they motivate themselves. Most importantly, it looks at each person's unique individual recipes for doing that. Any woman whose pants you want to get into has some process in her mind that lets her know she's attracted to a guy and lets her know it's time to sleep with this guy. NLP is a way for you to cleverly find out what that process is and link it to yourself so you can get laid.

HUSTLER: How do you put NLP into practice?

JEFFRIES: I want to establish, early on, the frame that I'm different from other guys, and that she has to prove to me that she's someone who's adventurous enough to hang out with me. I'll say, "Let me ask you a question. If you could name three things about yourself that you think are uniquely attractive that have nothing whatsoever to do with your physical appearance, what would you say they'd be?" Then I'll just sit there and pretend to be really skeptical, whatever answer they give me, because women have an inherent, psychologically programmed need to please men. When you start asking these kind of questions, first of all, it gets their attention, like, "Wait a minute. This guy is different. He's not drooling all over me." I begin to play off their answers. I want to use my language in a way that gathers information about her, but also challenges her to prove herself to me. Setting frames is very important because—particularly with a woman who's attractive—they tend to have strong responses to guys who don't kiss their ass. You need to challenge her to prove to you that she's adventurous enough, that she's sharp enough, that she has more going for her than her looks. You don't want to say it directly; you want to imply it. If you say to her, "I'm gonna challenge you now, and you're gonna have to prove to me that you're good enough for me," she'll just laugh and walk off. But if you imply it through the way you ask questions, it will work, because women use implication all the time. Women tend to be indirect. They don't directly say, "I'm not gonna have sex with you tonight." They'll say things like, "I have to make it an early evening." So we're gonna use the same mechanism they use to manipulate us to manipulate them back, and set the frame that they have to prove themselves to us.

HUSTLER: What's the next step after they list the things that make them uniquely attractive?

JEFFRIES: I'll say, "Just imagine for a second what it would be like to meet your ideal guy, someone you really want to be with, because you can picture all the things you want to do with this guy, and you can feel some of the most amazing feelings that you know you want to feel. Of those three things you mentioned to me, what's the number-one thing you think would really cause this guy to be drawn to you? What's the one thing you really would want him to notice?" I'm beginning to embed suggestions. I'm telling her to imagine the feelings of being with the ideal guy, to picture doing the things she likes to do. It's so vague that she has to fill in the blanks with her own imagination. Part of what I'm teaching is to use vague language.

HUSTLER: Where do you go from there?

JEFFRIES: Well, it depends on how much time I have and how responsive she is. I happen to be really good with my hands. I test early on to see if a woman is respon-

NLP Made E-Z

The key to applying Neuro-Linguistic Programming to seduction is the use of "weasel phrases" coupled with embedded commands.

Weasel phrases look like questions, but they introduce embedded commands that compel your prey to go inside her imagination and experience the emotional process you are asking for or describing. The trick is to use a commanding tonality. This process can be augmented by subtly gesturing toward yourself, in order to link yourself to the mental state you've just placed her in.

In the following examples, the weasel phrases are *italicized*, the commands are in ALL CAPS.

If you were to: This phrase causes the person to mentally rehearse what you describe.

Example: "*If you were to* FEEL A CONNECTION TO SOMEONE SPECIAL, how confident of yourself would you have to feel to ACT ON THAT?"

When you: This phrase presupposes that she is going to do the thing or experience the state you describe.

Example: "*When you* FIND YOURSELF FEELING A STRONG CONNECTION, do you IMAGINE WHAT IT WILL BE LIKE WHEN YOU GET THEM ALONE?"

What would it be like if you: Yet another way of saying, "Go inside your imagination and experience exactly what I describe."

Example: "*What would it be like if you* REALIZE THERE'S SOMEONE YOU REALLY NEED INSIDE?"

A person can: Talking about a person as opposed to her deflects her resistance.

Example: "*A person can* FEEL AN INCREDIBLE CONNECTION [*point to yourself*]."

I invite you to: The word *invite* has a nice sound to it, and indicates that you are offering her to voluntarily do something.

Example: "*I invite you to* NOTICE HOW GOOD IT FEELS when you LET YOURSELF CONNECT WITH SOMEONE YOU REALLY LIKE."

You don't have to: Since you're telling her that she doesn't have to do something, then it doesn't sound like a command.

Example: "*You don't have to* KNOW THAT I AM CORRECT."

"I'll let you eat my pussy if you let me suck your dick."

sive to being touched. If she's not strongly responsive to being touched, I'm probably not gonna bother with her.

HUSTLER: Where do you touch her?

JEFFRIES: I will massage their palms or fingers or the back of their neck or the small of their back. These are not normally considered to be sexual areas, but if you touch them in the right way, they're *highly* sexual areas. I can get a woman wet just by massaging her thumb.

HUSTLER: How do you close the deal?

JEFFRIES: When you're in the field, you need to evaluate where you're at with the person and how comfortable they are. Generally speaking, I will meet them for a cup of coffee and see if I can make out with them right then and there.

HUSTLER: In the coffee shop?

JEFFRIES: Yeah, or in the parking lot, absolutely, or back in our cars. I don't like the word *date*, but you could call it an instant date, which means I can get her to leave the coffee shop to go to some other location, like a park or the beach or even my house or her house. I want to instant-date them, keep the momentum going. If we're both in a hurry, I'll call them in the evening and see if I can talk a little dirty.

HUSTLER: Where are some of the best places to meet women?

JEFFRIES: The real question is, How can you get to the place inside yourself where you're comfortable meeting women anytime, anywhere? I personally don't go to clubs or bars because, first of all, I don't fit in at my age. But secondly, it's a place where women are more on guard, where they believe they have an unspoken license—and in some cases, they do—to be really bitchy. So I would go to the supermarket, music events, yoga classes, parks, beaches, restaurants. I always meet them for a cup of coffee. You want them sitting down in front of you with a bare minimum of distractions for half an hour to an hour over a cup of coffee, so you can wake up the sexual part of her mind.

HUSTLER: Do girls ever recognize you and call you out on your techniques?

JEFFRIES: Sometimes I have women going, "Oh, you're that Ross guy; so show me what you got." Half of them are scared away; half of them are pretty into it, like, "Really? *Hmm*, tell me more." It's a trade-off.

* * *

For more information on Ross Jeffries's techniques, visit www.Seduction.com.

KERRY FLIP-FLOPS AGAIN

BEING ON THE BOTTOM IS BEST BECAUSE I GET TO WATCH YOUR TITTIES BOUNCE!

BUT WITH REAR ENTRY, I GET BETTER PENETRATION!

TOOLEY.

POP TARTS

HUSTLER SCOPES THE TOP EMERGING HOTTIES IN ROCK, RAP AND POP.

Bombarded by Britney? Burnt out on Beyoncé? Had your fill of J.Lo's backside? Don't fret; HUSTLER is here to help. Instead of dragging you through another pictorial of overhyped female pop sensations you've seen ad nauseam, we present a brand-new crop of cuties whose stars are on the rise in the music scene.

Photo Courtesy of Sheryl Nields

★ **REPORT BY TOM FARRELL**

T.A.T.U.: FROM RUSSIA WITH LUST

In 1999 aspiring music mogul and former psychologist/ad executive Ivan Shapovalov decided to make a music project that took the Britney Spears schoolgirl bit to new, twisted heights—or depths, depending on how you view it. The end result was **T.A.T.U.**, fronted by pretty Russian teen singers Yulia Volkova (the brunette) and Lena Katina (the redhead), formerly of children's pop act Neposedy. Shapovalov set his hype machine into motion, recording the single "All the Things She Said," and lensing an accompanying video that starred Lena and Yulia as the star-crossed lesbian lovers of the song. The video showed off the teenagers in their soon-to-be trademark schoolgirl uniforms, clinging to their shivering skin in the rain, while Lena and Yulia held hands and kissed, thus planting the seeds to T.A.T.U.'s dubious dykehood. A video for the song "Prostye Dvizheniya" went further, showing Yulia's face in pensive ecstasy as she supposedly masturbated.

The duo hammered the naughty notions home in their concerts as well, performing an orchestrated routine of stripping down to their white cotton panties and tiny tank tops before engaging in light petting and kissing.

In March 2002 T.A.T.U. told a German newspaper that they had sex with female groupies after their shows and talked vividly about their supposed lesbian lifestyle. "Contrary to what others might say, we don't just talk about it," swaggered Yulia. "We have sex at least three times a day."

T.A.T.U. rode the lesbo hype and ensuing press wave to the top of the charts all over Europe, and landed in the Top 20 of the *Billboard* 100 Album chart. Produced by English dance-pop mogul Trevor Horn (the Buggles, Frankie Goes to Hollywood), their debut album *200 km/h in the Wrong Lane* received the prestigious IFPI Platinum Europe Award in 2002 for raking in more than a million sales across Europe. "All the Things She Said," meanwhile, was voted Big Song of 2003 on VH1's Web site.

Soon there was more scuttlebutt, this time over the band's supposed break-up and Lena's alleged pregnancy (by her Russian pop-star boyfriend). The dyke angle turned out to be woefully meritless. As the hype waned, Lena and Yulia, now both 19, 'fessed up to the sapphic scam, telling MTV, "Everybody thinks we are lesbians. But we just love each other."

Hey, we can still dream. T.A.T.U. are currently promoting their latest Interscope outing, *Screaming for More*.

Photo Courtesy of Tim Bret-Day

MEET THE BOND GIRLS

Bond is a string quartet composed of four lovelies who could've traded in their music stands for the catwalk. Two members are Australian, and two are from the U.K., where Bond has resided since their inception in 2000. Their Decca Records debut, *Born*, went gold in Great Britain, and the foursome debuted live at the Royal Albert Hall. In the USA, the CD debuted at No. 2 on *Billboard*'s Classical Crossover chart, eventually hitting No. 1 and staying in the top three for 23 weeks. *Born* also spent more than 50 weeks on *Billboard*'s Top New Artist chart, where it also hit No. 1.

Since then, the fetching foursome has sold more than 3 million records, an unprecedented feat for a string quartet, and has brought the worlds of pop and classical music together on a magnificent scale. The group is setting its sights on America, recently appearing on the NBC broadcast *Miss Universe Pageant* and on *Good Morning America*, Fox News Channel, Nickelodeon, CNN and the E! channel.

Photo Courtesy of Decca/Kristian Schuller

Photo Courtesy of Snook

YES, YES, NINETTE!

The Los Angeles club circuit hasn't seen a frontwoman as sexually charged as Powder frontwoman **Ninette** since the Betty Boop-gone-New Wave sexuality of Missing Persons' Dale Bozzio. The petite frontwoman brandishes a sci-fi allure that's bolstered by her scanty, Jetsonsesque space skirts and the ten-foot aliens and femmebots that populate Powder's unforgettable stage show. But Ninette is more than just a pretty face, incredible rack and tight little body; her vocals can be heard on the live tracks for *Josie and the Pussycats*, and her band has won enough local Best Band awards to fill a mantelpiece.

Photo Courtesy of Sheryl Nields

OUI OUI

France sends us the coolest thing since Daft Punk: a 19-year-old powerhouse singer named **Cherie**, who is being called the next Whitney/Mariah/Celine. (We're not sure if that's a compliment or an insult.) Cherie's debut for Lava/Atlantic Records was released on June 15. Her single "Ready," which features the guitar riff from Foreigner's "Urgent," is also the main title theme to the Lindsay Lohan film *Confessions of a Teenage Drama Queen*.

Photo Courtesy of Micah Smith

HART ON

The 5-9 alley-cat crooner **Beth Hart**, 31, has a rough-and-tumble look that separates her from the clean-pressed pack. As a teen, Hart won a *Star Search* competition, going on to tour Lollapalooza and release two CDs before her record company booted her due, in part, to her drinking problem. The piano-playing belter dropped the booze (as well as the Ecstasy and prescription anxiety pills) for the blues, earning comparisons to Janis Joplin and Elton John on her road to rock recovery. Hart is currently promoting her wonderful Koch Records debut, *Leave the Light On*.

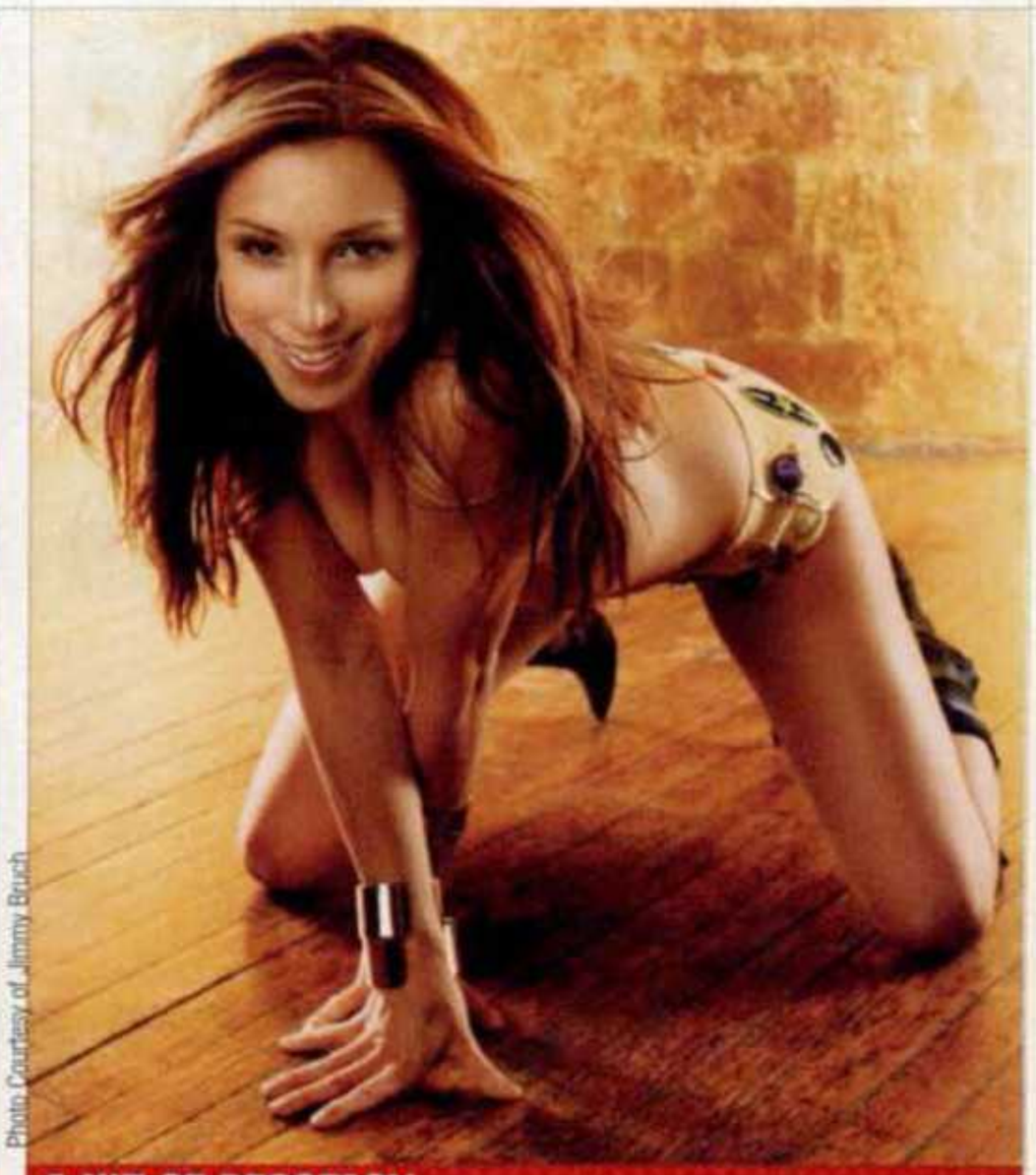


Photo Courtesy of Jimmy Bruch

A HIT OF BECSTASY

Last summer, the world received its first taste of 25-year-old **Becky Baeling** via *Becstasy*, her debut disc for the Universal label. Her rump-shaking hit "If You Love Me" climbed to No. 3 on the *Billboard* Dance chart. The Michigan-born Baeling handled the lead-vocal chores for a regional run of *Annie* and lent her pipes to the Detroit Symphony Orchestra before hopping the pond to attend London's renowned Royal Academy of Dramatic Arts.

Photo Courtesy of Tom Farrell

Photo Courtesy of Columbia Records

Photo Courtesy of Stephanie Sarkarati

SIZABLE TALENTS

They must be feeding those Scandinavian girls something special: Six-foot-tall Norwegian native **Kristin Blix** (upper left), 30, of techno group Softcore, performs her erotic stage teases for her predominantly male audience like a ringmaster throwing fish to a group of trained seals—all backed by her band's highly infectious pop, which has earned Softcore appearances at the Sundance Festival, the North American Music Merchants International Music Market trade show and countless endorsements.

Danish garage-rock duo the Raveonettes have become full-on press darlings with their retro guitar twang. Six-foot-tall, one-quarter Chinese bassist/vocalist **Sharin Foo** (lower left) gives your eyes something to do while your ears are plugged into the group's Columbia Records debut *The Chain Gang of Love.*

Fellow six-footer **Imogen Heap** (right), 26, handles the vocals for MCA's wonderful Frou Frou, who blend English model-turned-singer Heap's breathy vocals with Madonna/Björk producer Guy Sigsworth's flawless techno backdrops.

Tom Farrell has written and taken photographs for Rip, Rap Pages, Music Biz, Music Connection and BROWN SUGAR.

NEWS

Beyoncé Knowles recently drew the finger-wagging ire of People for the Ethical Treatment of Animals, who claim that Knowles is contributing to the suffering of fluffy creatures by wearing fur. The critter-lovin' crackpots took out a full-page ad in *Billboard* magazine asking the dusky beauty to "do the decent, humane thing and stop wearing fur." HUSTLER would like to take that request one step further and ask Ms. Knowles to stop wearing anything at all.

Latin pop star Thalia (Spanish for "piece of ass") has launched a self-titled magazine "especially for Latina girls," according to a spokesman for American Media, the magazine's publisher. With the singer serving as editorial director, the 120-page periodical will focus on health, fashion, beauty and spiritual tips, along with celebrity interviews and inspirational stories. We'll hold out for the XXX edition.

Debbie Nelson, mother of rapper Eminem, told the *Detroit Free Press* in April that she is still struggling to get over a January carjacking, claiming that she has suffered bruises, a broken foot, neck pain and insomnia from the incident. "This is something that doesn't just go away overnight," Nelson asserted. Unfortunately, neither is her kid.

Hard rock quintet Tesla, probably best known for their 1990 cover of the Five Man Electrical Band chestnut "Signs," have returned with *Into the Now*, their first new studio album in ten years. Apropos of the title, bassist Brian Wheat notes that the band hopes to cast off their reputation as an '80s hair-metal band. So what does the new material sound like? "It's still the same kind of songs; it's classic-sounding Tesla," says Wheat. Well, there you have it.

REVIEWS

Lali Puna
Faking the Books
(Mor Music)

Call it rock 'n' roll for the 21st century. Call it faggy art-rock for pseudo-intellectuals who can't dance for shit. However you describe it, *Faking the Books* is a rare gem that makes Radiohead seem like amateurs when it comes to bringing indie rock into the electronic age. Enigmatic frontwoman Valerie Trebeljahr effectively conveys the frustration of modern-day apathy and alienation, as well as the need to empathize with the rest of the world (much like Nico would bring to the microphone today, were she young—and alive). Tight, bass-heavy compositions provide the backdrop for an impressive third full-length release for this Munich-based group.

The League
The Track Team
(Sound Born Records)

On their sophomore album, four-man rap team the League (Matré, Doctor Lewdachris, Jericho J and Life Rexall) deliver a lively throwback to the early days of hip-hop. Old-school breakbeats and Moog synthesizers intermingle with jazzy organ riffs and Latin-influenced trumpet solos. Even so, these abstract wordsmiths are no mere nostalgists. They also offer cutting-edge digital flavors (see "California Cannonball") and charged, contemporary lyrics. (Example: *A president-elect who wasn't elected/Is takin' us to war in the name of democracy/So obviously hypocrisy is the policy implemented/Does it come as a surprise that hip-hop has been affected?*) We say, "Mission accomplished."

The Helio Sequence
Love and Distance
(Sub Pop)

The third full-length from Portland, Oregon, duo the Helio Sequence bubbles with a bright, trippy sound with introspective undertones. Brandon Summers (vocals/guitar) and Benjamin Weikel (drums/keyboards) infuse elements of electronica with swirling, moody guitar melodies and lush beats. Summers's vocals sound an awful lot like Kelly Jones of Stereophonics without the condescension factor. From the jovial, danceable sounds of "Harmonica Song" to the breathy down-tempo of "Blood Bleeds," *Love and Distance* is a pleasant journey.

BAD RELIGION STRIKES BACK

Interview by Charlie Amter

Bad Religion is one of the longest-running and most successful bands that emerged from the early 1980s Southern California hard-core punk scene. In addition to releasing numerous albums, guitarist Brett Gurewitz is the founder and CEO of Epitaph Records, which has made a killing from multi-platinum-selling groups such as the Offspring and Rancid.

The quintet has managed to retain its punk rock credibility, despite having hit records for Sony and Atlantic in the 1990s. Much of this credibility stems from vocalist Greg Graffin's smart and aggressive lyrics, which explore political and philosophical subjects.

Bad Religion's latest record, *The Empire Strikes First*, maintains the group's musical legacy of tight, post-hard-core bite with rich, wall-of-sound guitars and undeniable pop hooks. What's different on Bad Religion's newest offering is Graffin's stepped-up rhetoric, aimed squarely at the Bush Administration. Songs such as "Let Them Eat War"—in which Graffin sings, *The war economy is making new jobs/But the people who benefit most/are breaking bread with their benevolent host*, are among the most eloquent yet scathing indictments of Bush and Cheney committed to wax so far.

Graffin spoke to HUSTLER about the album and the politics that inspired it.

HUSTLER: The title of your new record is fairly provocative. Have you heard from George Lucas's lawyers yet?

GRAFFIN: No, not yet. If we do, I'll be sure to call the HUSTLER legal team. My cowriter [Brett Gurewitz] and I felt like it was a very appropriate title because it's on the minds of everybody—this idea that we're supposed to be a benevolent empire, but we can't really justify that if we're going to play bully to the rest of the world and ignore every governing body that is in place to provide stability.

HUSTLER: What did you think of Bush's April 13 press conference?

GRAFFIN: As with most political addresses, coupled with Bush's inability to speak with any kind of eloquence, you realize these things are geared toward a third-grade mentality. It's easy to have democracy at gunpoint if you are governing a body of third graders.

HUSTLER: What do you think of today's television media?

GRAFFIN: America is not what I would call a literate society. By that, I don't mean we can't read; it's just that we prefer not to. Most people spend their time in front of their television. That's what our new song "Los Angeles Is Burning" is partially about. I don't care if you live in Racine, Wisconsin, or New York City—it's likely that your family is spending more time watching TV than reading. We get our identity as Americans from Los Angeles because that's where the media is created.

HUSTLER: Bush told Americans that terrorists are worshiping "false idols." Do you find that hypocritical, given the "faith-based" nature of Bush's policies?

GRAFFIN: There is so much shrouded in Bush's statement. What most people, and certainly President Bush, fail to understand is that this country was founded on principles of secularization. Bush would be very proud to call us a Christian nation when, in fact, that was heretical to Benjamin Franklin and Thomas Jefferson's world views. When he talks about this "false idol" bullshit, he is really talking about the Bible.

HUSTLER: After all of the band's success, what motivates you to press on with music?

GRAFFIN: Honestly, each album for me is just a refinement of the craft of songwriting. After so many years of doing this, we're really only interested in making a record, writing songs and producing if we know it will be really good. I think we have made a great record with *The Empire.*

HUSTLER: Do you think that the current politically charged national atmosphere will be commercially beneficial to *The Empire Strikes First*?

GRAFFIN: Occasionally, the cultural environment is going to correspond nicely with the things that you happen to be saying. In those years, people tend to pay a bit more notice. Some bands capitalize on the cultural trends, and that's always short-lived. Other bands, like us, have maintained a consistent theme throughout the years, but I think we have refined it and gotten better at social criticism.

THE JIG IS UP

ODDS ★AND ENDS

Photo Courtesy of Markus Klinko and Indrani

A&M recording act the Black Eyed Peas welcomed soulful singer **Fergie** to their hip-hop fold on their new release, *Elephunk*. You might remember her when she was called Stacey Ferguson and sang for one-hit girl trio Wild Orchid.

Photo Courtesy of Universal Latino Music

Universal Latino Music's new artist **Valeria** is hoping to achieve the same crossover success as Ricky Martin and J.Lo.

Photo Courtesy of Universal Music Group

Born in Dublin to an Irish mother and Zambian father, 20-year-old pop princess **Samantha Mumba** topped the dance charts worldwide with her Universal Records smash single "Gotta Tell You" and landed a month-long opening slot with *NSYNC in the U.S.

Photo Courtesy of Shuji K

Pretty Japanese singer/songwriter **Kaoru** handles the vocal chores for popular techno breakbeat groovesters Electrostatic, whose music has found its way onto MTV, the Fox Sports Network and the WB network, as well as movies such as *The Matrix Revisited*, *Valentine* and *X-Change*.

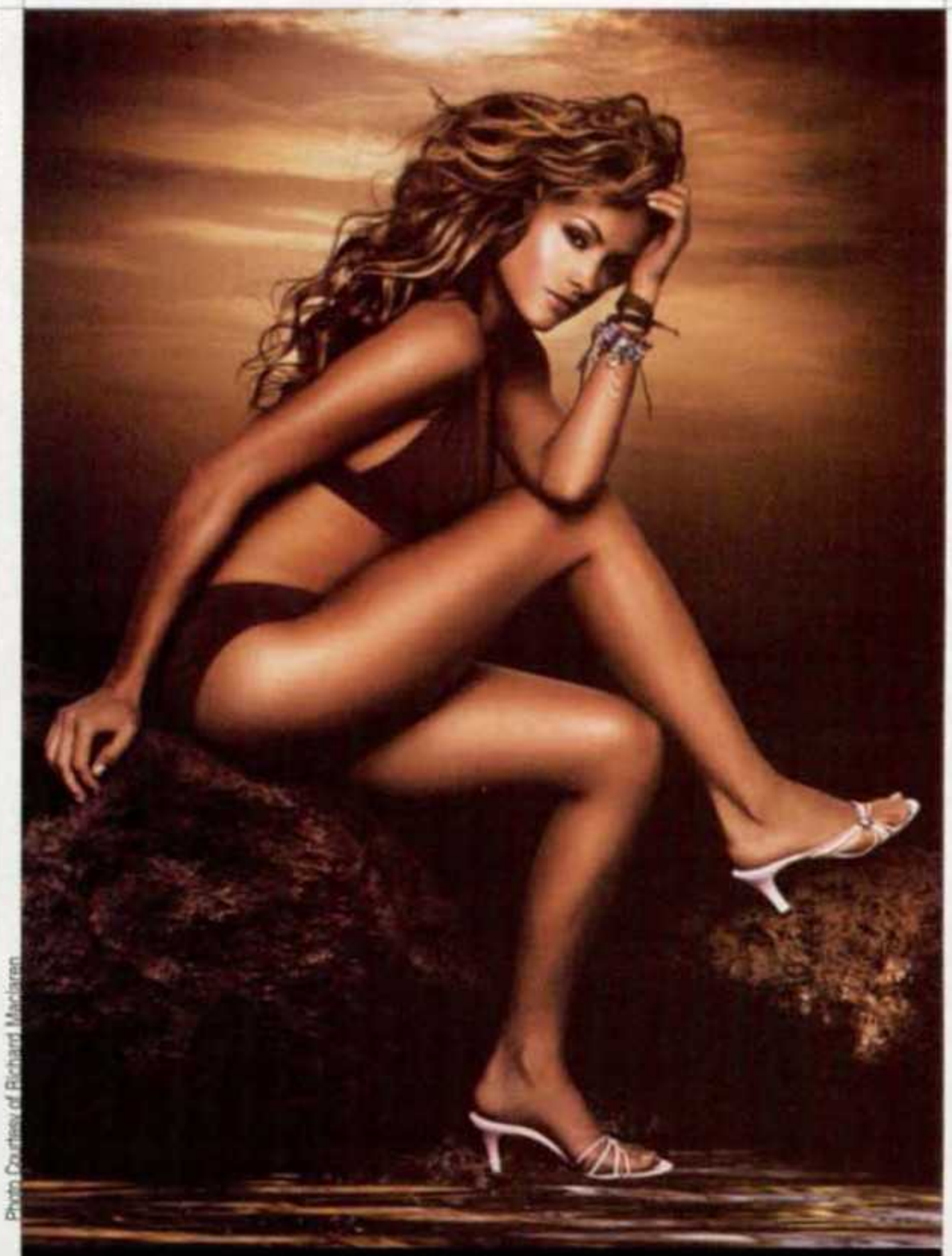


Photo Courtesy of Richard Maclaren

Anglos are beginning to catch on to Latina singing sensation **Paulina Rubio**, who has sold millions in the Spanish-speaking market. Rubio, 33, covered the Kiss disco ditty "I Was Made for Loving You" on her 2003 Universal release *Border Girl*.

Photo Courtesy of Astralwerks

Irish songstress **Gemma Hayes** is being called the next Dolores O'Riordan (of Cranberries renown) in her homeland, and is destined to make headway in the U.S. with her current Astralwerks release *Night on My Side*.

Photo Courtesy of Kevin Westenberg

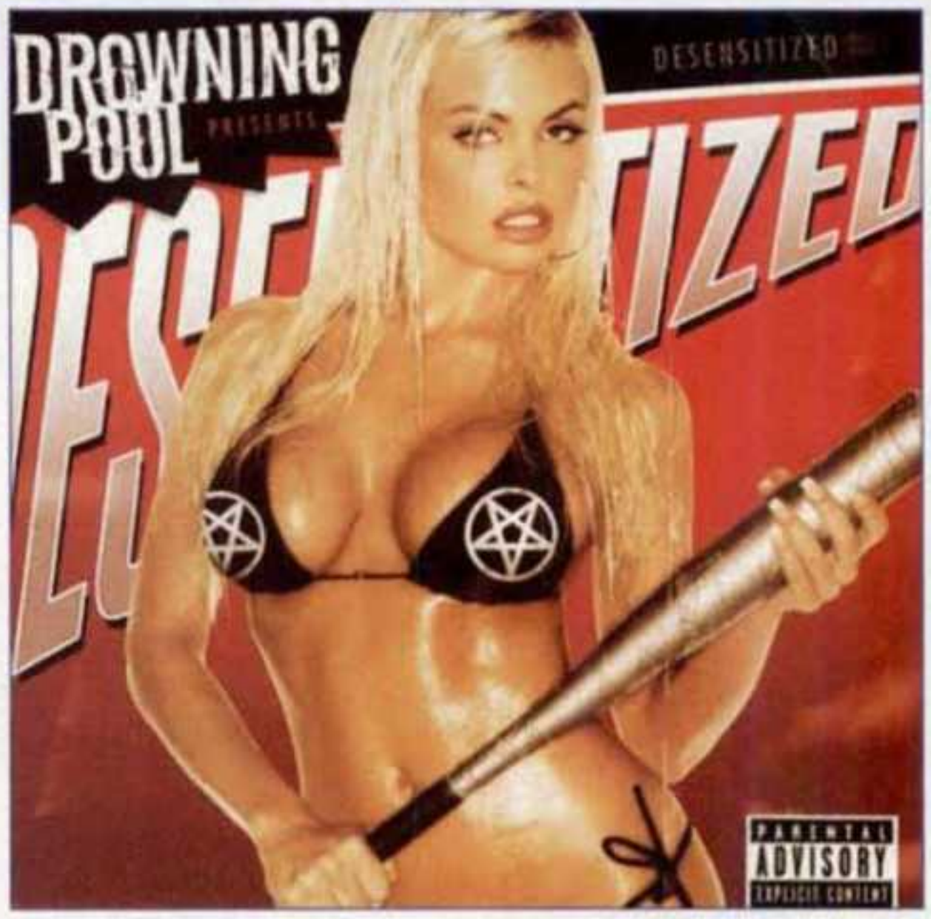
RCA Victor's new winsome songbird **Rachael Yamagata** has a voice as lovely as her willowy persona. Check out her achingly beautiful sound on her self-titled debut EP.

White Magic
Through the Sun Door
(Drag City)

This New York threesome have conjured up quite a spell on their freshman EP. Mira Billotte's hauntingly beautiful vocals evoke Stereolab's Laeticia Sadier channeling Billie Holliday (particulary in "One-Note"). The spare arrangements maintain an eerie, folksy undercurrent punctuated by ominous piano work reminiscent of early Dead Can Dance. The jangly, introspective musings of "Keeping the Wolves From the Door" conjure hopefulness, but in its entirety, the record is akin to the uneasy feeling of realizing the anxiety medication has run out, only to find one last pill buried in the shag carpet.

GRATUITOUS COOZE

XXX superstar (and this month's HUSTLER covergirl) Jesse Jane most probably can't sing to save her life, but that didn't stop hard-rock quartet Drowning Pool from putting her on the cover of their newest CD, *Desensitized*. We applaud the band's keen sense of exploitation, and might even listen to the disc after we've cleaned this ungodly mess from our laps.



Five Things We'd Rather Do Than Listen to Kelis's "Milkshake" Ever Again:

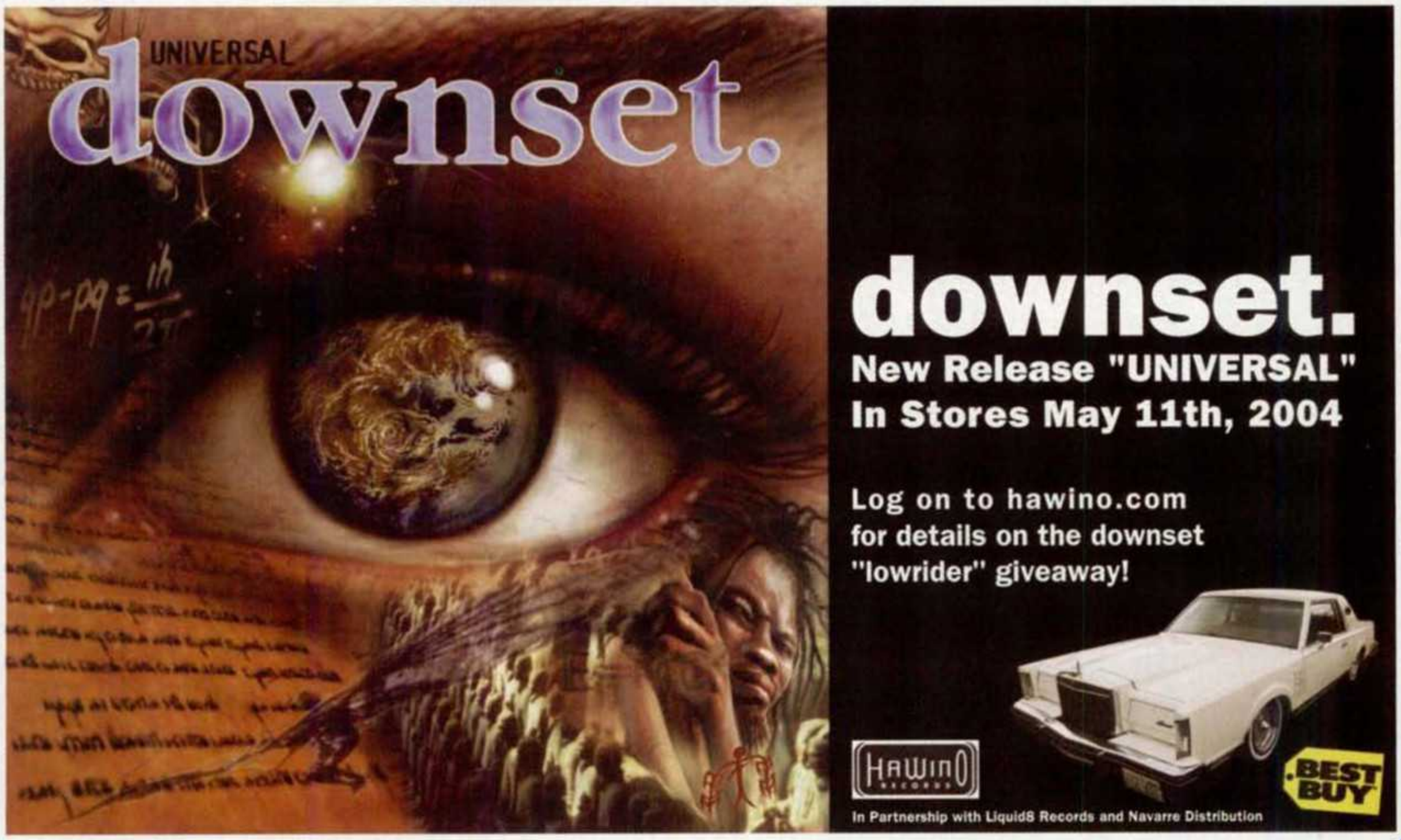
1) Give White House correspondent Helen Thomas a rimjob.

2) Play a round of soggy biscuit with Clay Aiken and William Hung.

3) Crush our testicles in a garlic press.

4) Get a blood transfusion in Haiti.

5) Vote for Bush in November.

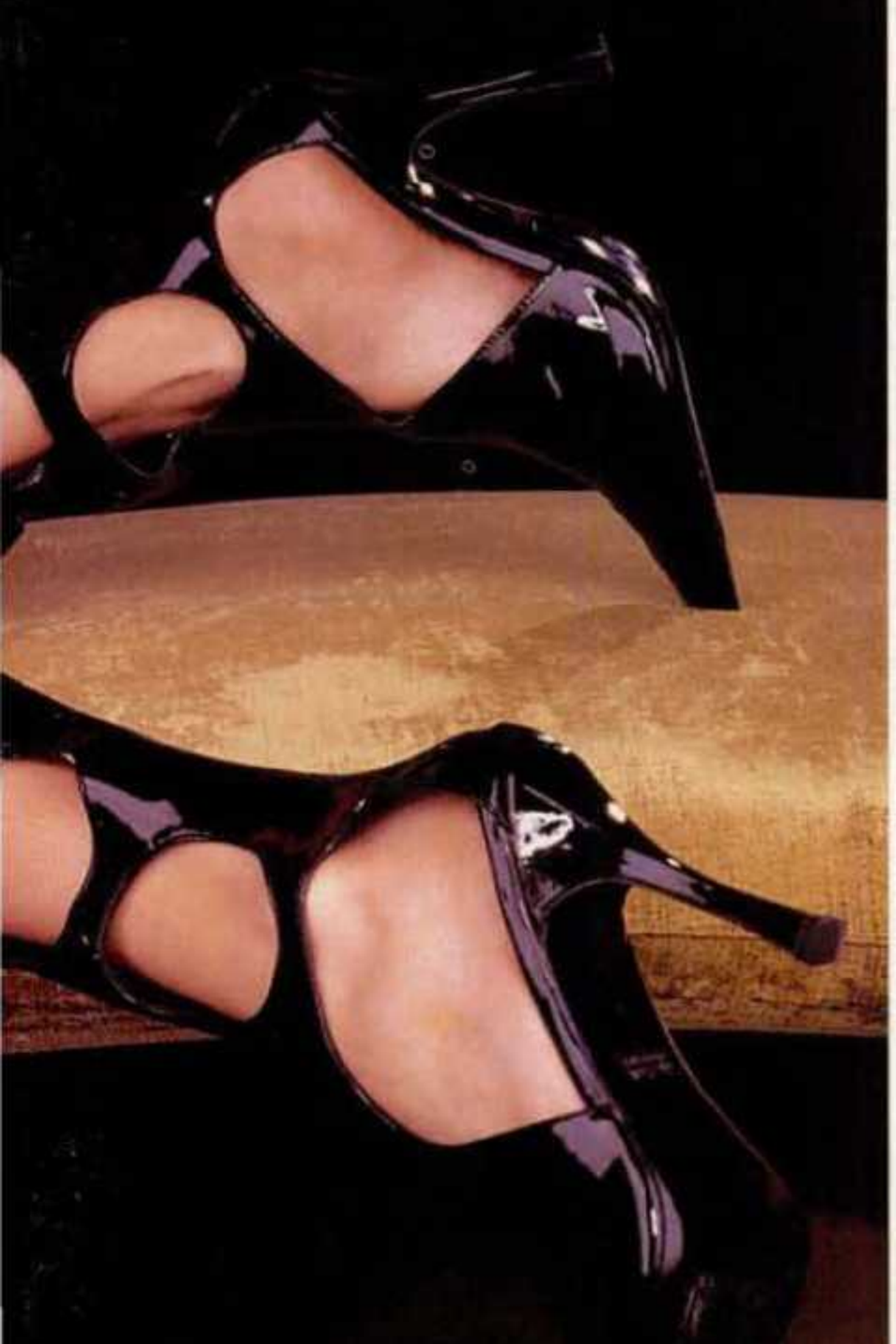


ANAIS

RING FINGERED

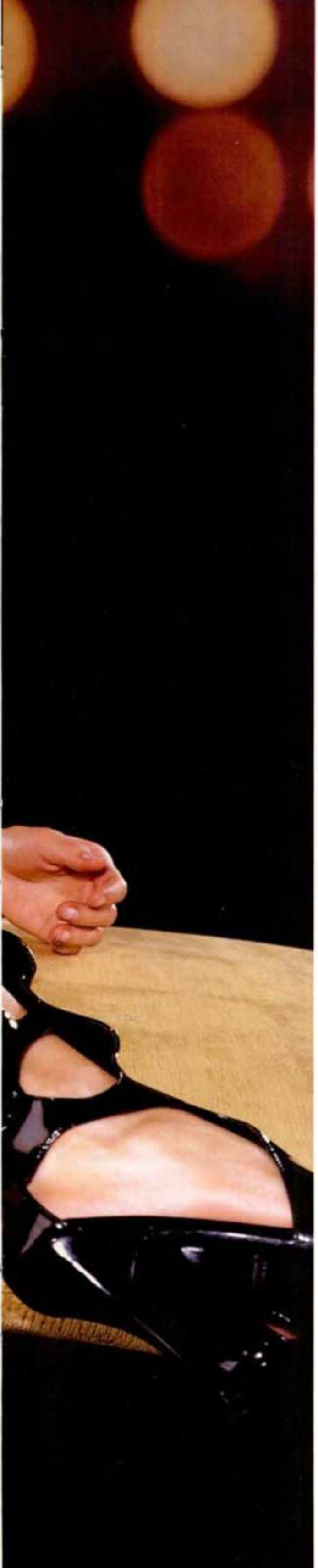
PHOTOGRAPHY BY LAURENT SKY

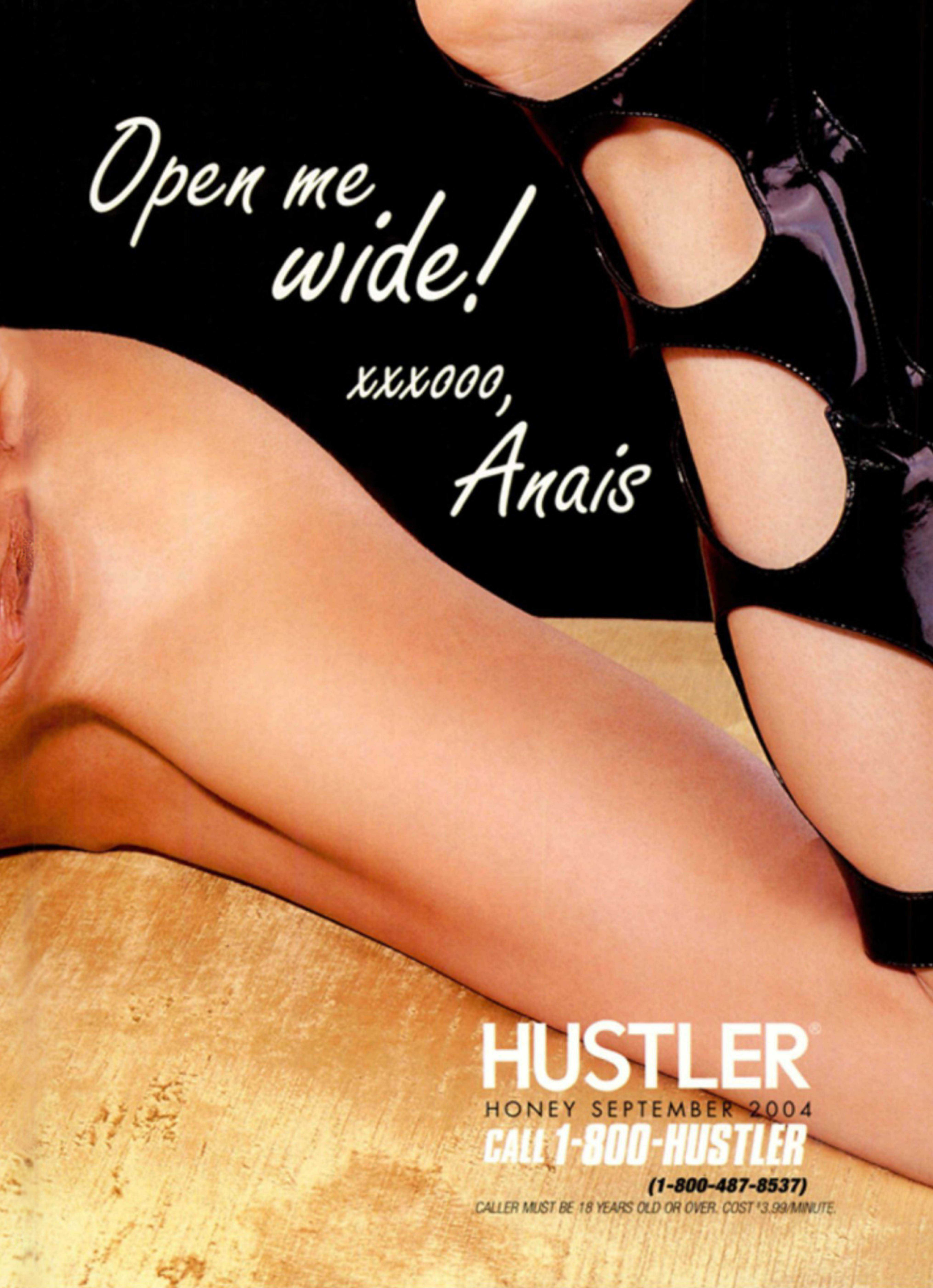
Originally from California, Anais was born on a military base near the Mojave Desert. "My parents were really strict. My dad treated me like I was one of his Marines," she laughs. At age 16, the self-described tomboy married her high-school sweetheart and moved to Indiana, but found marriage to be a rocky road. She hopped a plane to Los Angeles, where she was met at the airport by her aunt (and porn star), Crystal Summers. Soon the carefree babe was in the adult biz.



While the West Coast honey may look unapproachable, she insists that's not the case. "Everyone thinks I'm a snob, but it runs in my family. We all have this natural snobby look on our faces. I'm really a goofy girl."

The 20-year-old plans to direct smut films one day and is busy learning the ropes. "I go on sets with (porn director) Michael Ninn, and he teaches me things. We talk about the different camera angles." Between cinematography lessons, the sexaholic appears on an interactive live-sex show on Spice TV. "It's called *The Nooner*. People call in and tell us what they want us to do," she explains. "We do everything but anal sex." *Hmmm*, that sounds an awful lot like marriage.

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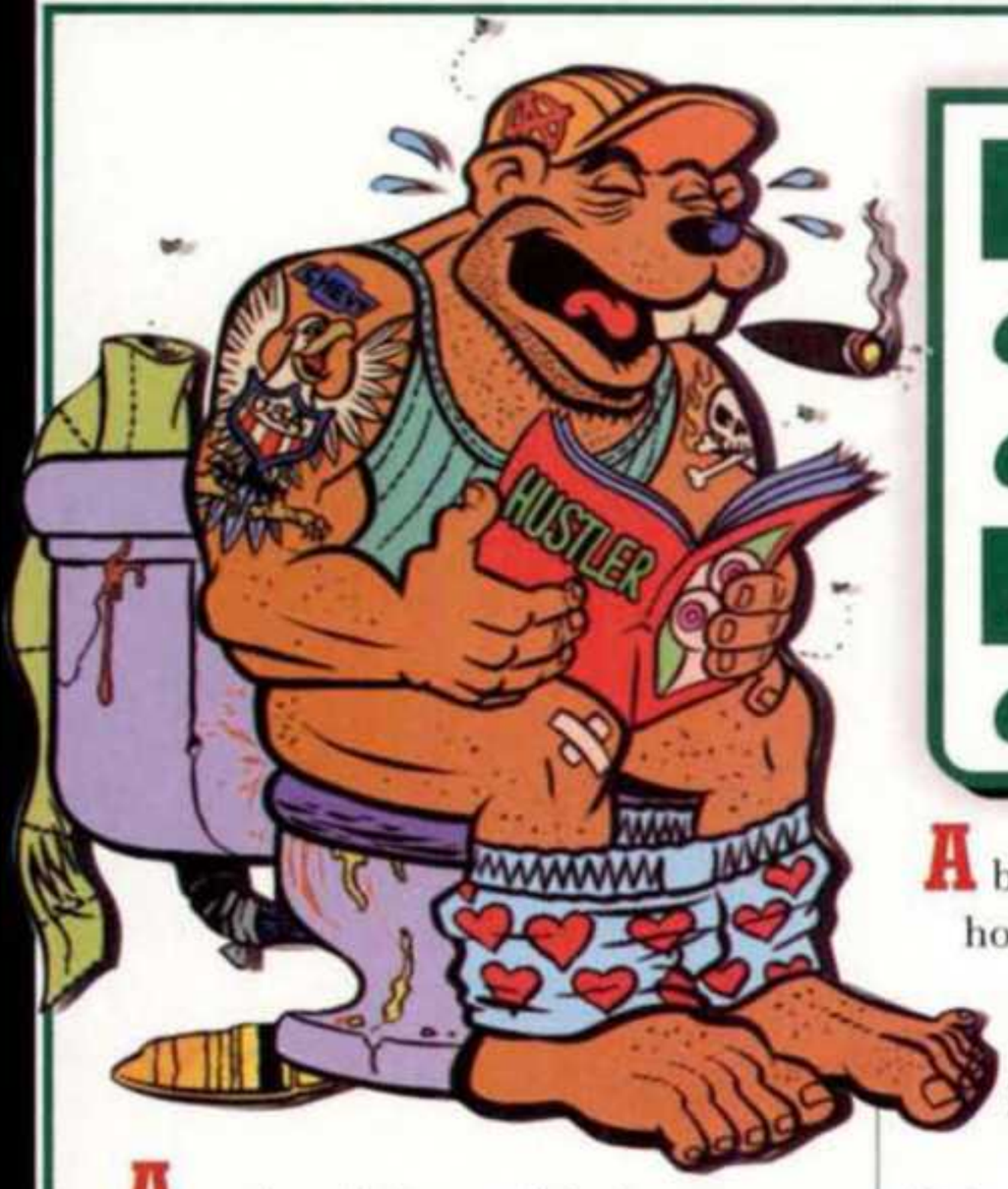


Question: **What did the cannibal do after he dumped his girlfriend?**
Answer: **He wiped his ass.**

A mother, father and their young son were visiting the circus. When the elephant walked out into the circus ring, the little boy pointed and asked his mother, "What's that?"

"That's the elephant's tail," she replied.

"No, under the tail," the kid inquired.

The mother, who was clearly embarrassed, said, "Oh, nothing."

The boy turned to his father and repeated the same question. His father looked and said, "That's the elephant's penis, son."

"So why did mom say it was nothing?" asked the boy.

The father drew himself up to his full height and said, "Son, I've spoiled that woman."

Question: What did the deaf guy say to the nympho?

Answer: Come again?

God thought it was about time that Jesus found another job; so he called him over and said, "I'm going to offer you two jobs. The first is on Earth, paying $45,000. The second is on Venus, paying $30,000."

Jesus thought for a minute and said, "I'll take the one on Venus."

God replied, "But that one only pays $30,000."

Jesus said, "Yeah, but last time I was on Earth, I was hammered with tax."

A blonde went over to her friend's house wearing a T.G.I.F. T-shirt.

"Why are you wearing a THANK GOD IT'S FRIDAY T-shirt on Monday?" her friend asked.

"Oh, shoot!" the blonde replied. "I thought it meant TITS GO IN FRONT!"

The HUSTLER Dictionary defines *cobra* as: Lingerie for Siamese twins.

Tex went into a British restaurant with his wife. The waiter approached their table and asked for their order.

"I'll have your biggest, juiciest London broil," Tex declared.

"But, sir, what about the mad cow?" the waiter inquired.

"Oh," Tex replied, "she can order for herself."

President and Mrs. Clinton were in the front row just above the dugout at a Yankees game.

The row behind them was taken up with Secret Service agents. One of them leaned over and whispered something in the ex-President's ear.

Clinton paused, then grabbed Hillary by the scruff of the neck and heaved her over the railing. She fell ten feet onto the dugout, kicking and screaming obscenities all the way down.

After Senator Clinton landed, the former President bowed to the crowd, shaking hands and high-fiving everyone near him.

The same Secret Service agent again leaned over and whispered, "No, Mr. President. I said they want you to throw out the first *pitch*."

The doctor told O'Malley that he had inoperable cancer.

As O'Malley broke the news to his son, he said, "Well, son, we Irish celebrate the bad as well as the good. Let's head to the pub and have a few pints."

After several beers, the two were feeling less somber. Some of O'Malley's old friends joined in and asked what the two were celebrating.

O'Malley said, "Well, we celebrate the bad as well as the good. I have just been diagnosed with AIDS."

O'Malley's friends gave him their condolences and departed. After they left, O'Malley's son leaned over and said, "Dad, you told me you were dying of cancer. Why did you tell your friends that you're dying of AIDS?"

O'Malley said, "I don't want any of them sleeping with your mother after I'm gone!"

A man's wife was on her deathbed after years of giving her husband hell.

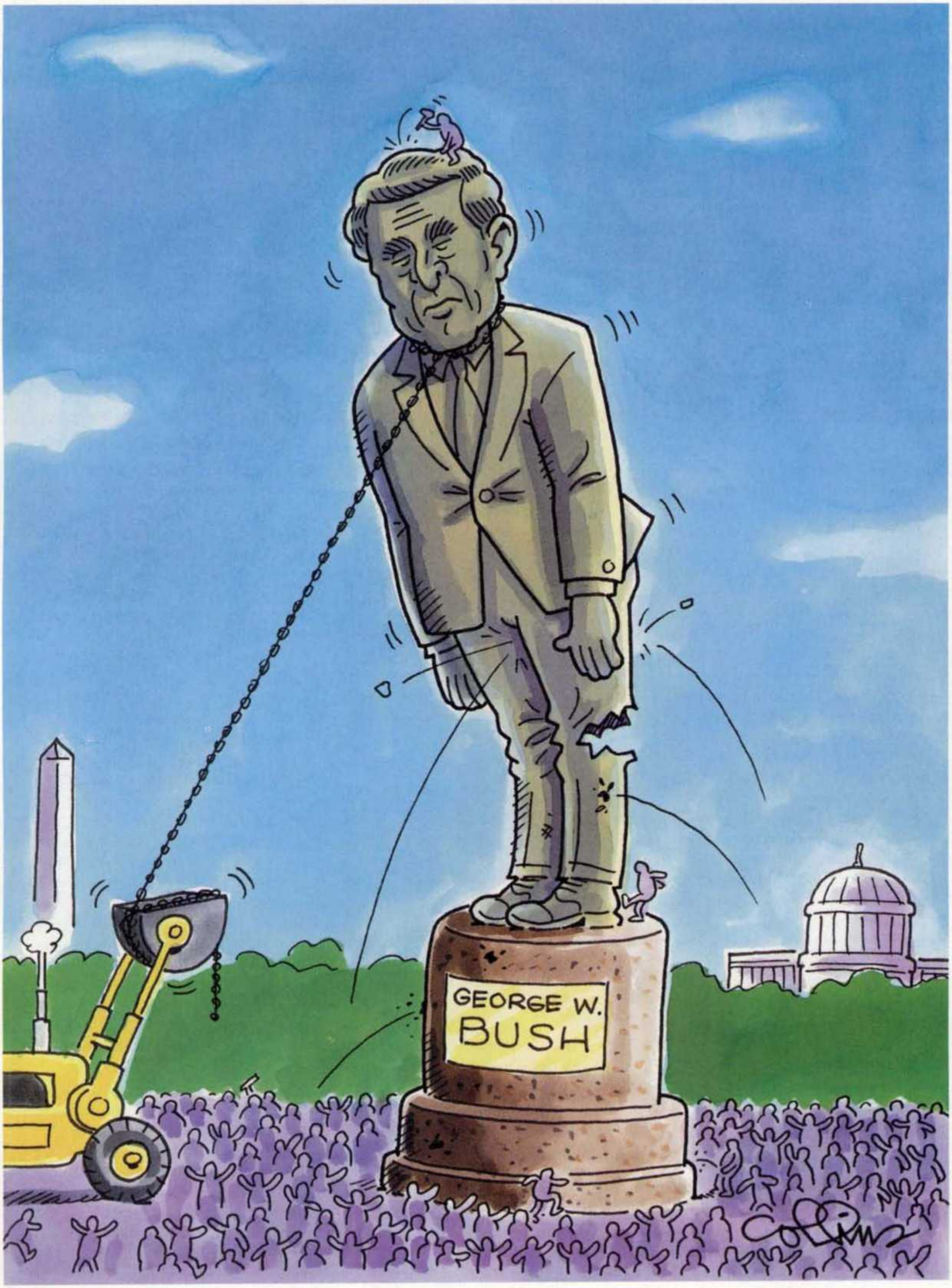
"Grant me a dying wish," she moaned, "and promise you will do as I ask."

The man nodded and said, "Okay. What's your wish?"

"I want you to let mamma ride in the car with you to the cemetery," she wheezed.

"I'll do it," the man pledged, "but I want you to know that it's going to ruin my whole day."

HUSTLER Humor jokes are sent to us by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, why not send it our way? Submit your jokes to HUSTLER Joke Page, 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or e-mail jokes to hustler@lfp.com. If your joke is selected, we'll send you a check for $50.
Sorry—we cannot return submissions.


GEORGE W.
BUSH

udder madness

HUSTLER ponders the wobbly fate of natural breasts.

★ **Lament by Mark Cromer**

Inside an upscale medical office in sunny Glendale, California, a scene is unfolding that should frighten any parent who is concerned about his or her daughter's self-esteem. Several women from the office staff are gathered in a half-circle inside a small room, waiting anxiously for a young colleague to step out of the women's bathroom. As anticipation peaks, Amber, a 19-year-old medical assistant, opens the bathroom door and strides out, wearing a super-tight top that cuts off well above her Britney Spears-tight tummy. She arches her back and offers forth her pert B-cup breasts, hard nipples piercing her top.

"See," she says, casting a glance across the room at her older office cohorts. "This is all I have right now. This is it."

The women nod understandingly. "You look great though," one offers approvingly.

"I wish mine stood up like that," another agrees.

"Yeah, but check this out," Amber says, darting back into the bathroom.

When the teenager emerges again, one office worker later recalled, "It seemed as if her head had shrunk."

Well, perhaps not shrunk as much as had been swallowed. Indeed, it appears everything north of Amber's shoulders has been visually devoured by the juggernaut of tits that she is now sporting—thanks to a silicone-filled bra provided by a plastic surgeon so she could test public reaction.

As the women evaluate her new physique, Amber muses, "I think I'm going to go for a full 450cc's. That ought to give me a D cup."

"Don't you think that is a little large for you?" one woman asks, noting Amber's waifish frame.

"Nah," the girl says. "I figure if you're

Photo Courtesy of Giddle Partridge

going to do it, you may as well go big."

Amber's decision to "go big" and shell out approximately $5,000 to a surgeon who will slice her open and plant monstrous bags of saline inside of her chest is, as the old saying goes, a sign of the times.

And a sad one at that.

Consider that Amber and the tens of thousands of young women like her who are "getting their tits done" are arguably not even finished developing what God gave them. These are women whose body images have not been shaped by men's magazines such as HUSTLER (whose classic Honeys were the epitome of natural), but rather perverted by the slick pages of self-loathing manuals such as *Glamour*, *Cosmopolitan*, *Vogue* and others.

The overwhelming message these books peddle to women young and old is clear: Your body is not good enough at 135 pounds with B- or even C-cup breasts. No, you need to be 95 pounds yet sporting a triple-D rack, and remember, girls, he'll love you for it!

Culturally it is a message that continues to gain ground, co-opting the freewheeling movement of body acceptance that burgeoned in the heady era of the Sexual Revolution.

Indeed, as modern American porn stepped into the cultural limelight during the early and mid-1970s, we were treated to a celebration—a feast even—of natural breasts. Consider that Seka, the all time Queen of Cream, had beautiful sloping breasts that cascaded down her chest. Ginger Lynn was natural and tiny compared to the current silicone giants that stalk Porn Valley, and yet she is emblazoned into the psyche of hetero males everywhere.

Still, more and more women are led to believe that fake tits are better tits.

According to the American Society of Plastic Surgeons (ASPS), more than 250,000 women collectively spent more than half a billion dollars for breast enhancement surgery in 2003 (the most recent year for which statistics are available). Of those women, nearly 4,000 were 18 years old or younger.

There's no question the procedure,

which was pioneered by Dr. Thomas Cronin, during the early 1960s as a breast-reconstruction option for cancer survivors, has long since become popular elective surgery with women. By the mid-1970s, fake tits could be spotted on some porn stars, even in an era when smut vixens were generally as natural as granola bars.

Yet whether or not the love affair with man-made breasts is a bad thing is a matter of both taste and interpretation; one feminist's Bride of Frankenstein is another's Choice of Body Image.

"To me, when a woman decides that she is going to fine-tune or correct something on her body, especially if it is going to provide her with more self-confidence, then it really is a form of positive therapy," says Shelley Michelle, one of the film industry's most notable body doubles.

Her company, Body Double & Parts Inc. (www.BodyDouble.com), is essentially a rent-a-body-part clearinghouse for Hollywood producers. Michelle notes that, of the approximately 1,000 women her agency works with, nearly 90% have had breast augmentation.

"At my agency, our motto is, 'If you have great boobs, we'll take you,'" she says. "There is a lot of work in Hollywood for great boobs."

Michelle, at 33 years old, sports a lithe frame topped with a 36DD chest—breasts that have undergone two surgeries to pump them up from their natural B-cup size.

"I did it personally because it is important today to have cleavage," she says. "The Internet is actually fueling demand for curvier, sexier bodies."

Michelle sees her body, perhaps understandably, as her primary economic asset. Her legs are insured, she says, and her breasts will soon have a policy of their own. That may cause the disciples of Gloria Steinem and Betty Freidan to recoil, but Michelle is defiantly unapologetic about the literal currency of her tits. Considering her breasts have doubled for Julia Roberts (*Pretty Woman*, *Flatliners*), Anne Archer (*Nails*), Kim Basinger (*Final Analysis*) and Sandra Bullock (*A Fool and His Money*), to name a few, one might question why she shouldn't keep her chin up and chest out.

Helen Elliott agrees. As perhaps the preeminent cosmetic surgery "broker" in Beverly Hills—that Holy Mecca of silicone breasts—Elliott has arranged

FIXING BOTCHED BOOB JOBS

Breast implants that went bad get an extreme makeover.

Photos courtesy of Dr. Gary Takowsky

Before

After

Before

After

Before

After

more breast augmentations in the past two decades than she can probably remember.

Her firm, Helen Elliott Enterprises Inc. (www.HelenElliott.com), works with women from all walks of life, from porn stars to radical-mastectomy patients, who are seeking a new look—and more often than not, new tits.

"I am a beauty concierge," Elliott says. "Women come to me from literally all over the world, and I hold their hand and guide them through the process, right down to brokering the prices, which is pretty unheard of."

It also raises questions. With a direct financial stake in women who are considering getting their breasts surgically enlarged, is Elliott a concierge or a saleswoman? In all likelihood, she's a little of both.

Photo Courtesy of Dr. Gary Takowsky

Photo Courtesy of Giddle Partridge

According to a Newport Beach, California, woman who spoke to HUSTLER on the condition she not be identified by name, Elliott was instrumental in directing her to the physician who inflated her chest from 600cc's to a staggering 950cc's. The surgery, one of eight that she has had on her breasts, proved to be disastrous.

The woman, now in her 40s, says she succumbed to her then-husband's desire for her to "look like a porn queen with tits the size of Manhattan."

When she first unwrapped the bandages, she says she was impressed with her new twin towers. "They were huge, huge, huge! They were also beautiful."

Yet it didn't take long before she realized that something had gone awry. Her breasts began to grow even larger, swelling to painful proportions. A trip back to her doctor's office determined that her body produced fluid around the implants, fluid that had to be drained.

"First he used a large needle to attempt to drain them," she says. "But then he had to split the incisions back open and ended up draining six pans of the fluid from me. It was a pinkish fluid, and the shit was all over me."

He sent her home with drains in each breast, and before long one of her mammaries became infected around the implant. "The pink fluid turned yellow with pus, and I started running fevers."

Before long, she was out of work on disability, and a new problem arose: An abscess formed on one of her breasts. Scar tissue was also beginning to take its toll.

Referred to another doctor, her breasts again were opened up and cleaned out, and she was treated with antibiotics. New, smaller implants were placed inside of her this time around.

"In the end, I had such huge resentment toward my husband," she says. The marriage didn't survive the surgeries.

While she states that Elliott stood by her and was supportive during the entire ordeal, she comments wryly, "Helen is a terrific woman, but you can't lose sight of the fact that Helen works for Helen."

Dr. Gary Takowsky, a Beverly Hills-based plastic surgeon, says he sees at least one patient every week who needs to have their breast augmentation repaired, generally as a result of a bad cosmetic outcome.

Implants placed under the muscle can produce a "riding high" effect, which gives the woman an unnatural appearance and restricts cleavage, Takowsky says. Over-the-muscle implants sometimes produce a "rippling" effect, but that can be avoided by using a silicone-gel implant—which is approved for repair or replacement surgery.

Takowsky also notes that women who have silicone breast implants that date before 1985 should have them replaced immediately, as the shells have been determined to leak and can result in severe encapsulation, or hardening of the breast, as well as other health problems. Repair work is often covered by insurance, he says, and generally costs approximately $6,000.

While a broker such as Elliott assists women in getting the cosmetic surgery they desire—and ultimately it's the patient's decision to seek and obtain the surgery—the plastic surgeon still must balance his Hippocratic oath with the fickle trends of popular beauty conventions.

Dr. Steven Varkony says he has no problem in striking such a balance. A plastic surgeon practicing for the past 15 years (www.DrVarkony.com), Varkony says that while he sees many young women in their early 20s who want their breasts enlarged, he doesn't hesitate to turn away women who are either too young or are there for the wrong reasons.

"Look, if a 55-year-old woman who just went through a divorce walks into my office and wants to have breast augmentation surgery because she thinks it will make her life whole again, well, we need to talk," he says. "It's very important for women to have realistic expectations. The doctor has to take the person into account."

Nonetheless, Varkony maintains that getting a tit job today for most women is about as complex as hopping a flight to Hawaii.

"Breast enhancement is like a vacation," he says. "For a mere $129 a month, you'll come back with a whole new look and a lot more to show for it than an envelope full of pictures."

Tim Connelly, for one, remains unconvinced. As the publisher and editor

of *Adult Video News* and former husband of the Eighth Wonder of the World, the all-natural Christy Canyon, Connelly is straight to the point about natural vs. fake.

"When a girl has fake boobs, if I can see the ripple of the bag, or if the nipples are messed up, it's all I can see after that," he says. "It's like she has a booger in her nose at dinner. Even afterward, it's all you keep seeing for the rest of the night in your head. It ruins it."

Despite widespread misgivings from men such as Connelly, however, it seems almost certain that the consumer culture that thrives on making women believe they never look good enough will continue to inspire millions of tit jobs.

Thanks to the near-hypnotic glare of glossy magazines such as *Glamour* and *Cosmopolitan*, future generations of young women will believe breast augmentation is the natural thing to do. Indeed, the tragic consequence of this twisted psychwarfare is a legion of teenagers and college coeds seduced into the idea that natural breasts are a mere template for a plastic surgeon to expand upon.

One day, sooner than we might expect, America will be filled with girls like Amber, not content to even wait for Mother Nature to finish her work before going under the knife.

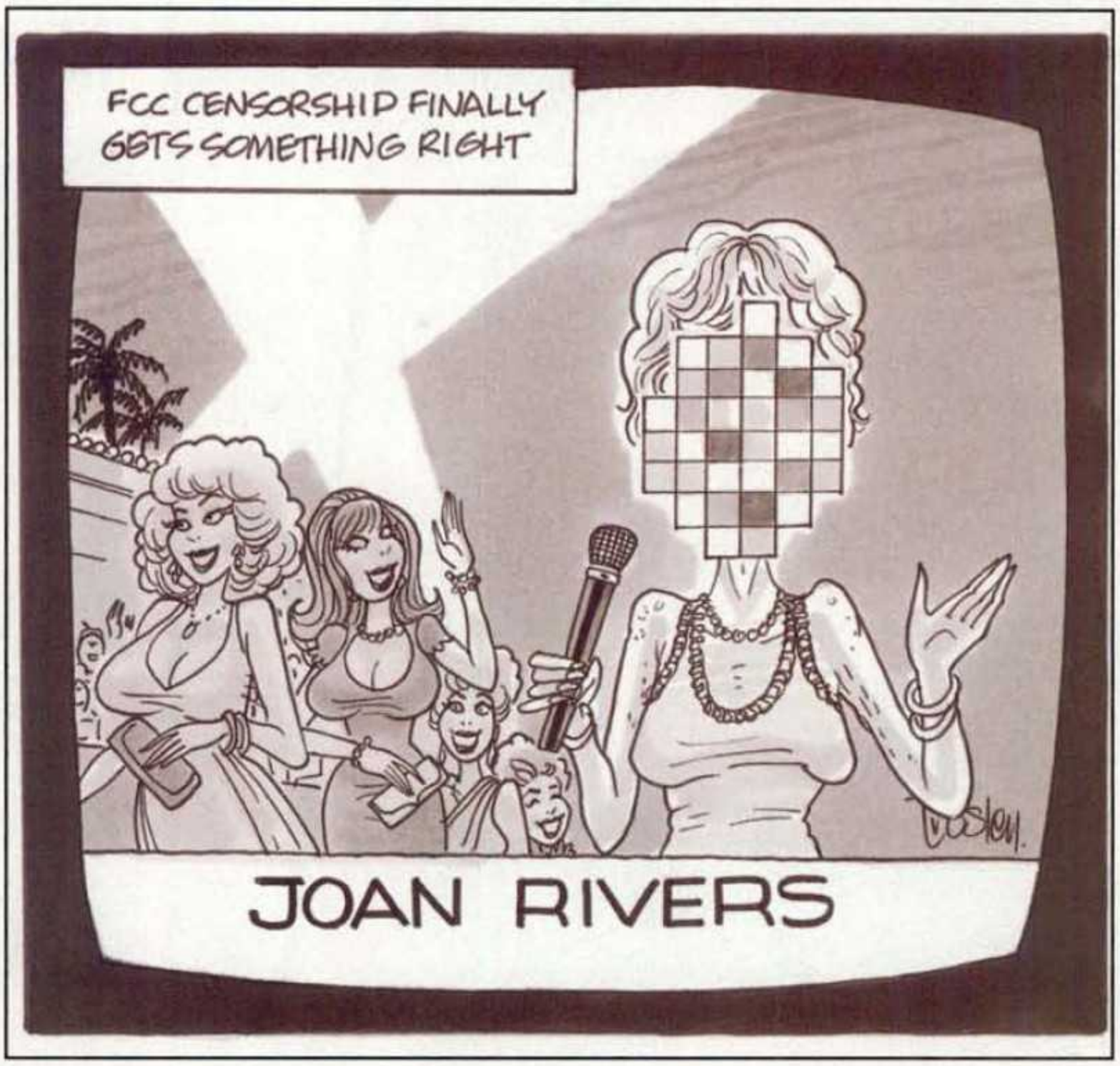
And on that sad day, we can bet that somewhere a young man immersed in a bullshit session with his bros will actually deny that his girlfriend has natural breasts, lest he face the derision and scoffing from dullards who fantasize about a Stepford wife.

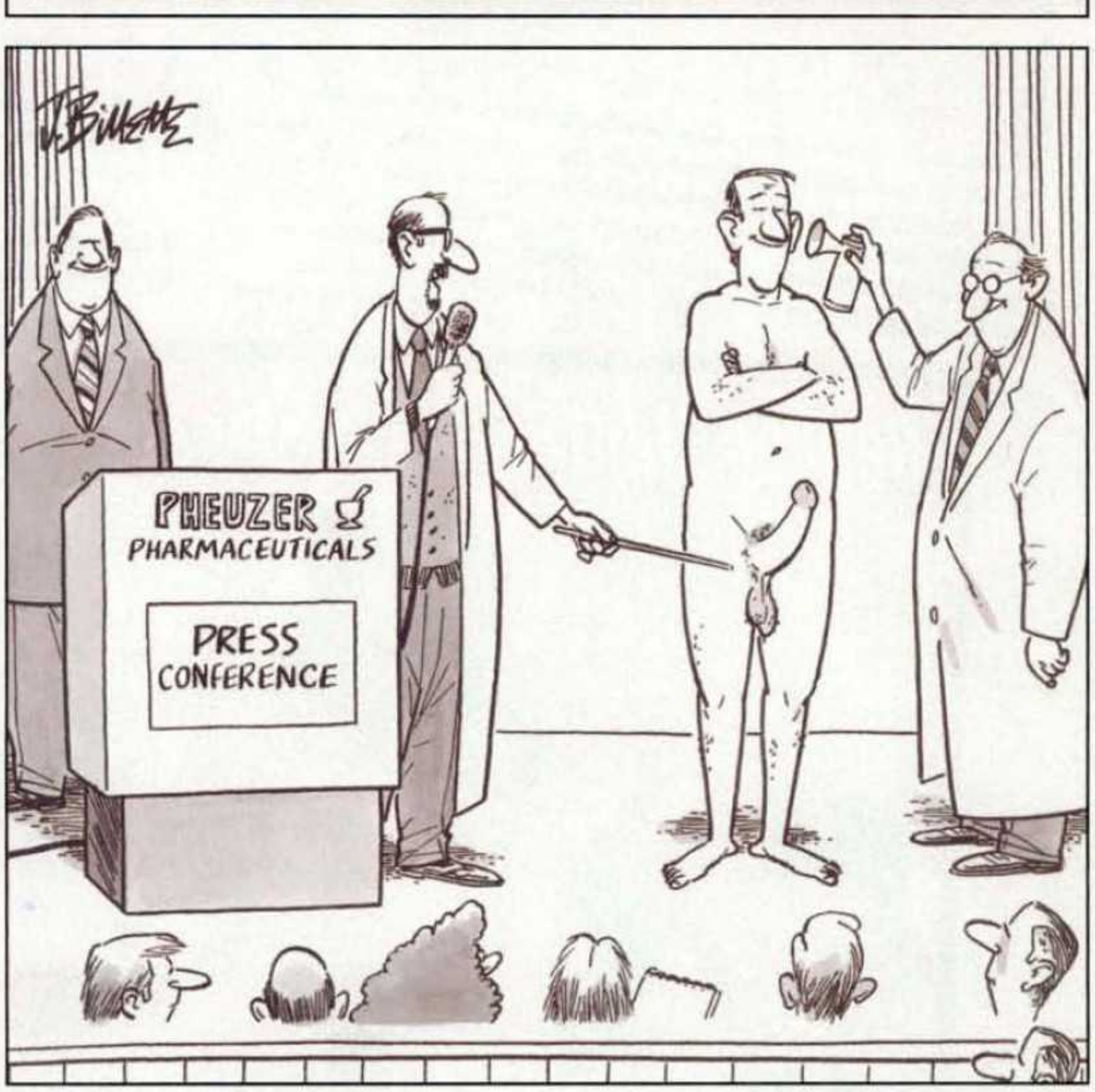
If we are to avoid such a cultural disaster, women must be encouraged to feel secure in their succulent slopes and sensuous curves. The pure femininity of breasts—large and small, firm or cascading—should be celebrated anew with a fervor not seen since sisters took to the streets three decades ago in a socio-sexual revolution that gave us liberation and clitoral orgasms.

A call to arms must be issued, and men must join women at the barricades to raise our voices in the new battle cry of "*Viva au naturel!*"

* * *

Mark Cromer is a journalist in Flagstaff, Arizona. He has written for the Los Angeles Times, the Nation, Bikini, LA Weekly, New York Daily News, Details, Hotwired.com and more. He prefers natural breasts. He can be reached at Mrcromer@aol.com.





"We've taken the male-potency pill to the next level. Now, in addition to making the erection even firmer, it renders the man temporarily deaf so he doesn't have to listen to the bitch."

HUSTLER has encouraged women to show pink since 1974, but this marketing rep from Clearwater, Florida, has added a new wrinkle. Besides traveling the world and working out, the 28-year-old's primary interest is bondage. "I constantly dream of being dominated in a nasty, sexual way," Christina admits.
—Photo by Friend

Describing herself as "intelligent and motivated," 22-year-old Jenna from Kansas City, Missouri, shows off her smarts–and everything else–by sending a naked pic for our contest. The sexy engineering student, who digs shopping and fishing, fantasizes about "being submissive in a role-playing video."
—Photo by Friend

Dancing, watching old cowboy movies, cooking and antique-refurbishing are just a handful of Gabriella's hobbies. The 37-year-old Orange County, California, babe often fantasizes about being "seduced by a sexy Asian beauty in the outdoors." We hear William Hung's available.
—Photo by Husband

When not tending to her duties as a happy-and-horny housewife from Southbridge, Massachusetts, Chrissy gets her kicks rock-climbing, swimming, running, snowmobiling and skydiving. "Having sex on a nude beach with hubby" is the 28-year-old thrill-seeker's most intimate desire.

—Photo by Husband

San Antonio is home to the lovely Brandi, a 19-year-old entertainer/ stripper. When not dancing for greenbacks, Brandi can be found outdoors swimming and working out. The Texan's many libidinal longings include "a swingers party with mostly girls."

—Photo by Friend

AMATEUR PHOTO/VIDEO CONTESTS

WIN $5,000 CASH!

Attention, ladies! Are you an amateur nudist over 18 years of age? The 2004 *Beaver Hunt* Grand Prize Competition is looking for you! Snap a few clear, color pictures, and mail them to HUSTLER *Beaver Hunt*, 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. Every lady whose picture we print gets $350 and a chance at the 2004 Grand Prize—a photo-feature worth $5,000. Grand Prize Finalists win $1,500 each. The award for the photographer of the Grand Prize Winner is $500, and the Finalists' photographers win $250. All photographers of models appearing in *Beaver Hunt* receive a one-year subscription to HUSTLER. Fill out the model release below, and include copies of two forms of ID. Your photo, date of birth and signature must appear on the IDs (not necessarily all on the same one). All photos become the unreturnable property of L.F.P., Inc.

MODEL RELEASE/ENTRY FORM

To enter HUSTLER *Beaver Hunt* or HUSTLER *Video Beaver Hunt*, you must be 18 years of age or older, and you must fill out and send this release and copies of two forms of ID, one with photo (i.e., driver's license, passport or photo ID issued by state). Second ID can be a birth certificate, Social Security card, credit card, marriage certificate or immigration card. One ID must include your date of birth, and one must include your signature. Send photocopies, not originals. Send two or more sharply focused color prints or slides. Send videotapes in VHS format. Showing pink is optional at entry stage. All photos and videos become the unreturnable property of L.F.P., Inc., which buys all rights in perpetuity to photos and videos we purchase. Win $350 if we publish your photo, or $500 if we choose your video, and win the chance to be in an extended pictorial or feature video worth $5,000. Send photos, videos, IDs and release to HUSTLER *Beaver Hunt*, 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. **Contest not open to residents of Arizona.** Void where prohibited. No purchase necessary.

Please Print

Model's name

Any alias, nickname, stage or pro name

Name to be published

Date of birth Phone (include area code)

Model's Social Security number

Address

City State Zip

Personal e-mail address Occupation

Hobbies

Sexual fantasies (include separate sheet if necessary)

Model's legal signature (use separate sheets for more than one model) Date (month/date/year)

Warning: Anyone signing this release form other than the model will be subject to monetary damages and/or criminal prosecution. I declare under penalty of perjury that all of the information I have given above is true and correct.

Note: Prize money sent to model only.

In consideration of $350 for photographs or $500 for a video, I grant to L.F.P., Inc. all rights of every kind whatsoever, whether now known or unknown, exclusively and perpetually, in any submitted photographs of myself (the "Images"). Without limiting the generality of the foregoing, and in addition thereto, I further grant to L.F.P., Inc., and its affiliates and assigns, the following perpetual and exclusive rights: (1) to copyright, copy or reproduce, by any present or future means, all or any part of the Images; (2) to exhibit, sell, assign and transmit, and license others to do so (whether by means of still photographs, magazines, newspapers, radio, television, televised motion pictures, videodiscs, videocassettes, videotapes, computer, CD-ROM, Internet transmission or any other means now known or unknown) any or all of the Images; (3) to use the Images in connection with advertising as well as for commercial exploitation, including, without limitation, in magazines, newspapers, books, one-sheets, flyers, catalogs, and covers or wrappers of recordings, discs, CD-ROMs, tapes and/or cassettes, and in connection with the sale of any by-products or merchandising; (4) to use the Images, or any parts thereof, as a portion of a motion picture or other work (and for the advertising thereof) and in connection with the sale of any by-products or merchandise relating thereto, and to reproduce and/or transmit the same by and in any and all media; and (5) to edit, add to, subtract from, arrange, rearrange, distort and revise the Images in any manner as L.F.P., Inc. may, in its sole and complete discretion, determine, from time to time. I certify that I was 18 years of age or older at the time my photographs and/or video footage were shot, and that I am of full age and am possessed of full legal capacity to execute the foregoing authorization.

Gentlemen, feast your eyes on Ruby, a 34-year-old secretary from Franklin, Georgia, who lists her hobbies as "teasing, going to strip clubs and dancing." The Southern belle's carnal aspiration entails "making love to a beautiful, big-breasted woman and then sharing her with my husband."
—Photo by Husband

Jessee Lynn, a barmaid, is the pride of Siloam Springs, Arkansas. The 26-year-old mixologist spends her free time reading, watching movies and riding bikes. Jessee's sexual fantasy is crystal-clear: "To be fucked over and over by many men. I want these guys to fuck me so hard that I scream and come. I have one goal in life, which is to fuck anyone, anywhere, at any time." Volunteers?
—Photo by Husband

Snowboarding, hiking, scuba-diving and playing with vibrators are just a smidgen of 33-year-old Shania's diverse interests. The Huntington Beach, California, native fantasizes about "having an orgy at a lush tropical resort or appearing in a porn video with two men."
—Photo by Husband

Beaver Hunt

#9 Nikki

Proving it's never too late to get totally nude for the masses, this lingerie seller from New Castle, Delaware, waited until she was 40. A woman constantly on the go, Nikki maintains her youthful shape with lots of motorcycling, sailing, bicycling and swimming. Her favorite fantasy is "spontaneous sex."

—Photo by Friend

Beaver Hunt

#10 Lexi

Auburn, Maine's Lexi, 34, digs fishing, camping and skiing. The redheaded beauty dreams of "making love on the ocean sand and having my pussy eaten out by multiple girls."

—Photo by Boyfriend

Beaver Hunt

#11 Tanya

Self-employed, this 27-year-old nudecummer out of Regina, Kentucky, enjoys beading and traveling. Among Tanya's fantasy cravings is a threesome involving "me, my boyfriend and another woman."

—Photo by Boyfriend

JESSE JANE

UNDER THE HOOD

PHOTOGRAPHY BY CLIVE McLEAN

Born in Fort Worth, Texas, Jesse Jane has been on the move ever since. "I was a military brat," says the fetching vagabond. "My dad was in the Air Force, so we traveled all the time." Jesse was a cheerleader in high school, which, surprisingly, didn't help her dating life. "The boys treated me like one of the guys," she sighs. "They still do."

A football fanatic, the fast-rising porn star almost became a Dallas Cowboys cheerleader. "I tried out in 2000, and I made it into the top 40, but that was the year they cut the squad to 32."

Undaunted, the 23-year-old found other ways to put her hot bod to work; her résumé includes shilling suntan lotion as a Hawaiian Tropic Girl at NASCAR races, dancing in a cage on Kid Rock's last tour and working at Hooters, where she found the extra-small T-shirts a major challenge. "If you have big boobs, you really have to squeeze them in. If I had ever worn a push-up bra, my boobs would have been up to my throat!" Sounds like the perfect position to us.

JENNA TALES

ADVENTURES IN THE SKIN TRADE WITH JENNA JAMESON

How's it going, guys? I recently got back from an insane weekend in Las Vegas. I think I got a total of five hours of sleep the entire time I was there! Mostly I sat at the slot machines, but I did spend some time at the blackjack table drinking martinis until I couldn't see straight and managed to lose all of the money I'd won. Damn! When I got back to Phoenix, I curled up into a ball on the couch and slept for 12 hours straight. The following weekend was the start of "Bike Week" here in Arizona, and me and a couple of my girlfriends hung out at the party at the Hacienda Harley bike shop in Scottsdale watching the show, admiring the bikes and drinking margaritas. I vaguely remember hopping up on the bar and shaking my ass at one point. The crowd was cheering me on; so I guess they liked what they saw.

I also went to see a Kid Rock show recently with a lot of my close friends, and Kid Rock's sister, Carol. Kid totally rocked the house; he was amazing. Afterward, I went backstage to his dressing room to hang out. I honestly have to say that he is one of the most laid-back people I have ever met. His persona is completely different offstage; he was just chilling out, drinking a Coors Light (go figure). Then again, he may just have been exhausted, because during most of the show he was jumping all over the stage. He has so much energy, it's incredible.

I have to say that I am flattered to have been chosen, once again, as one of the world's sexiest women by the readers of *FHM*. According to their Internet poll, I advanced from 33rd in last year's poll to No. 31 this time around. I'm in such good company too. Other hotties that made the list were Elizabeth Hurley, Liv Tyler and Tara Reid. Thanks for voting guys; I feel so honored.

By the way, if you haven't picked up a copy of my latest movie, *Bella Loves Jenna*, do it soon! I promise you, it's one of the hottest films I've ever shot (check out the photos on this page for a little taste of what I'm talking about). The scenes between me and Bella will literally melt your DVD player.

If there's anything you would like to see in the next installment of my column, or even if you just want to say hi, don't hesitate to write to me. I love getting mail from fans all over the world; it makes me feel so good inside! Just drop me a line at:

Jenna Tales
c/o HUSTLER Magazine
8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900
Beverly Hills, CA 90211

See you on the flip side!

XoXo,
Jenna

EROTIC ENTERTAINMENT

Edited by **Randy Haberek**

Blow Me Sandwich #4: *Ariana Jollee takes a time-out as Estella forges ahead.*

Blow Me Sandwich #4: *Jane Darling: "Hurry up, Janet; I'm waiting."*

Blow Me Sandwich #4: *Cytherea and Lanilei extract the venom.*

Blow Me Sandwich #4

Directed by Greg Alves.
Starring Sharon Wild, Janet, Scarlet O Whora, Ariana Jollee, Estella, Maria Sun, Julia Crow, Neeo, Jane Darling, Dark Angel, Cytherea, Lola, Sue Diamond, Lanilei, Gauge, Eva, Vanessa, Alexis Malone, Kurt Lockwood, Lee Stone, Chris Charming and Diether Von Stein.
DVD and Videocassette: Zero Tolerance Entertainment.

Blow Me Sandwich #4 is a testament to cock-crazed whores and the men who enable their addiction. With the latest installment of the prong-gobbling series, a plethora of fresh, new faces sink to their knees two at a time to pray at the altar of man-meat. Blond slut Sue Diamond and raven-haired slobber monkey Dark Angel perform a striptease before planting their drooling mouths on some faceless mook's boner prior to receiving an avalanche of spunk on their faces. Not enough can be said of the quality and unbridled, zipper-busting energy of this Greg Alves series. An additional highlight includes Ariana Jollee taking a break from sharing a beef pole with the waifish Estella to cram a few digits up her own clam. With 16 girls and eight scenes, *Blow Me Sandwich #4* sucks in the best possible way. ***—Stewart Wallace***

Is That a Rocket in Your Pocket?

Scott Styles, Scientist-Turned-Sperm-Slinger

It doesn't take a rocket scientist to be a porn star, but top XXX stud Scott Styles has made over 100 films since he ditched his career at NASA anyway. *Erotic Entertainment* grilled Styles about his transition from lab geek to hired cock.

HUSTLER: Are you an actual rocket scientist?

STYLES: I have a master's degree in physics from Texas A&M and did research in atomic physics. I worked as an engineer at Johnson Space Center.

HUSTLER: How did you make the switch to XXX?

STYLES: I went to see (Latin hottie) Keisha at a Houston strip club. I took a couple of photos of me, a note and a ten-dollar bill, and handed them to her at the side of the stage. I said I was interested in talking with her about the adult industry and offered her a guided tour of NASA.

HUSTLER: How can a girl resist an offer like that?

STYLES: Well, she resisted! But Keisha called me later, gave me a phone number, and said I'd have to move to L.A. and be serious about doing porn full-time in order to really have a chance.

HUSTLER: Who is the hottest chick you've ever banged onscreen?

STYLES: Oh, man, how do I approach that question safely? High on the list is Blake Mitchell. I worked with her a while back. She was hot, mature, accommodating and sweet. She's the one I still think about.

HUSTLER: How do you keep your love rocket upright in the gantry for a really long session?

STYLES: It's just practice. I remember reading HUSTLER when I was a teenager, and you guys had tips like, when you masturbate or have sex with a girl, stop before you come and pinch the head of your penis. That's great advice.

HUSTLER: Any porn sluts you'd like to nail in the future?

STYLES: Janine. She just started doing guys, and she is ultrahot.

HUSTLER: What's your favorite XXX film performance?

STYLES: One that was certainly unique was Gina Lynn's first for Club Video, *Gina Lynn Reinvented.* I had a scene with her, and you know, she's a smokin'-hot Barbie doll. Another hot one was my scene with Devinn Lane in her first boy/girl for Wicked Pictures.

HUSTLER: Any tips for aerospace engineers who aspire to blast onto the blue screen?

STYLES: Go to www.PornCityNews.com. That's a site I put together that addresses such issues. But it all boils down to one thing: You have to want to do it bad enough.

Meridians of Passion: *Paul McCarthy's performance art had a huge impact on Aimee Sweet and Aria.*

Meridians of Passion: *Monica Mendez and Jelena Jensen consult the magic eight ball.*

Deep in Cream #4: Gushers!: *Cytherea battles narcolepsy.*

Deep in Cream #4: Gushers!: *Reina Leone apologizes for her sudden flatulence.*

New Love: Sunrise: "Augutht, I think my tongue ith thtuck."

New Love: Sunrise: "Hey, it beats working at Burger King."

Who's Your Daddy? #4: Cherry Poppens disproves the "three's a crowd" adage.

Who's Your Daddy? #4: Cytherea: "I hope to make Boner Balancing a new Olympic sport."

Meridians of Passion

Directed by J. Bristol.
Starring Aria Giovanni, Justine, Aimee Sweet, Jelena Jensen, Monica Mendez and Kelli Marie.
DVD: Old Pueblo Distribution.

Meridians of Passion is a sensual series of vignettes in the tradition of pioneering lensman Andrew Blake, hosted by exotic, boner-inducing hottie Aria Giovanni. The opening scene features Aria and Aimee Sweet making human sundaes out of each other by utilizing whipped cream, chocolate syrup and strawberries. Top-heavy tramp Jelena Jensen lounges poolside, applying gallons of suntan oil over her entire luscious body prior to providing the same treatment to raven-haired beauty Aria. The true highlights of this stroke flick are Jensen's all-natural, mammoth mammaries, which could supply enough milk to feed a Third World country for weeks and still provide its inhabitants with ample shade on blistering summer afternoons. Although many of the scenes drag out longer than they should, *Meridians of Passion* still manages to deliver erotic scenarios that will please couples as well as raincoaters who desire a break from the current gonzo trend.

—S. W.

Deep in Cream #4: Gushers!

Directed by Alex Ladd.
Starring Cytherea, Jennifer, Jacqueline Stone, Reina Leone, Simona, Cameron James, Claudia, George, Joe Monti, Joe Friday, Robert Rosenberg, K-K and Kurt Lockwood.
DVD and Videocassette: DVSX.

Deep in Cream #4: Gushers! delivers on its titular promise. Don't forget your raincoat as the jizz and female ejaculate fly all over the place. In the first scene, blond slut Cameron James gets her fudge pipe violated every which way *and* loose, culminating in an internal money-shot courtesy of Chris Cannon. Further on, two eager beavers, Jennifer and Simona, gargle man-meat prior to an ass-to-mouth, cornhole-swapping free-for-all. Not to be outdone by Jennifer, Simona stretches her backdoor so swordsman Robert Rosenberg can make a gooey deposit in her gaping rectum. But the real treat is a stunning performance by cock-crazed nymph Cytherea. Kurt Lockwood begins lapping at her honeypot while finger-banging her until she squirts a gynecological geyser of epic proportions across the room. If you're craving no-nonsense, hard-core action, dive right into *Deep in Cream #4: Gushers!*

—S. W.

New Love

Directed by David Stanley.
Starring Sunrise Adams, April, August, Dee, Cherie, Chris Cannon, Tony Tedeschi and Cheyrie Collins.
DVD and Videocassette: Vivid Entertainment.

Sunrise Adams mounts her throne as a porn slut supreme in *New Love*. Looking like Alicia Silverstone's trampy twin, Sunrise brazenly parades her perfect 36-24-36 figure, but it's her unbridled passion for hot beef that will bust your zipper. The flaxen-tressed hellion pumps two cocks at once like well-oiled pistons in a fierce double-drilling. The stunt cocks shower her with nut cream simultaneously, coating her belly and chest with their admiration. Sunrise graciously shares the stage with three purring sex kittens in an explosive lesbo scene. She immediately zeroes in on young Latina August, licking her tight cooze while tattooed brunette Cherie and Puerto Rican princess Dee stir their own honeypots on the sidelines. Once they bust out the dildos, all hell breaks loose. Sunrise caps off *New Love* with a pulse-pounding romantic tryst that will drench couples and raincoaters alike.

—Jimmy Papagiorgio

Who's Your Daddy? #4

Directed by Greg Alves.
Starring Cytherea, Jayna Woods, Penelope, Cherry Poppens, Kimberly Kane, Christie Lee, Kelly Klein, Mark Davis, Mark Woods, Alberto Rey, Michael Stefano, Steve Hooper and Kurt Lockwood.
DVD and Videocassette: Zero Tolerance Entertainment.

Who's Your Daddy? #4 is the latest flick to feature the amazing Cytherea and her super-soaker cooze, and it's one of her best efforts to date. The raven-tressed vixen sprays high-pressure jets of girl jizz that reach the ceiling six different times during her high-octane hammering. The freak-of-nature feat leaves the sex-craving siren trembling from orgasms that register high on the Richter scale. Though lacking the hydrant-like pussy prolificity of Cytherea, *Daddy*'s other little angels aren't slouchy either. Rosy-cheeked, 19-year-old Christie Lee delivers the coup de grâce with a pants-melting romp. After slamming Lee's holes hard and fast, Kurt Lockwood drops a mayonnaise mountain on her face, and she keeps sucking with renewed gusto. Strawberry-blond babe Cherry Poppens attacks a pair of tube steaks for an unhinged anal melee. Any pervert would be proud to call *Who's Your Daddy? #4* his own.

—J. P.

Girl + Girl #5: *Kathy Anderson: "Die, vampire, die!" Sharka: "Wrong movie, dumbass."*

Girl + Girl #5: *Elena: "Stop mugging for the camera, Lucy. That class ring isn't going to dig itself out."*

Pussy Whipped #2: *Anna Nova's latex hand-jobs are all the rage.*

Pussy Whipped #2: *Without the aid of a tongue depressor, Layla Jade improvises.*

HUSTLER'S Girl + Girl #5

Directed by Zorra Banks.
Starring Dark Angel, Elena, Jazmin, Kathy Anderson, Patricia, Lucy Lee, Sarah Blue, Sharka, Sweet Claudia, Vanessa, Yvonne and Zorra Banks.
DVD and Videocassette: HUSTLER Video.

Bra-busting blond voyeur Zorra Banks scours Eastern Europe to deliver a smorgasbord of sweet melons, juicy pressed hams and sizzling sideways bacon in *HUSTLER'S Girl + Girl #5*. Stumbling upon a pair of shaftable babes munching rug in broad daylight, Zorra and her cameraman capture the action with titillating peeping-Tom shots and mouthwatering close-ups of glistening pink cooze. A group-sex scene turns into a foursome once Zorra unleashes her milk sacks and joins the daisy chain. Blazing-hot blonde Sarah Blue has her mouth full of Sweet Claudia's muff while Patricia rims Sarah's starfish, but the real frenzy ensues when Zorra whips out some vibes to suck and ass-fuck with. Blonde-on-blonde, butt-plugging action with Sharka and platinum stunner Kathy Anderson kicks the moaning into overdrive, but Lucy Lee steals the show with a shake of her perfect, split-peach ass. *HUSTLER'S Girl + Girl #5* adds up to a ball-draining good time.

—J.P.

Pussy Whipped #2

Directed by Michael Adam.
Starring Gauge, Anna Nova, Renee Pornero, Flick Shagwell, Layla Jade, Joey Ray, Brian Surewood and Mark Woods.
DVD and Videocassette: Metro Interactive/Toxxxic Entertainment.

The slutty sadists in *Pussy Whipped #2* pounce on cock like starving lionesses on a gazelle. In this porn equivalent of a *National Geographic* nature special, aggressive minxes in vinyl corsets slap, whip and spit on their submissive beef-stick suppliers in a wild, all-anal outburst. D-cupped bombshell Anna Nova does more than offer up her choice booty for fudge-packing: She assails Joey Ray's prong and ropes him into committing butt piracy. Femme fatale Renee Pornero busts Brian Surewood's balls and makes him bark like a dog, but not before servicing him with a deep, wet blowjob and a high-speed trip down her Hershey highway. Auburn-haired trollop Gauge grinds her way to the top of the porn-slut heap with a stellar turn as a rough dominatrix. She straddles Brian's groin girder before whacking it with her riding crop while gnashing her platform heel on his chest. *Pussy Whipped #2* provides plenty of good whacks.

—J.P.

Post Modern Love

Directed by Michael Raven.
Starring Violet Blue, Brooke, DoLorian, Ashley Long, Talon, Evan Stone and Chris Cannon.
DVD and Videocassette: Wicked Pictures.

In *Post Modern Love*, gorgeous Violet Blue lends her immense star power to a self-styled "adult comedy." Violet may have ditched the pigtails of her previous efforts, but she tackles woodsman Talon's blue-veiner with all the cock-hungry passion of her early gonzo flicks. Violet's quick and dirty lead-off tryst will jump-start your engines and leave you hungry for more. No one would kick blond ginches Ashley Long and DoLorian out of bed, but their unexceptional romps only add fire to the blueballed agony of waiting for Violet's next conquest. Brunet up-and-comer Brooke engages in a scorching flesh session, getting her all-natural DDs coated with baby paste by Talon before Violet catches them in the act and goes psycho. She exacts revenge by hooking up with Brooke herself, treating viewers to a steamy clam dive that's over all too soon. Violet's carnal thrills aside, *Post Modern Love* could use less "comedy" and more Violet Blue.

—J.P.

Early Entries

Directed by Pat Myne.
Starring Trinity, Delilah Stone, Teoni, Rose, Mary Lou, Lee Stone, Joey Ray, Mark Davis and Jon Dough.
DVD and Videocassette: Metro Interactive/Fusxion.

Early Entries pads out two dubious debuts with warmed-over cooze. Trinity has a nice bod but drags the energy down with a lackluster rut. Blond Brit Teoni is stacked and barely legal, yet the punkish nympho already has a taste for anal. She wraps her unruly English choppers around turgid cock for a deep, hands-free face fuck before taking it hard up the sphincter. The sodomitic Limey gleefully tastes her own fudge straight from the factory with repeated ass-to-mouth blowjobs. Dark, exotic Mary Lou and caramelicious cutie Rose both claim to pop their blue-screen cherries. Purple-lipped Mary Lou is quiet and shy, but clearly knows how to suck cock and has no qualms about rimming a guy's cornhole. Cute, luscious Rose, already sporting a bolt-on rack, single-handedly knocks the action up a notch with a J.Lo-sized assload of lusty enthusiasm, but it comes way too late to save *Early Entries*.

—J.P.

Post Modern Love: *Violet Blue: "My ass is not big! It just looks like that in this position."*

Post Modern Love: *Full of schlong, Ashley Long sings a song.*

Early Entries: *Mary Lou holds on for dear life.*

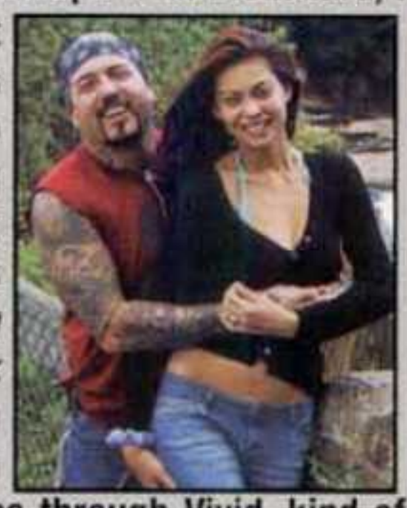
Early Entries: *Rose: "Pick a hole already; I can't hold this position forever."*

It's a Hard-Core Life: Tera and Evan, XXX's New Power Couple

While a lot of rock stars have banged porn stars, most don't end up marrying them, let alone co-starring in their fuck flicks. But then most rock stars aren't Evan Seinfeld, lead singer of New York hard-core icons Biohazard, who's also the husband of jizz-biz fuck-doll Tera Patrick. *Erotic Entertainment* probes the happy couple about their life together—on and off the blue screen.

HUSTLER: Whose idea was it to work together?

SEINFELD: **The last time I was on tour in Europe with Biohazard, I had all this free time, and I thought it would be fun to shoot some stuff for Tera's Web site, www.OfficialTeraPatrick.com. So I shot a bunch of P.O.V. video of us having sex. And that really turned me on. Taking the next step into doing films with her was just natural. We've done two so far, *Tera Tera Tera* and *Flawless* (as in *Tera Patrick Is...Flawless*), and we have three others in the works. We've even started our own company, Teravision, which will do movies through Vivid, kind of like how Jenna Jameson does stuff with them as Club Jenna.**



HUSTLER: Tera, did you give Evan any advice about being an actor in adult films?

PATRICK: **No, because I didn't want to make him nervous. I just told him, "Let's just go out there and have sex."**

SEINFELD: **I wasn't worried about people watching or about being able to get it up; I was worried because Tera's worked with the best in the business, and I wanted to be better than them. So our first scene was really tough for me. But then I relaxed a bit, and it got easier as we went along.**

HUSTLER: How was it for you, Tera?

PATRICK: **It was different in the sense that I was a lot more comfortable with Evan. Like, I never did anal scenes because I didn't want to have anal sex with a guy I didn't know, but I want to do them with Evan. And I know the fans sometimes get bored if you always work with the same person; so we're going to mix it up a bit. This is why I'm working with women now. People might find this hard to understand, but I still have a hard time letting myself go 100% because there's a camera and people there watching you have sex. But with Evan, I was really excited about having sex with him.**

You can watch Tera and Evan play bury the boner at www.OfficialTeraPatrick.com or in their latest collaboration, Tera Tera Tera.

Fast Times at Deep Crack High #13: *Violet Blue: "Somebody help. I think I just threw out my back."*

Deviant Behavior: *Jessica Darlin: "I said put it in my mouth, not my ass, you idiot."*

Bella Loves Jenna: *Belladonna: "Wow, Jenna! Did you apply your mascara with a caulking gun?"*

Deviant Behavior: *Gina Lynn: "I could fuck you in my sleep, and I'm about to try."*

Bella Loves Jenna: *Jenna suddenly remembers that she left the oven on at home.*

Fast Times at Deep Crack High #13

Directed by Stoney Curtis.
Starring Nautica, Michelle, Honey, Alicia Rhodes, Violet Blue, Ariana Jollee, Andrew, Phil Gash, Tony Tedeschi and Lee Stone.
Videocassette: Celestial Productions.

Teenage sexual awkwardness takes a backseat in *Fast Times at Deep Crack High #13*, a rip-roaring scholastic yarn about a high school where chicks are easy and their rectums are worn. English transfer student Alicia Rhodes, taking a breather from her cheerleading exercises, tries out a new DP routine with two lucky mooks. The tandem schtup is choreographed to perfection, with each of the senior studs splashing gobs of man jam across the pudgy Brit's mug. Violet Blue and Lee Stone cook up some real filth as they play out the forbidden teacher/student romp in the refuge of a tacky off-campus kitchen. Elsewhere, a late English assignment is excused after Ariana Jollee invites the head of the English department to dangle his participle in her pliant shitcave. Even so, a lackluster story, shoddy production and an unhealthy dose of man-ass make *Fast Times at Deep Crack High #13* a second-rate stroking institution.

—Carwood Lipton

Deviant Behavior

Directed by Andre Madness.
Starring Gina Lynn, Jessica Darlin, Justine, Bianca Pureheart, Tony Tedeschi, Lee Stone, Trevor Zen and Mickey G.
DVD: Pleasure Productions.

Poor Gina Lynn; plagued with mental problems and a rampant sexual appetite, the blond tart is confined to a life of domination and restraint, locked down in a psycho ward under strict watch. Hoping to be released, Gina reminisces on her past to uncover the source of her affliction: a mysterious spirit that controls both Gina's mind and body. A flashback jaunt between an ex-boyfriend and some tramp, in which Gina idly observes as a stream of jizz jets across Bianca's stomach, goes nowhere fast and only adds to the confusion of this moronic tale. However, Gina saves this fiddly flick by accelerating her dirty tricks. Lynn's efforts ably steer the viewer from the dull storyline and occupy him with what truly matters: eager sluts getting banged by massive pole. Forgettable gambols by Jessica Darlin and Bianca Pureheart make way for a steamy chicks-only fiesta between Gina and Justine, but all told, *Deviant Behavior* isn't deviant enough. **—C. L.**

Bella Loves Jenna

Directed by Justin Sterling and Jenna Jameson.
Starring Jenna Jameson, Belladonna, Mya, Veronica Hart, Julie Taylor, Monica Sweetheart, Randy Spears, Nacho Vidal, Dirty Harry, T. T. Boy and Anthony Hardwood.
Videocassette: Club Jenna.

The world's most beloved smut siren, Jenna Jameson, has been sentenced to death for the heinous crime of murder and cannibalism. It's hardly what one would expect from a skin flick, but in this yet-uncharted mélange of sex and horror, things aren't always what you'd expect. The scenes take place within Jenna's tormented mind as she awaits her fate. Jenna and Bella's girls-only tango atop an operating table finds both stars at the top of their game; fingers and tongues sashay into each other's saturated snatches until both collapse. Next up, a creepy Anthony Hardwood removes a speculum from Monica Sweetheart's mouth and licks it clean as a robotic Nurse Jenna sits back and paddles her own cooze, leading to a ferocious melee in which Hardwood's jizz is speckled into Monica's pie-hole. Gratifyingly demented, *Bella Loves Jenna* is a fever dream of white-hot proportions.

—C. L.

Stroker's Guide

A quick checklist of features reviewed in past issues of HUSTLER.

Fully Erect

Blue Rain (Wicked)
Kaylani Lei, Olivia Rio, Vanessa, Mr. Marcus

Candy's Cock Show (VCA)
Dana Vespoli, Chloe, Alaura Eden, Steve Hatcher

Grand Theft Anal #3 (Zero Tolerance Entertainment)
Nikita, Angelica, Dana Vespoli, Mark Woods

Hot Showers #14 (HUSTLER Video)
Giselle, Katin, Roxy, Alex, Sarah

Let Me Taste It #2 "Yummy" (DVSX)
Jessica Love, Kate Kaptive, Corina Taylor, Mark Ashley

Pussy Off Limits (Metro, Inc.)
Faith Grant, Esther Hobbs, Victoria, Dick Delaware

Three-Quarters Erect

The Fetish Underground (Vivid Entertainment)
Savanna Samson, Dru Berrymoore, Anthony Hardwood

Finally Legal #10 (Metro Interactive/ Toxxxic Entertainment)
Jennifer Luv, Demi Marx, Simone, Mark Davis

Strip Tease Then Fuck #3 (Zero Tolerance Entertainment)
Alexis Malone, Melanie Sugar Cube, Ariana Jollee, Lee Stone

White-Hot Nurses (HUSTLER Video)
Vivienne, Vanessa, Simony, Daniella

Half Erect

Amateur Angels #12 (Adam & Eve Productions)
Sabrina Snow, Lana Moore, Tayla Rox, Evan Stone

The Art of Ass (Legend Video)
Angelica, Sandy Style, Pason, Steve Holmes

Loaded (Digital Playground)
Jesse Jane, Brittany Skye, Asia Carrera, Tice Bune

One-Quarter Erect

Mrs. Jones (Wicked Pictures)
Shayla La Veaux, Ava Vincent, Venus, Barret Blade

Totally Limp

Brainwash (Elegant Angel)
Gina Ryder, Cailey Taylor, Allison Wyte, Tice Bune

Rating Guide

Fully Erect
Superior. A top production.

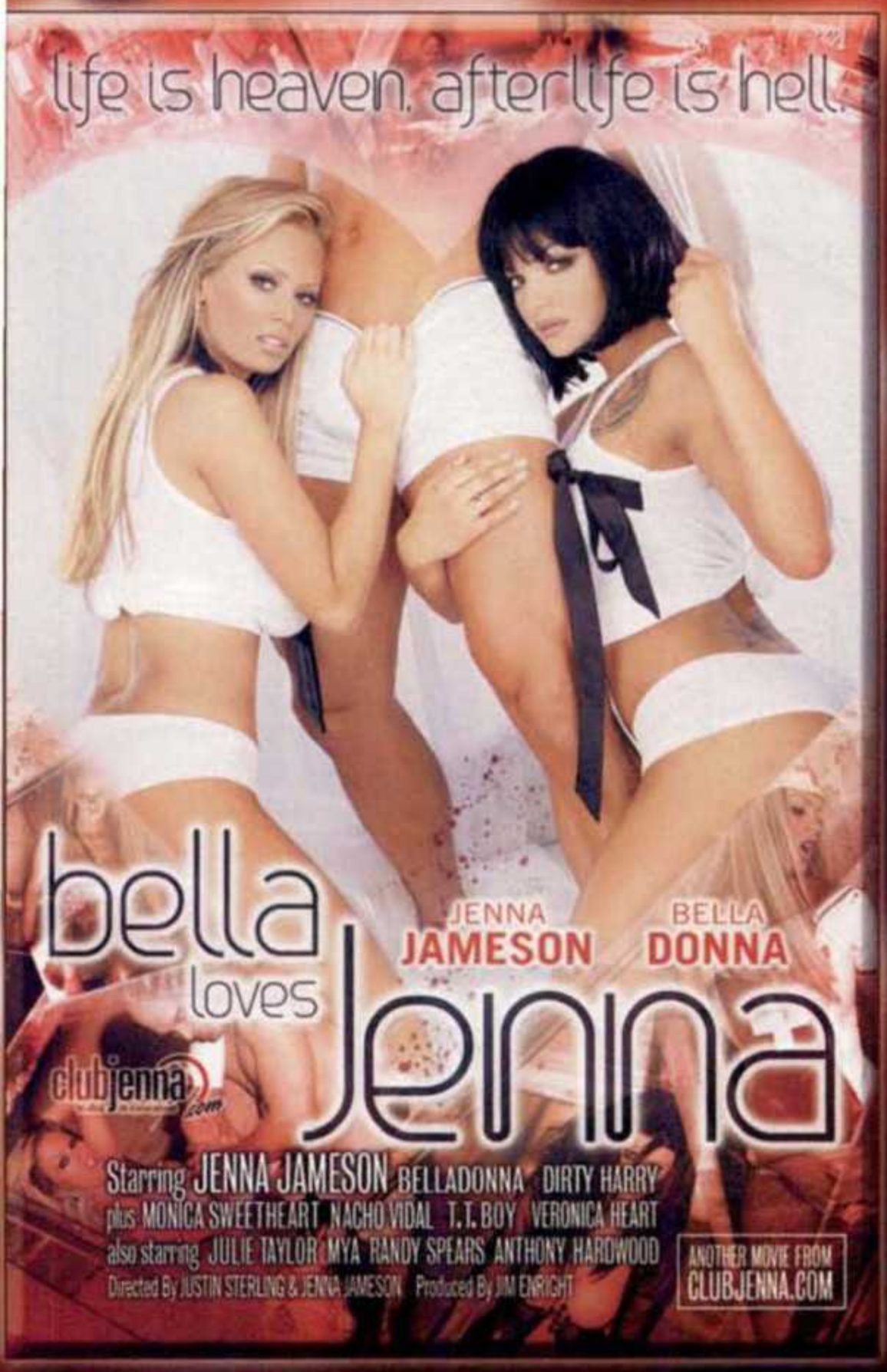
Three-Quarters Erect
Above average. Hard-on material.

Half Erect
Standard fare. Has moments.

One-Quarter Erect
Poor. Don't expect much.

Totally Limp
A waste of time and money.

:::jenna is back:::


life is heaven. afterlife is hell.
bella loves Jenna
JENNA JAMESON
BELLA DONNA
clubjenna.com
Starring JENNA JAMESON BELLADONNA DIRTY HARRY
plus MONICA SWEETHEART NACHO VIDAL T.T. BOY VERONICA HEART
also starring JULIE TAYLOR MYA RANDY SPEARS ANTHONY HARDWOOD
Directed By JUSTIN STERLING & JENNA JAMESON Produced By JIM ENRIGHT
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It's the most shocking film of Jenna Jameson's career. With more Jenna scenes than ever, the long awaited follow-up to *Briana Loves Jenna* - the top-selling adult video of last year - pairs sex's greatest superstar with its fiercest, most breathtaking sexual acrobat, Belladonna.

Bella loves Jenna is the most anticipated title in the history of adult film, it has it all and then some. It's the largest adult release of all time, outselling the infamous Pam and Tommy Lee tape! The boy/girl scenes in this movie are beyond explosive and the Bella/Jenna scene is without a doubt, award winning sex at its finest from the Queen of Porn.

:: also from clubjenna.com ::

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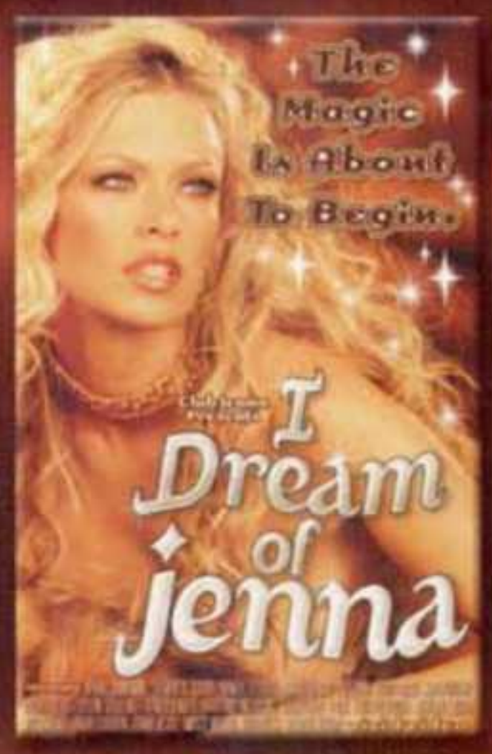

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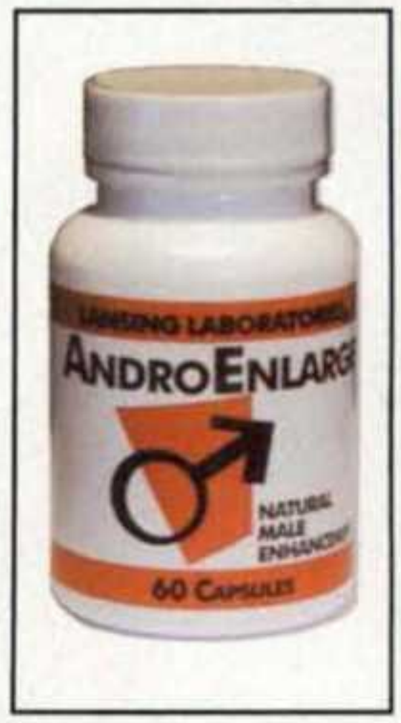

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Urine Luck

She pissed all over my butt cheeks, warm urine gushing into my ass crack, flowing over my nuts.

It was my first date with Anna, and to tell the truth, I hadn't known what to expect—certainly not a girl who could kick my ass at last-pocket, drink me under the table, quote Raymond Carver, and piss all over my butt.

She'd always seemed a little timid at the office. Still, there was this twinkle in her eyes, a little giggle when talk around the water cooler turned lewd. And sometimes she'd throw me a wink. Then there were the stockings and garters she wore beneath her skirts, the lacy, black bras under white shirts.

So I asked her out for drinks and dinner Friday night. And, well, one thing led to another. Drinks led to shots, which inevitably led to a giggling visit to Arnie's Jiggle Shack, where we stuffed the strippers' G-strings full of bills and fingered each other beneath the table. Anna grazed her long fingernails up and down my cock bulge, over my prick cap. After that we couldn't race back to her place fast enough.

She fished my prod out of my pants in the elevator, and I shoved my hand under her skirt, snapping the elastic of her garter against her firm, white tush. Two feet inside her door, she was on her knees, tugging my pants down and tonguing my balls.

Anna had this really nice thing she did, sucking on one heavy nut and then the other, rolling them around in her mouth—before she nursed on my whole ball sac! That's right, she stuffed both fat jizz orbs into her hot, sucking mouth. When she finally let go, it was slowly, tugging on my pubes with her teeth.

My coworker licked up my shaft with ice-cream laps and tongued circles around my prick cap before ravenously swallowing my beef baton to the base. It was an *amazing* blowjob! Her throat kept clutching around my cock till I was about to explode. And then she stopped.

She lapped my balls a little more before rising to her feet. Then Anna looked at me with those beautiful, deep-blue eyes and asked me if I wanted to get kinky. That's when I knew I really liked this girl. I mean, I figured it might get serious.

See, I *do* like a little kink with my sex—spanking, ropes, golden showers—I just hadn't met many girls who felt the same way. So when I followed her tight, twitching butt cheeks to the bathtub, I was hard—fuckin' hard.

Which is kind of where we came into this letter: with hot, golden piss trickling over my browneye in the bathtub.

When Anna asked me to roll over, I was looking straight up at her pissy-wet snatch. Drops of urine clung to her blond bush and dripped into my mouth. It made me hornier than I've ever been before in my life!

Gripping her firm thighs, I pulled her down to my mouth and lapped up the intoxicating blend of salty pee and creamy pussy-jizz. I sucked on her fat flaps until she was moaning. Then I pushed her down my body to my cock.

Smiling at me, tweaking her long nipples, Anna sank the length of my slammer into her velvety crotch pocket. She switched to pinching my nipples as she rode me. Her tight cunt muscles massaged my throbber. Somehow she knew just when to squeeze me tight, just when to ease off. Soon I thought I'd go crazy if I couldn't come—right fuckin' now!

Grabbing her small, firm, round buttocks in my hands, I pulled her down hard. I kept her there as my cum pulsed into her quim, and I trembled. Her own juices were running down my thighs. Anna slowly raised her golden pussy till it was free of my fuckstick and pissed just a little bit more. Now this was everything I wanted in a girl.

Monday morning, when I saw her at the office, she was wearing a suit, and her hair was in a bun. She looked timid as fuck—till she winked at me in the hallway. Which just goes to show, you never can tell about those shy ones.

Later that day Anna suggested that maybe we should work overtime. At six o'clock she met me in the supply closet and rimmed my asshole. I flipped her prim, pinstriped skirt over her hips and spanked her tush with a ruler. I think I'm in love!

-M.H.
Los Angeles, California

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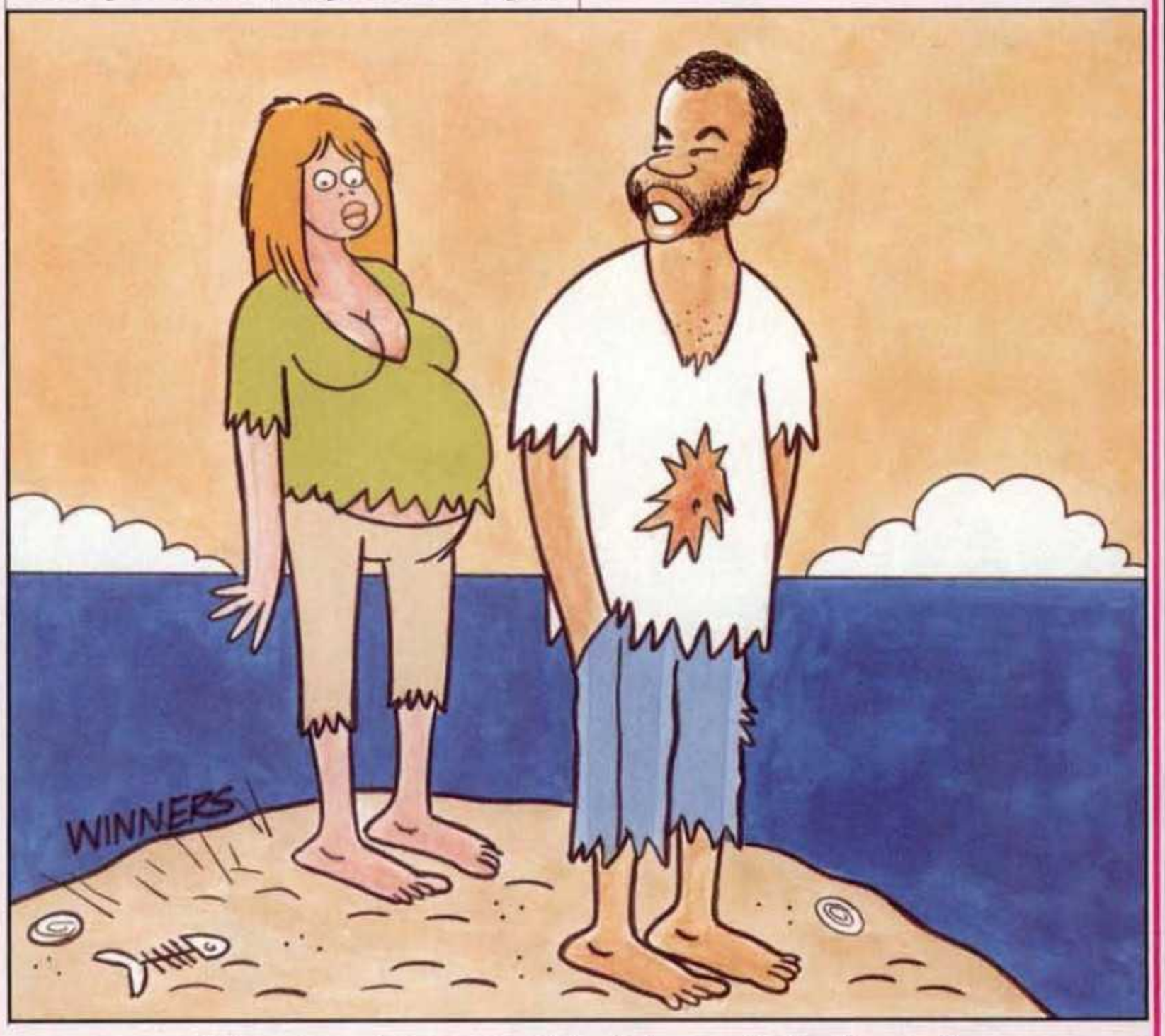

"I knew it was just a matter of time before you tried to blame me."

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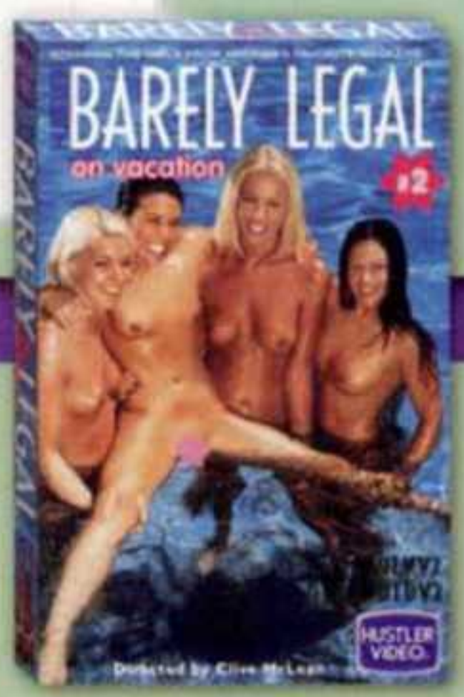

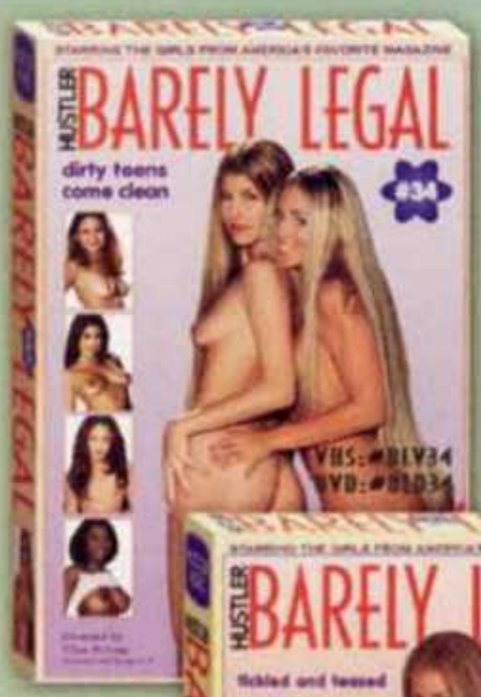

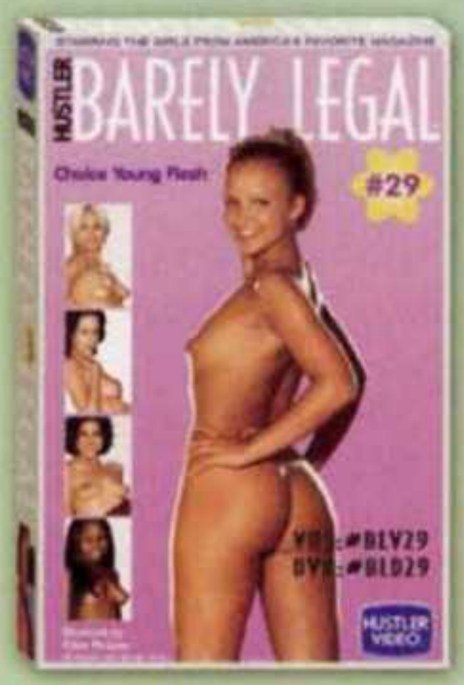

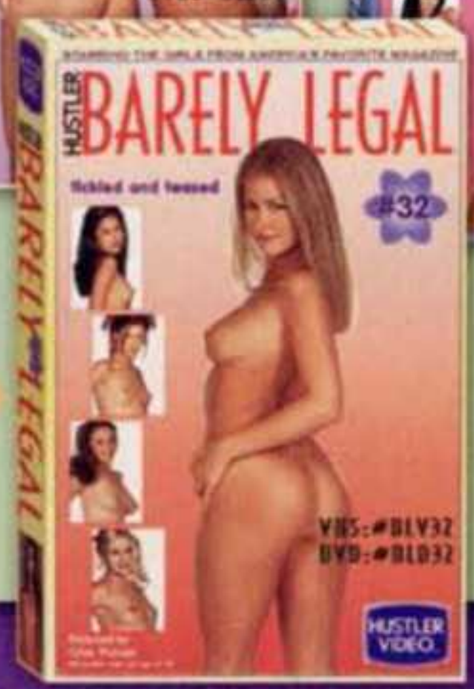

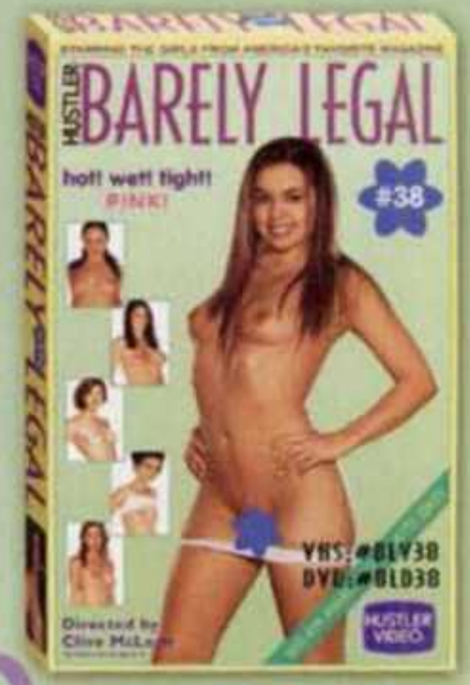

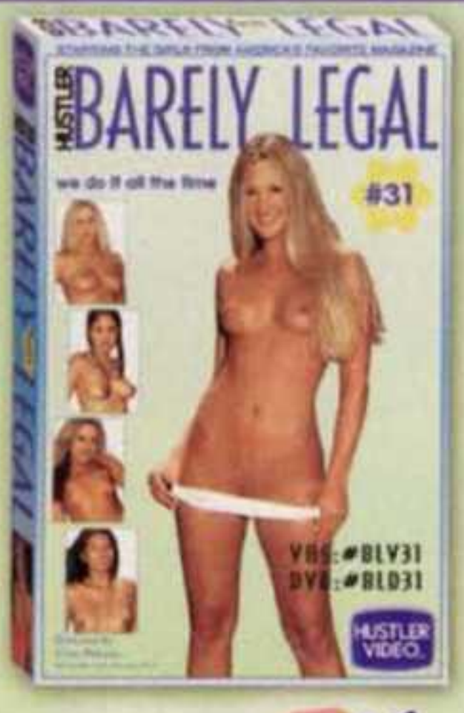

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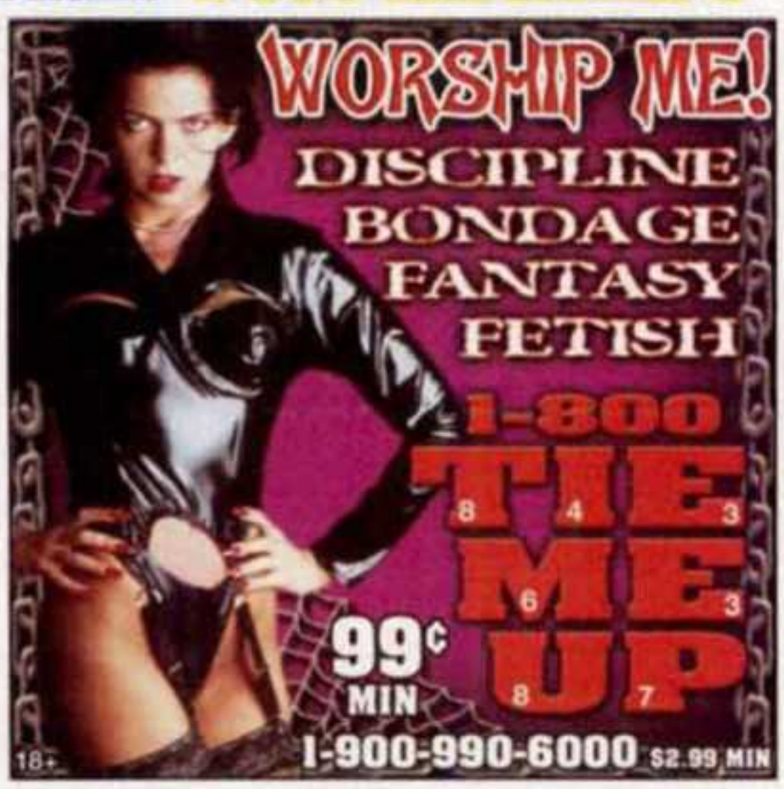

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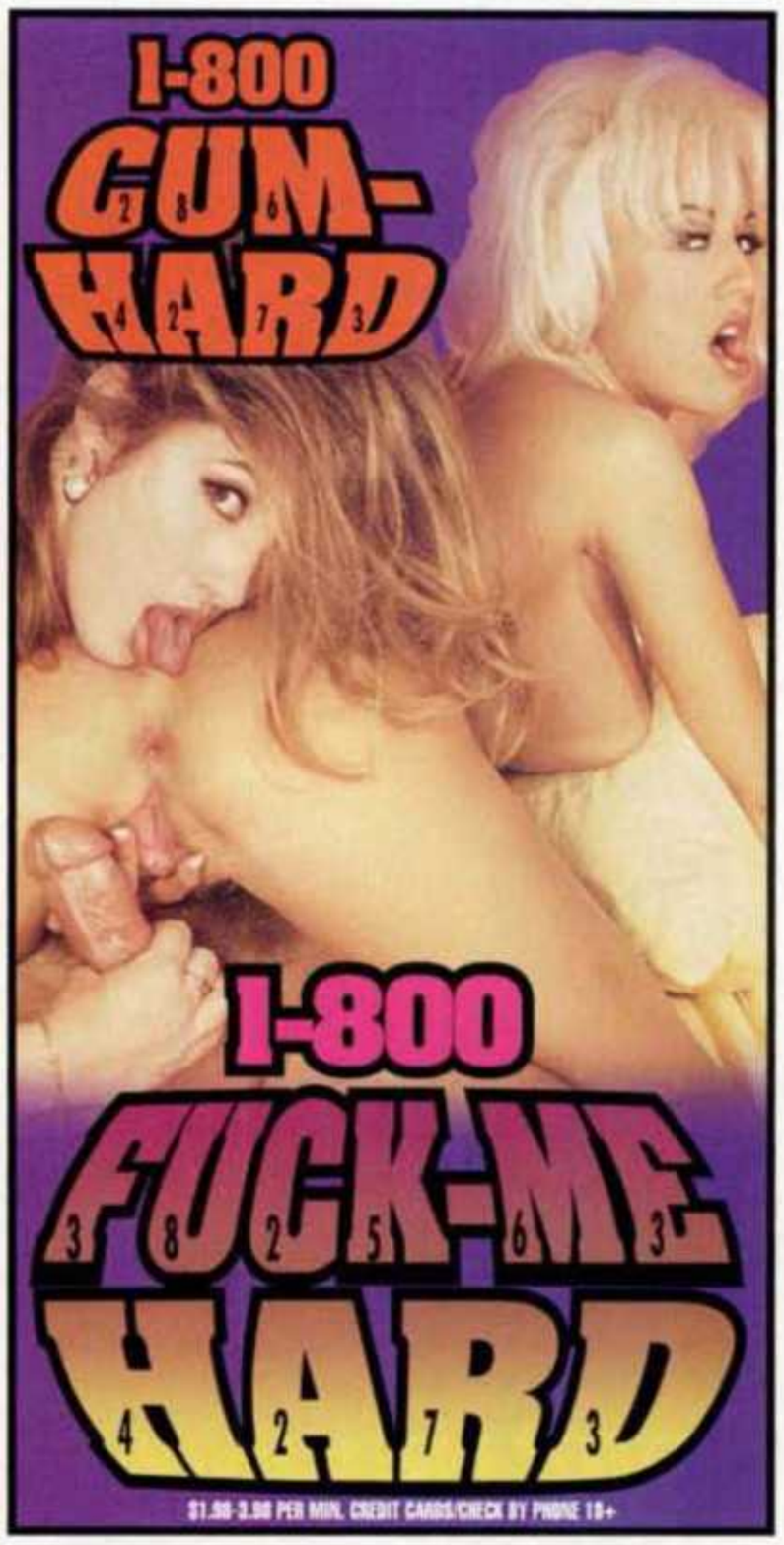
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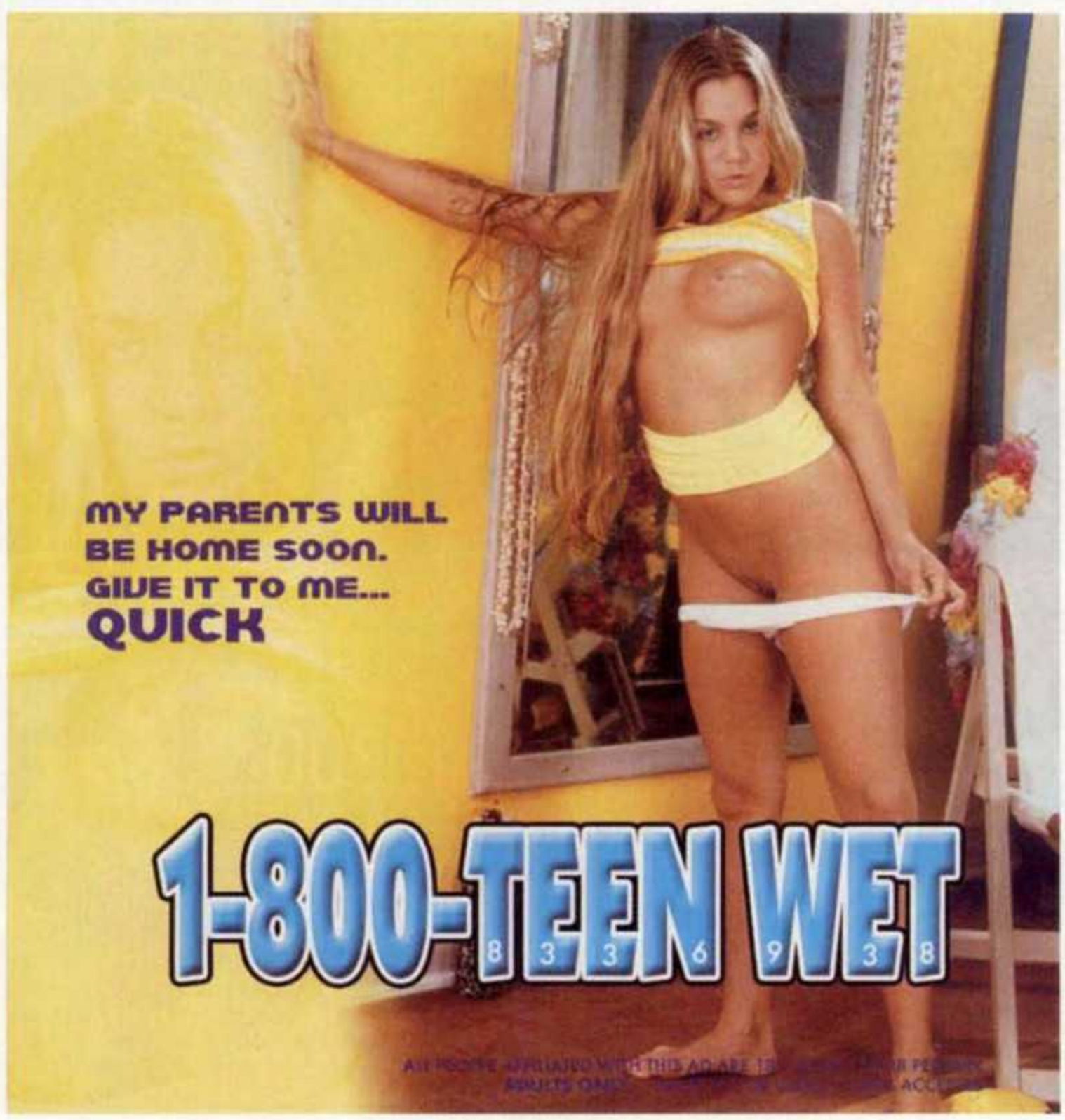
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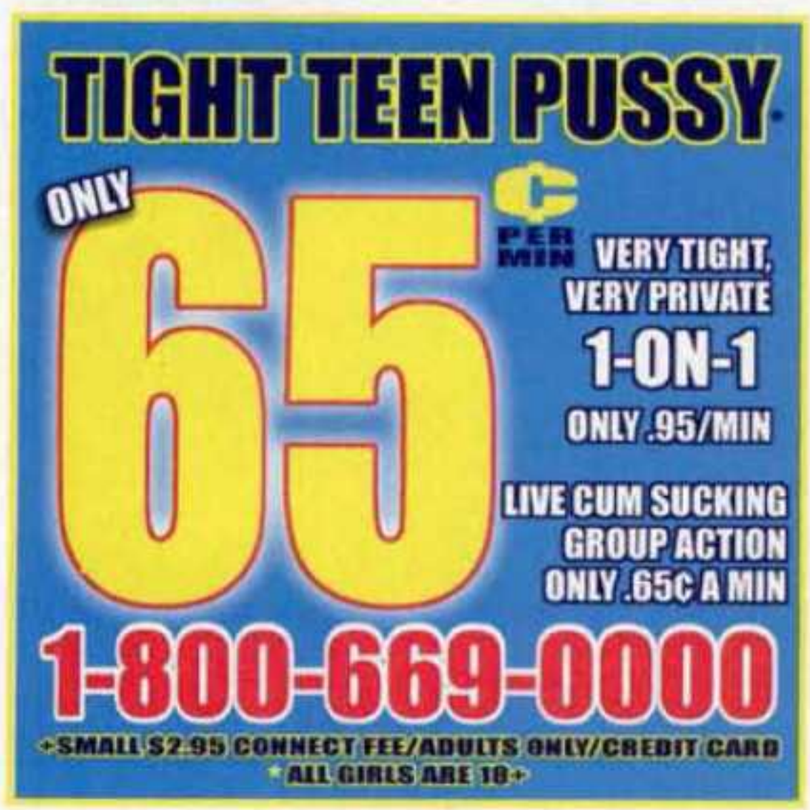
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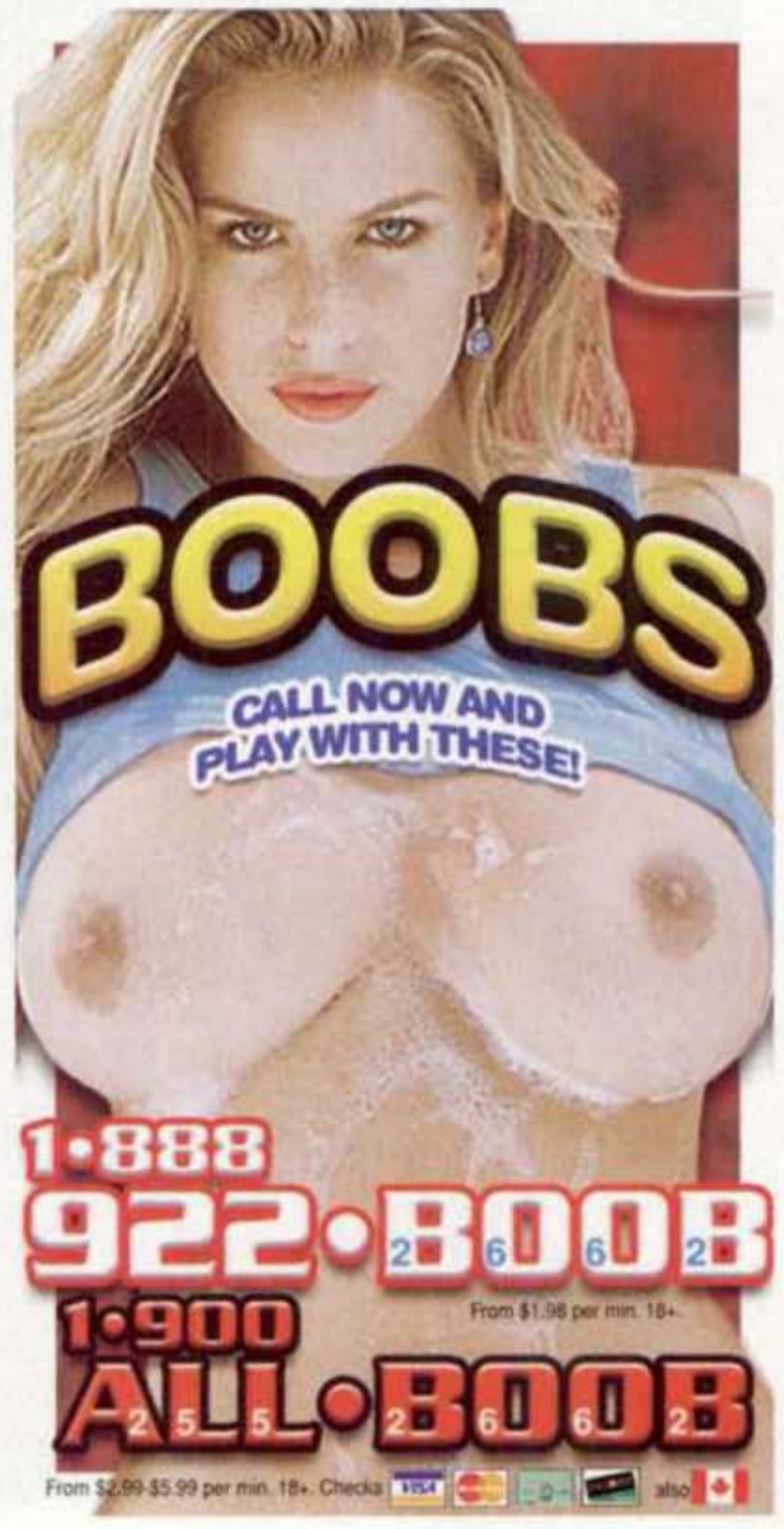
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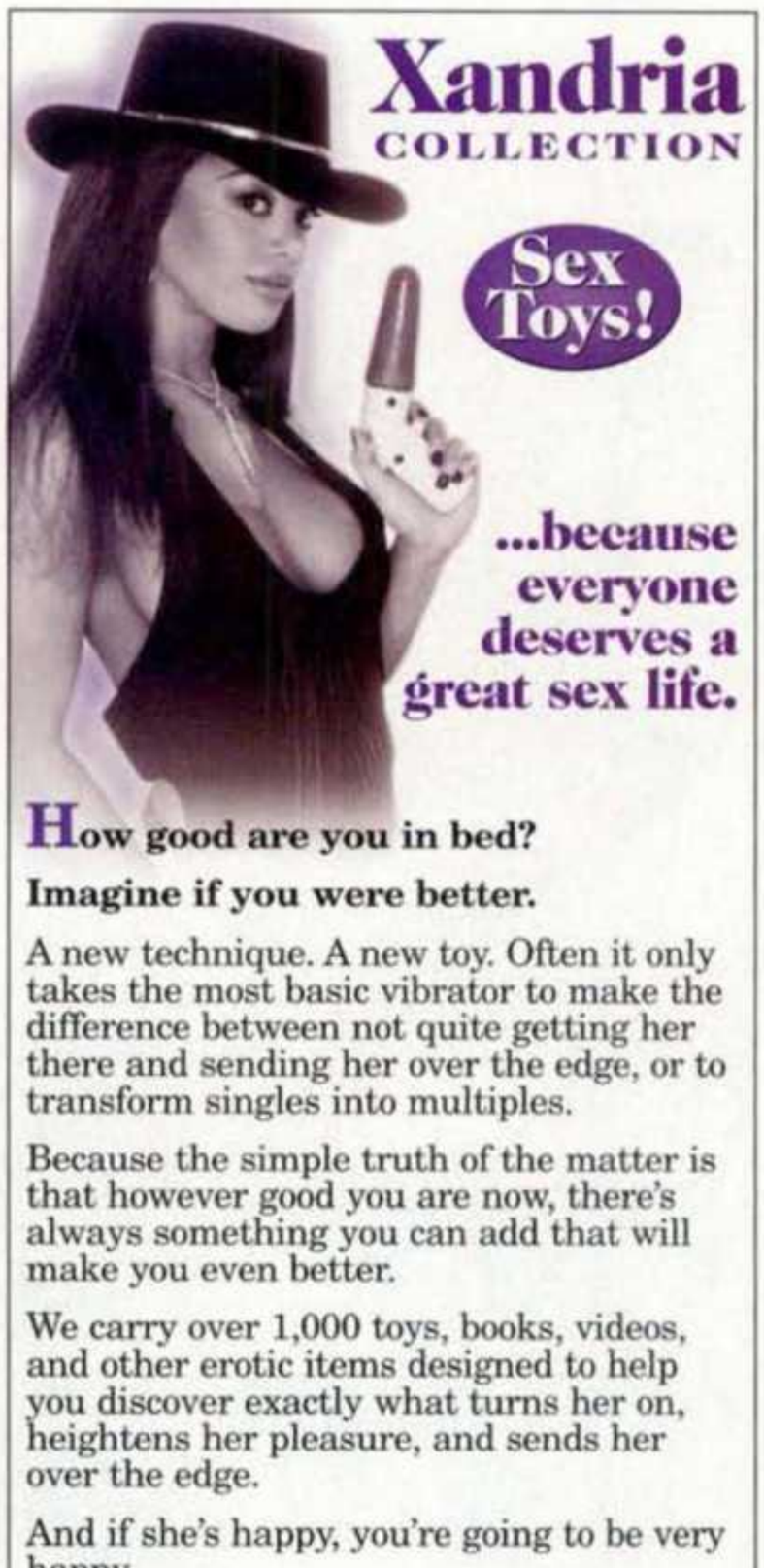

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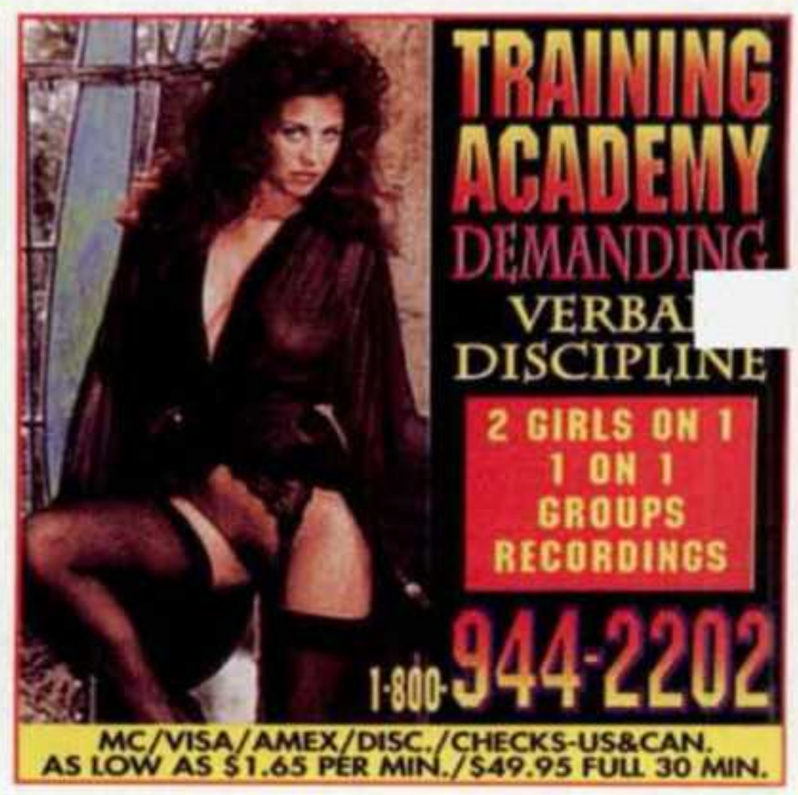

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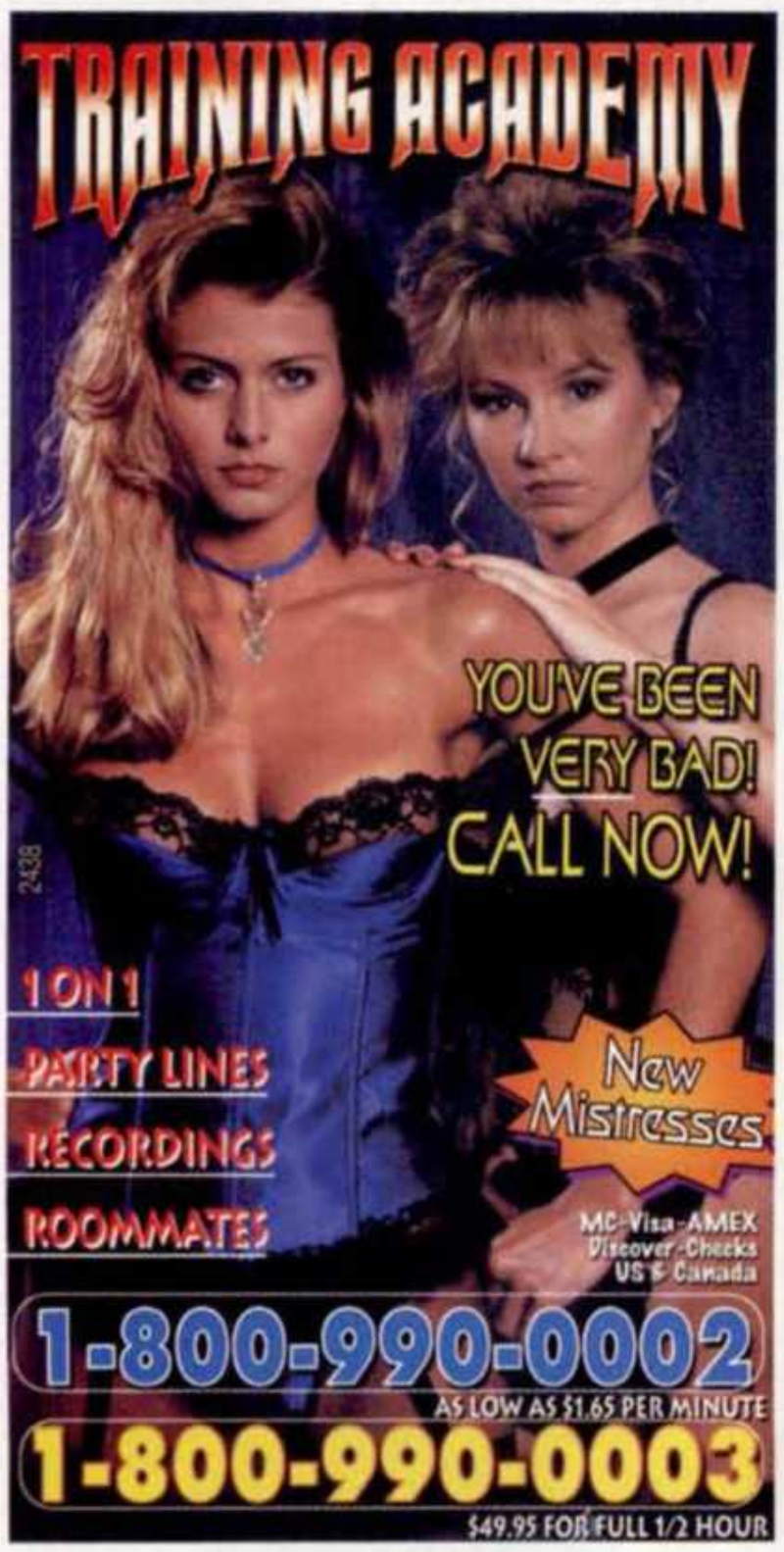
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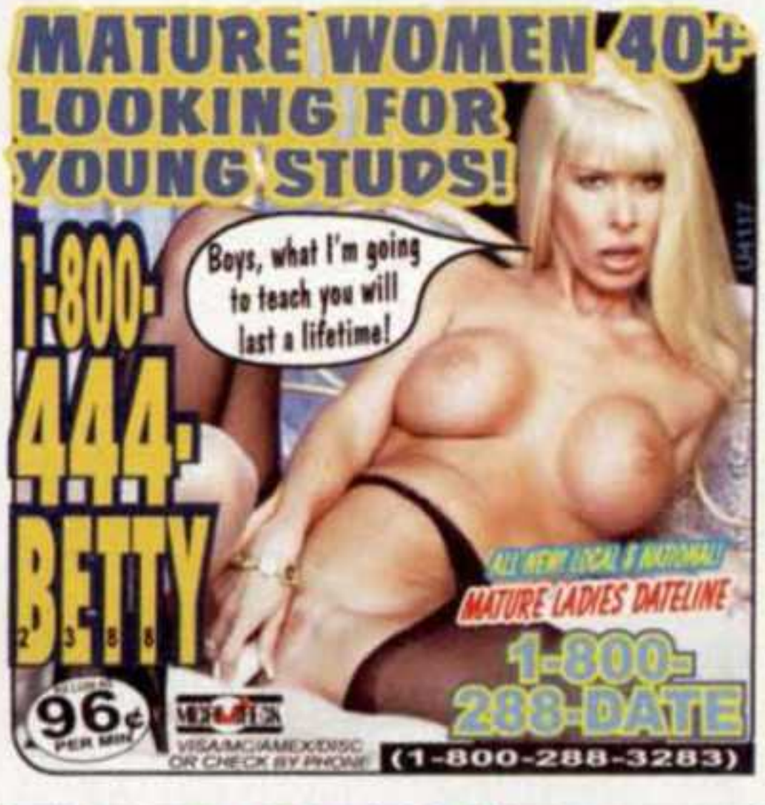
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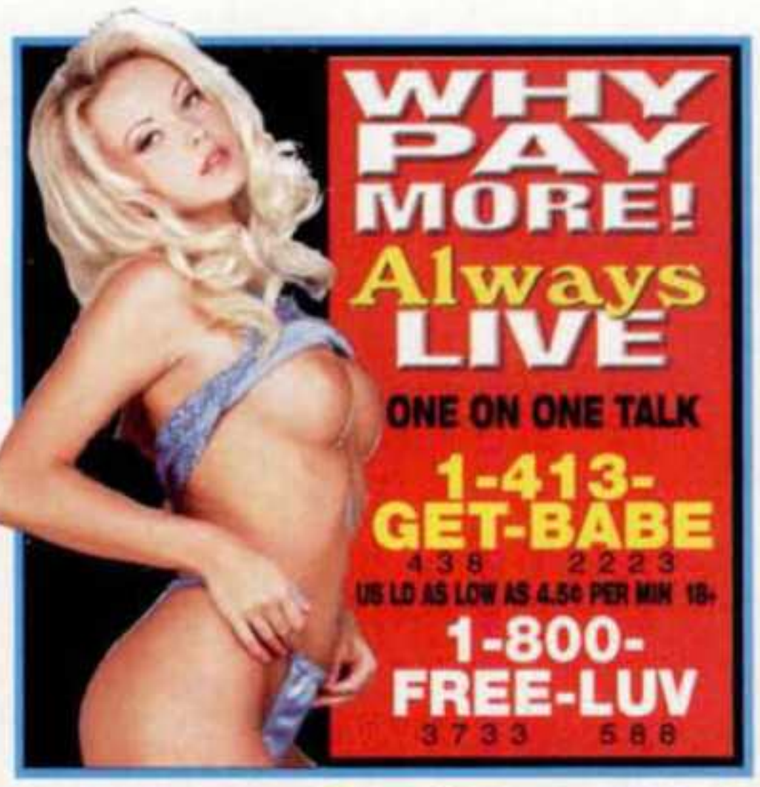

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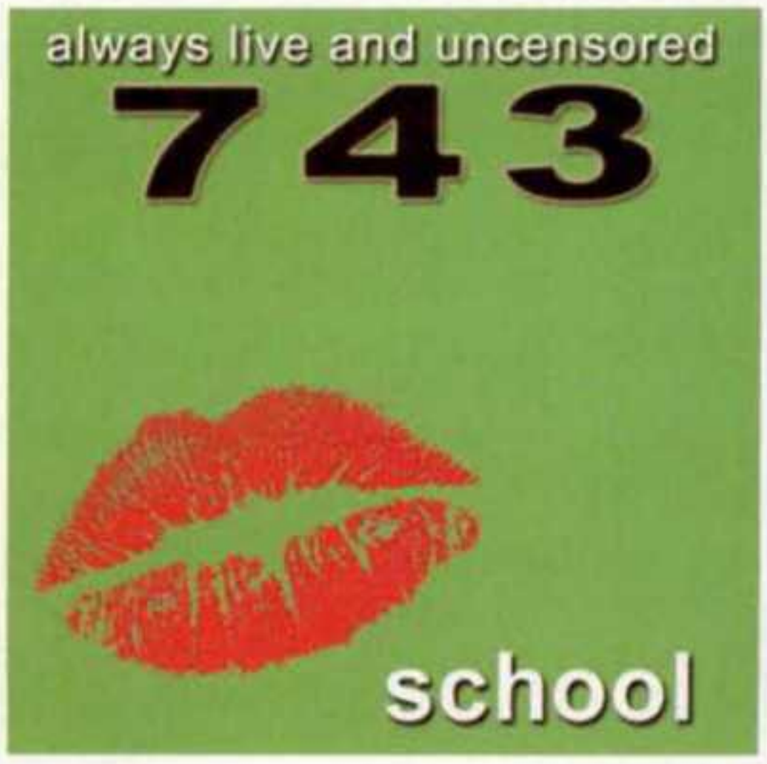
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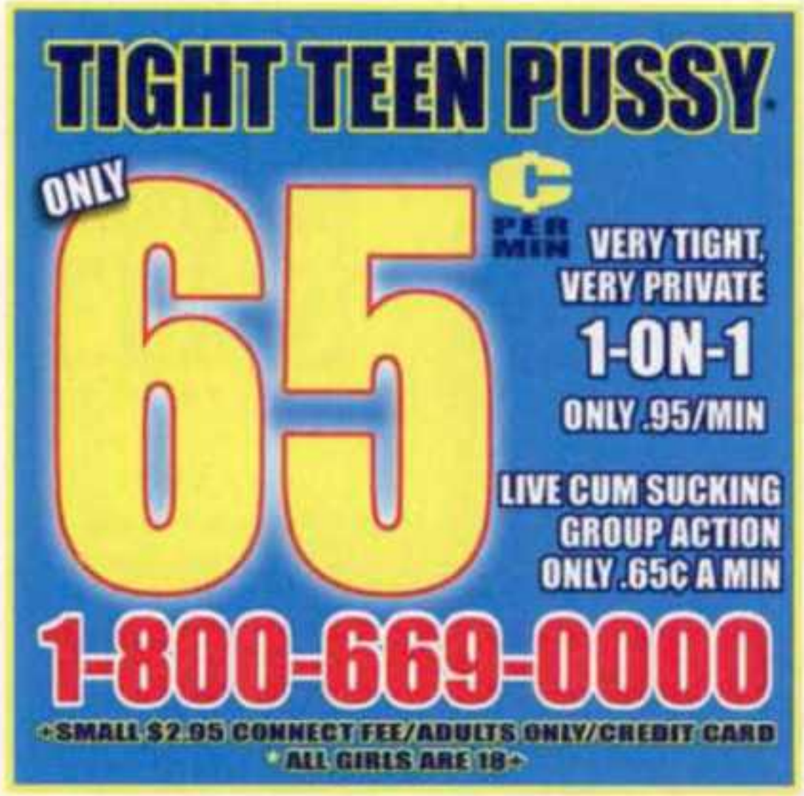

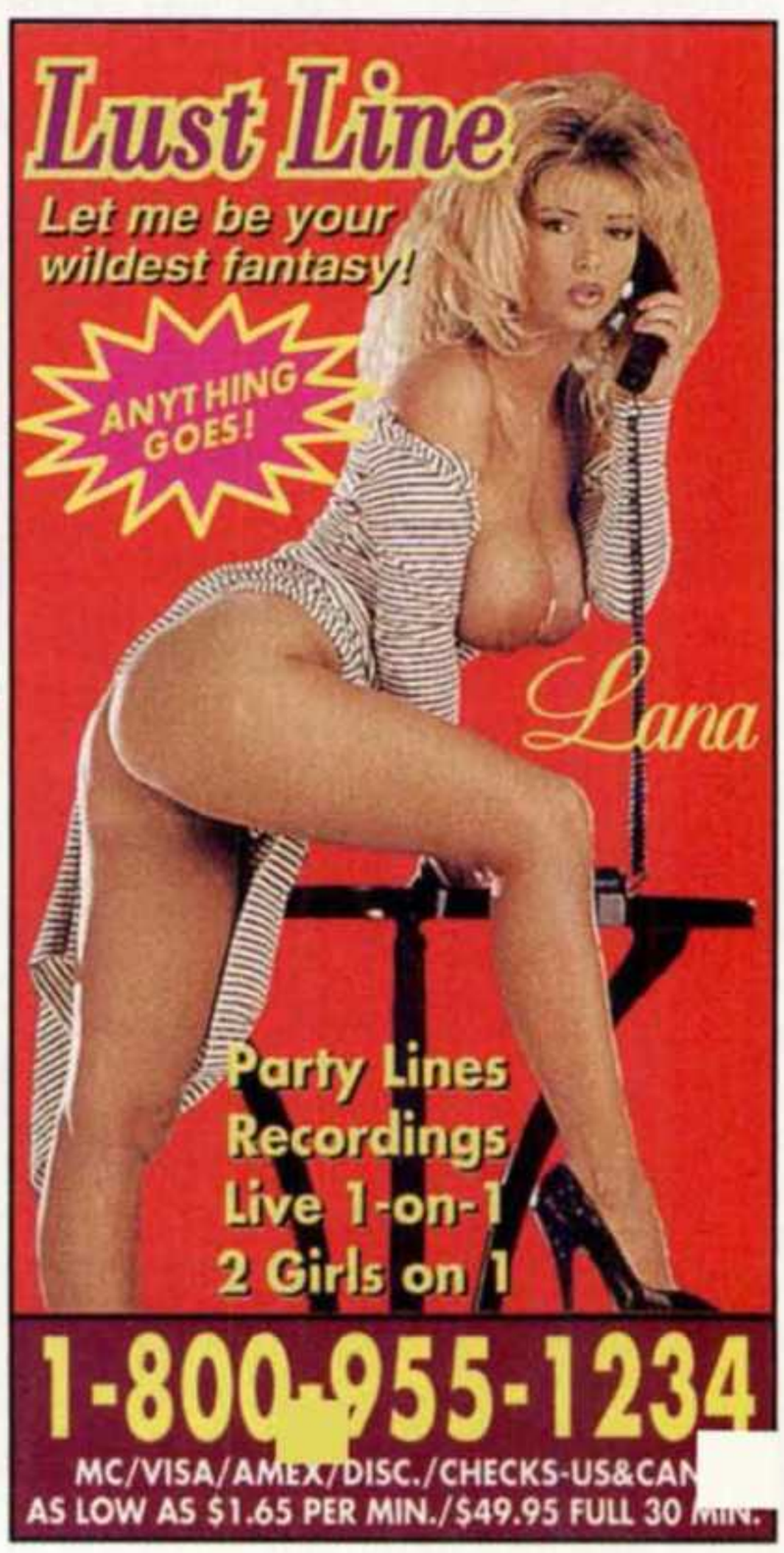

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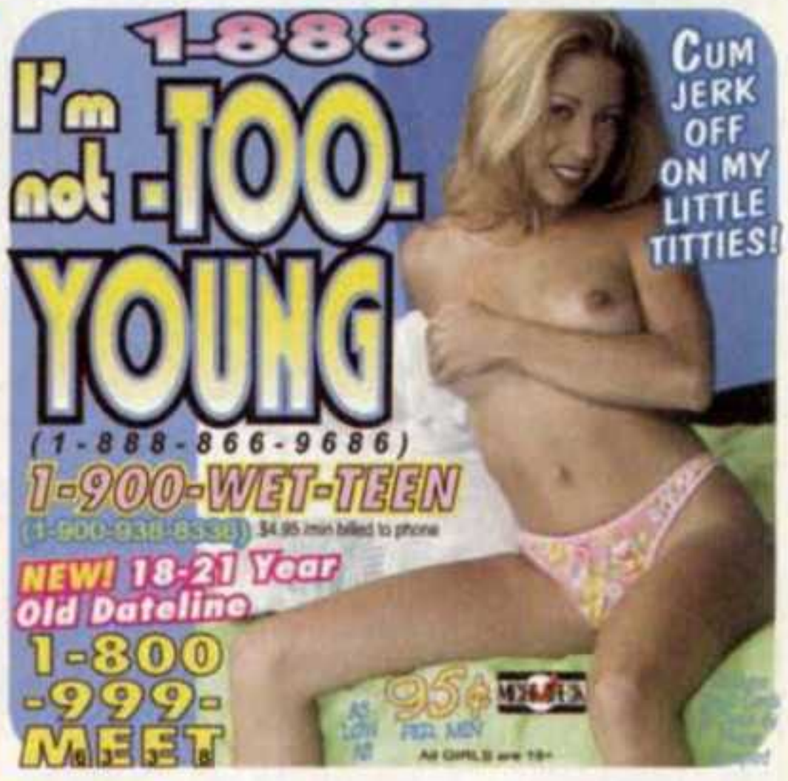
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HOW LONG WILL IT TAKE TO ENLARGE YOUR PENIS?

In a couple of weeks the change will be the width of your penis and longer lasting erections. After a month or two you will see a change in the length of your penis and again you will notice a thicker and wider penis. After the third month a very noticeable change, not just in size, but your penis will look firmer, stronger than you ever dreamed possible. **No pill sold anywhere can give you the maximum potential you want in two months.** Why settle for less when you can have much more. You need **three to four months** to grow to your maximum potential and we offer special prices for a three or four months supply with a **100% MONEY BACK GUARANTEE AND FREE OFFER!**

HOW BIG IS BIG AND HOW MUCH DO YOU NEED TO SATISFY YOUR PARTNER?

Consider the difference between an 8 or 9 inch penis that is thicker and a penis that is 4 to 6 inches and narrower. With a larger penis you penetrate more sensitive areas of the woman. Your longer penis probes deeper searching those special nerve endings. The added width to your penis fills and presses her from side to side to give your partner the most exhilarating sensations. **It is possible for you to reach the most sensitive area of all, a woman's G-spot.** These sensations will produce for a woman the ultimate multiple orgasms. At the same time because you are reaching a woman's most sensitive areas with your larger penis you will receive more pleasure to your sensitive nerve endings. Just knowing you are giving your partner this pleasurable experience will certainly give you the added confidence of being a better lover.

WHAT WILL PRO+PLUS PILLS DO FOR ME?

- A longer, thicker penis. Penis Enlargement up to 5 inches or more
- A longer, thicker penis even when you are not hard. Because there is more blood flow to the penis, your penis 'hangs' larger all day.
- You will have bigger, harder erections. Because of increased blood flow your erections grow harder.
- Erections when you want them. Rock hard erections every time.

WHAT EXACTLY ARE THE PRO+PLUS PILLS?

Discovered by Dr. Dmitri Zorken and his research team PRO+PLUS PILLS is a powerful natural herbal penis enlargement formula that increases penis size, stronger erections and maintains your sexual virility. We also included some of the same type of herbs found in Polynesia where the men of the Mangaian tribe have sex on the average of 3 times a night, every night. While this is not what you may wish, it is nice to know your sexual performance can improve substantially.

LETTERS FROM SATISFIED CUSTOMERS

You have a real winner. I'm 8 inches and much thicker. My girl friend wants it all the time She doesn't know how I did it. *-LD, Nevada*

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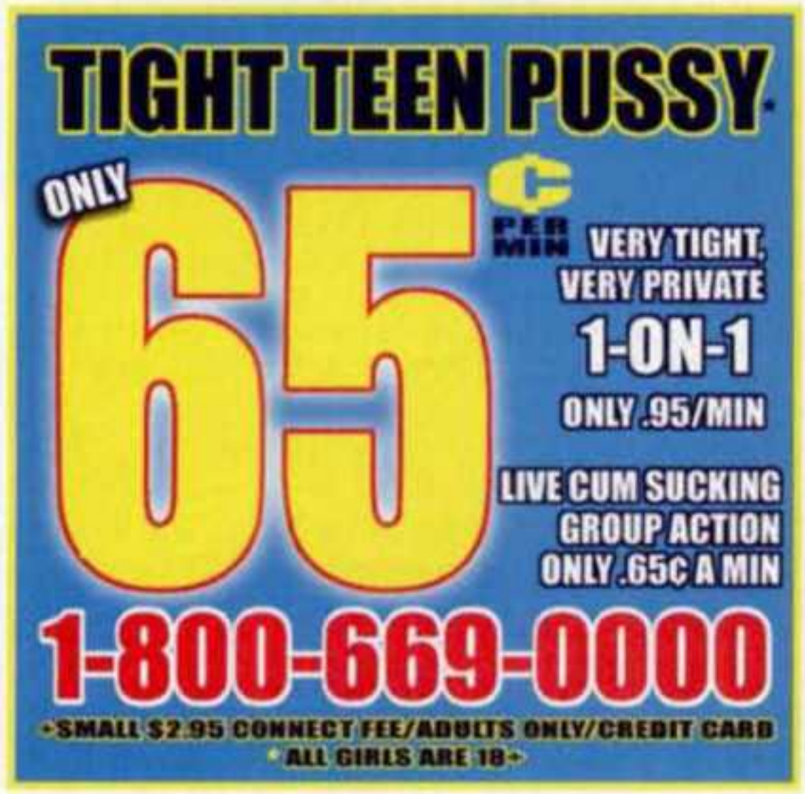
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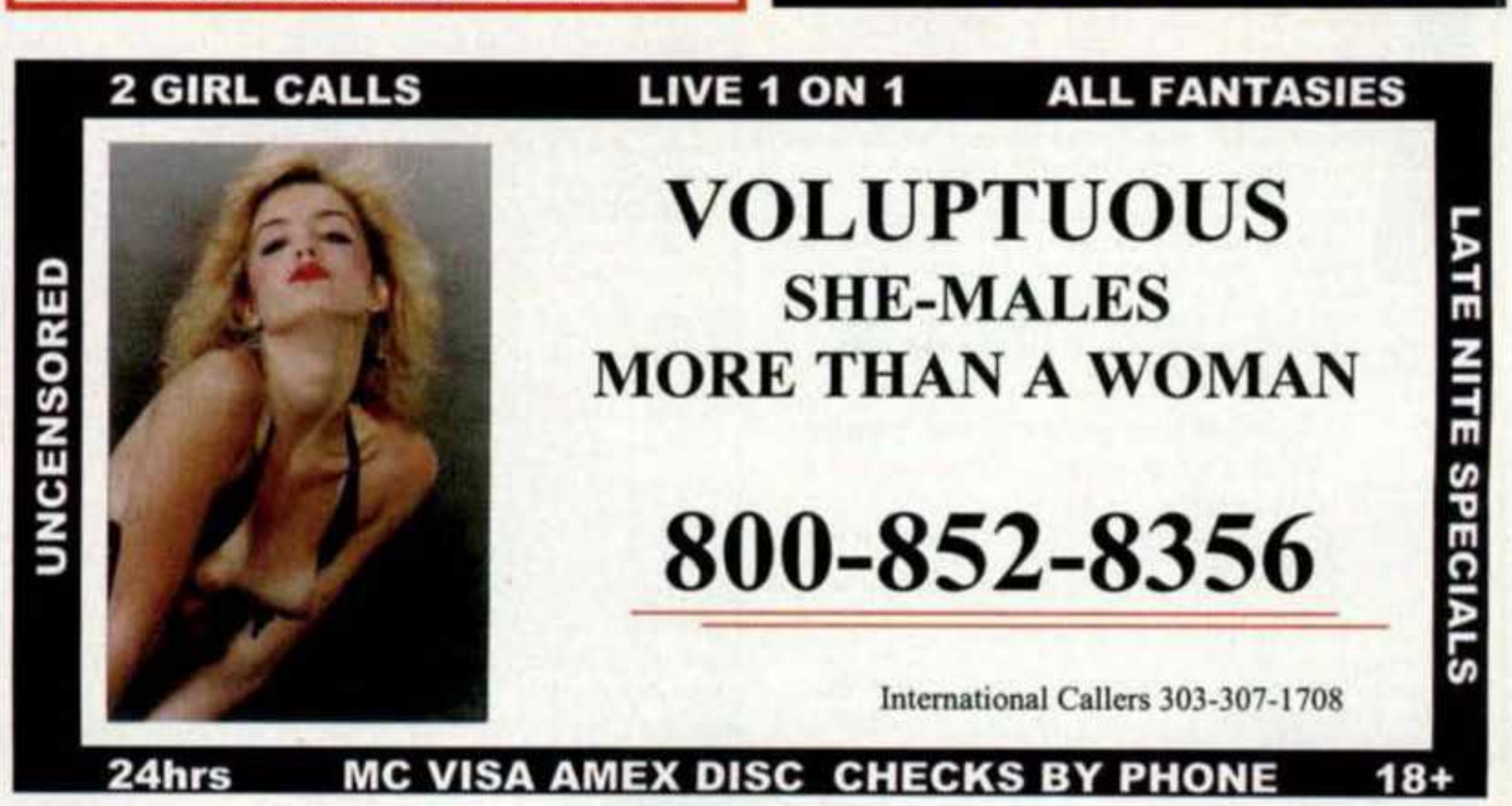
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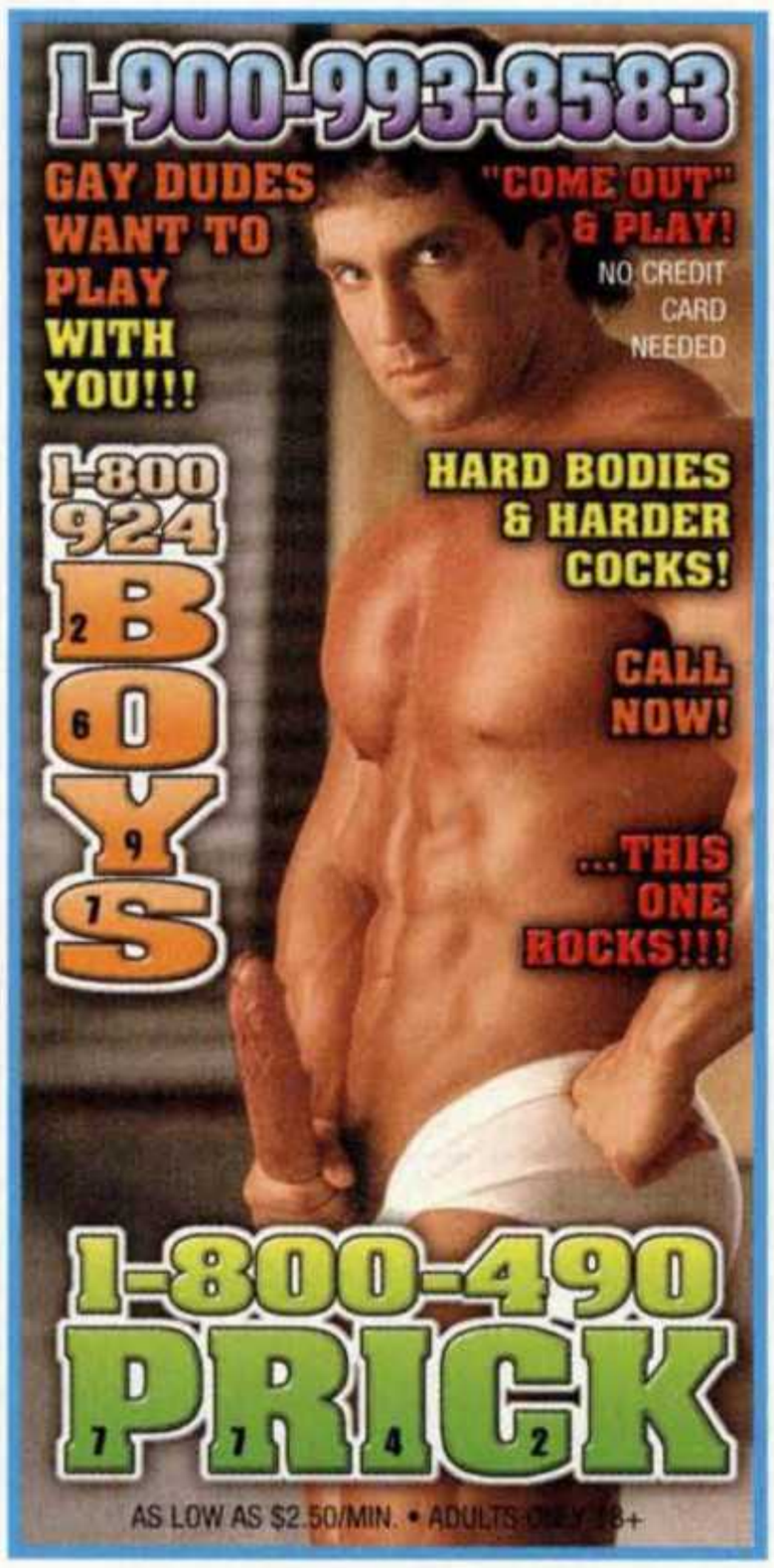
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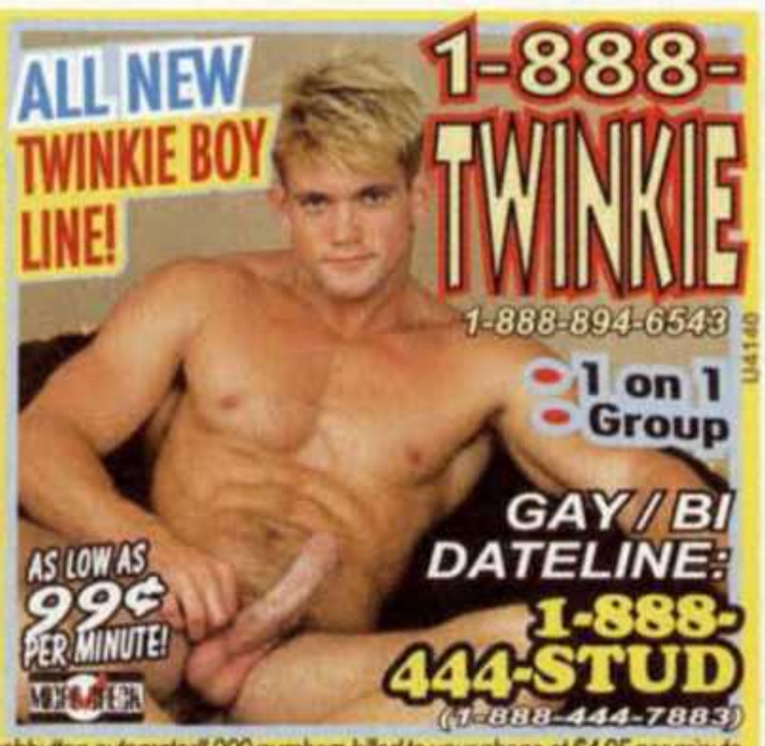

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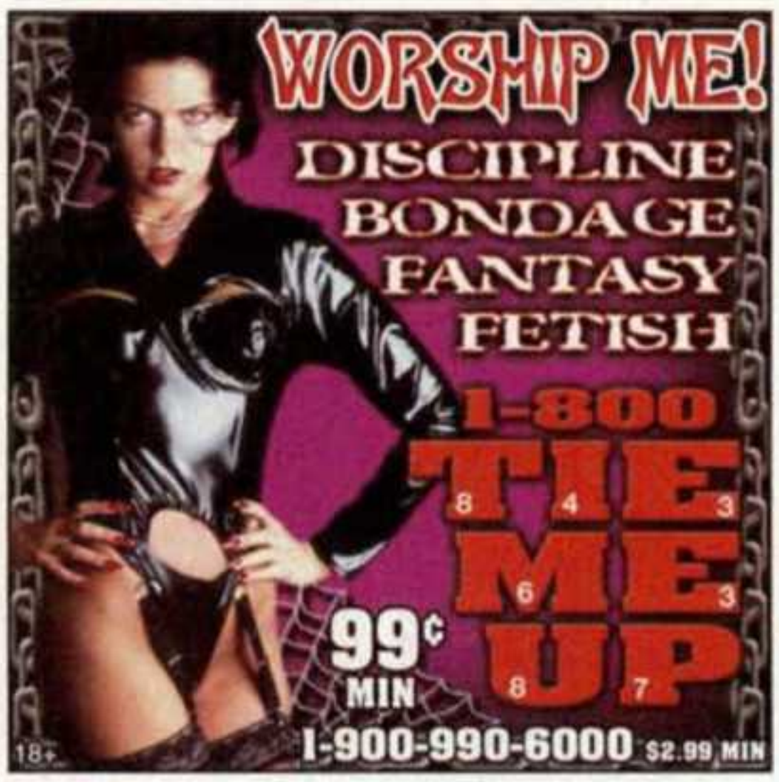

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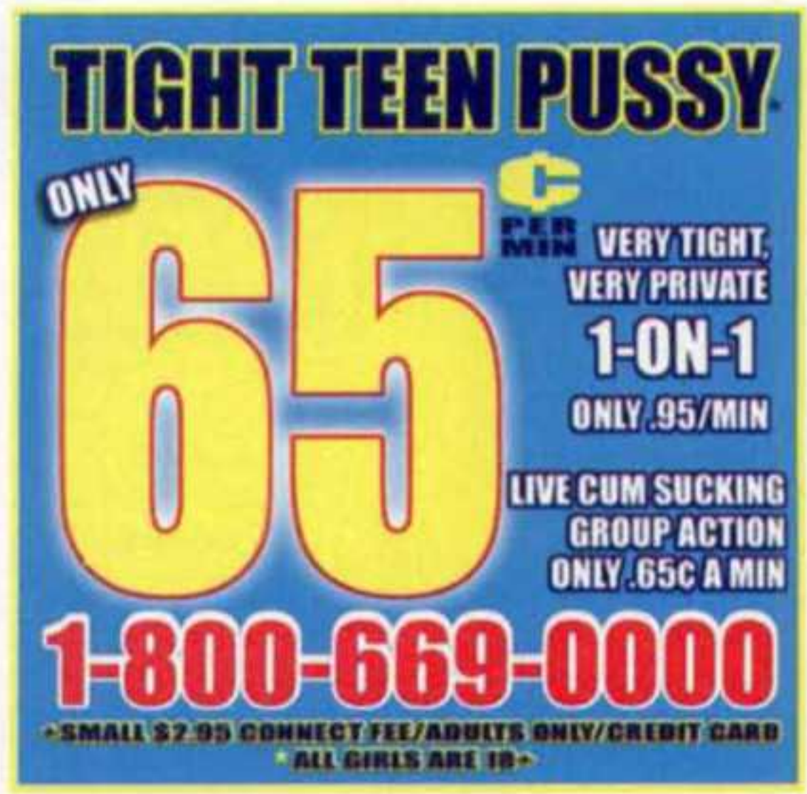
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- *You'll increase your penis size by two to five full inches as well as becoming thicker and fuller*
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BUY ONE, GET ONE FREE – SAVE $60!

If you're ready to become the biggest man you can be, then order your supply of **MAGNA-RX+** today. See for yourself, what thousands of satisfied men (and their lovers) have already discovered: **MAGNA-RX+** is the world's #1 best-selling **Penis Enlargement Formula** for one very simple reason: *IT WORKS & NOTHING ELSE CAN COMPARE!*

Need another reason to try **MAGNA-RX+**? ***How about 50% OFF our regular price!*** **MAGNA-RX+** normally retails for $59.95 for a 60-day supply, but if you order now, ***we'll include a second two-months supply absolutely FREE!*** *Imagine being able to increase your penis size up to five full inches for less than a 50¢ a day!*

WHAT SOME OF OUR SATISFIED CLIENTS HAVE TO SAY:

"I've been using your product for two months... I've increased my length from 6" to nearly 8-1/2". Your product has helped me give a little extra..." *–W.B., Washington, D.C.*

"I was amazed at how effective it was at increasing length and girth from 5" to 6-1/2" in just three weeks!" *–V.W., Illinois*

"My girlfriend loves the results, but she doesn't know what I do. She thinks it's natural, so help me!" *–T.M., Oklahoma*

"I'm too shy to tell the whole world, but I don't mind telling you that... I went from 3-1/2" to 6". I'm trying for even more." *–R.C., South Carolina*

ALL LETTERS ON FILE

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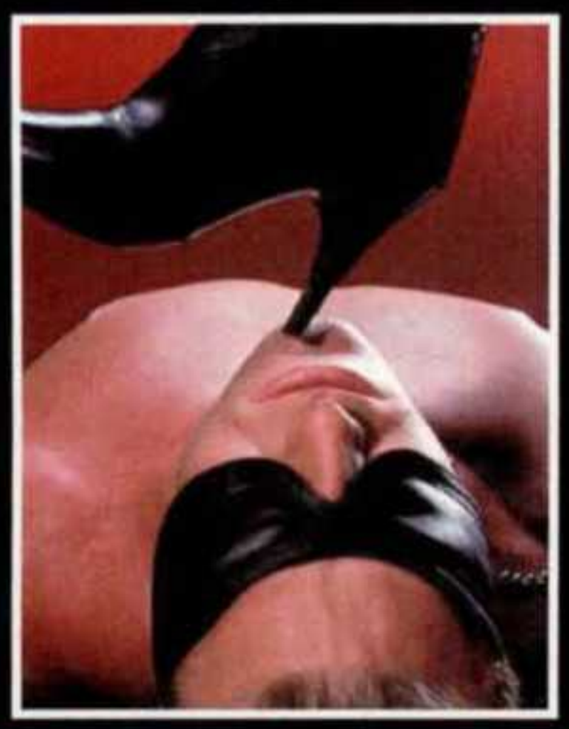

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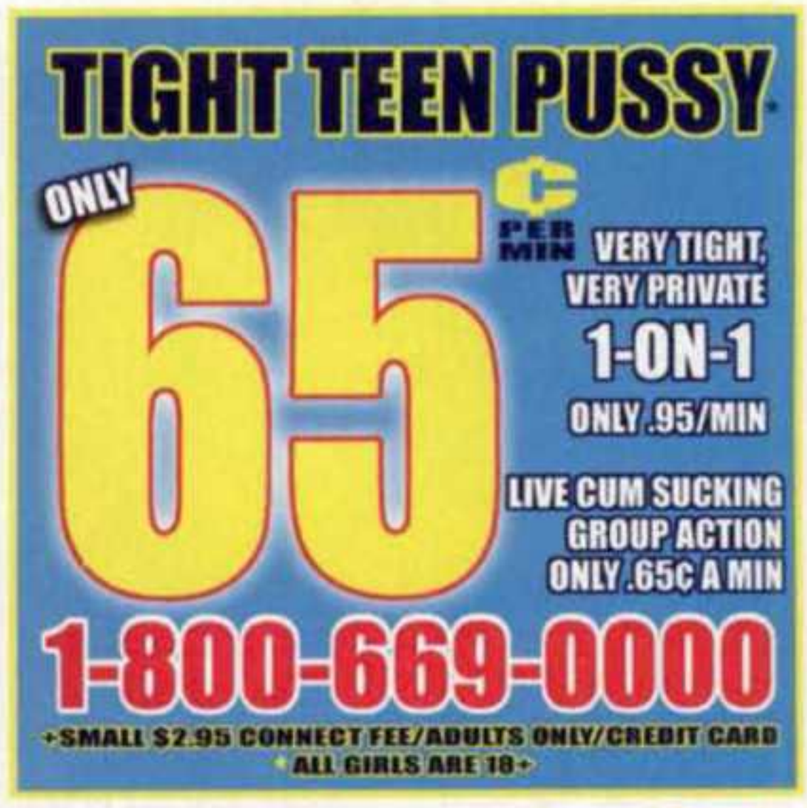

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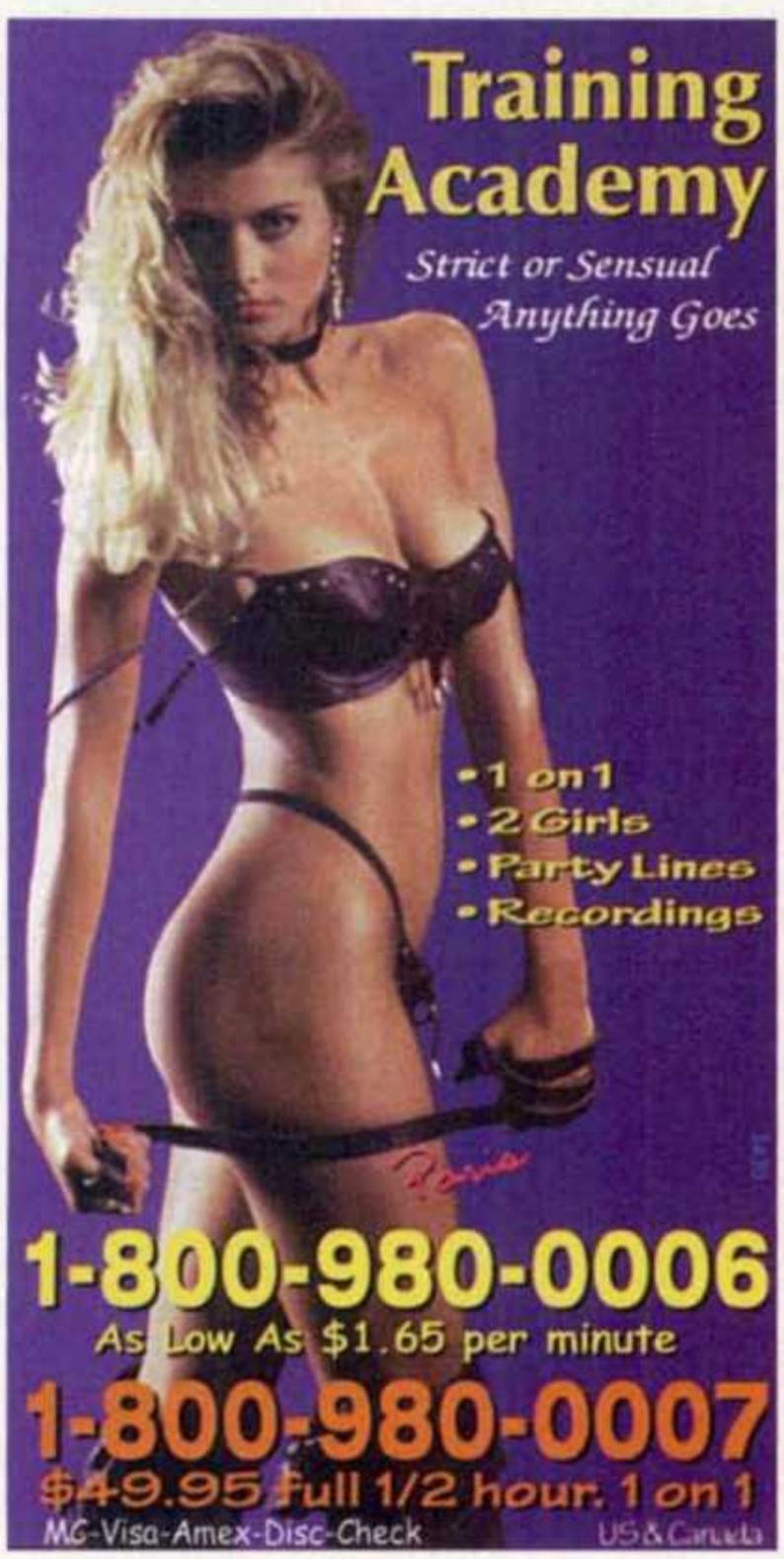
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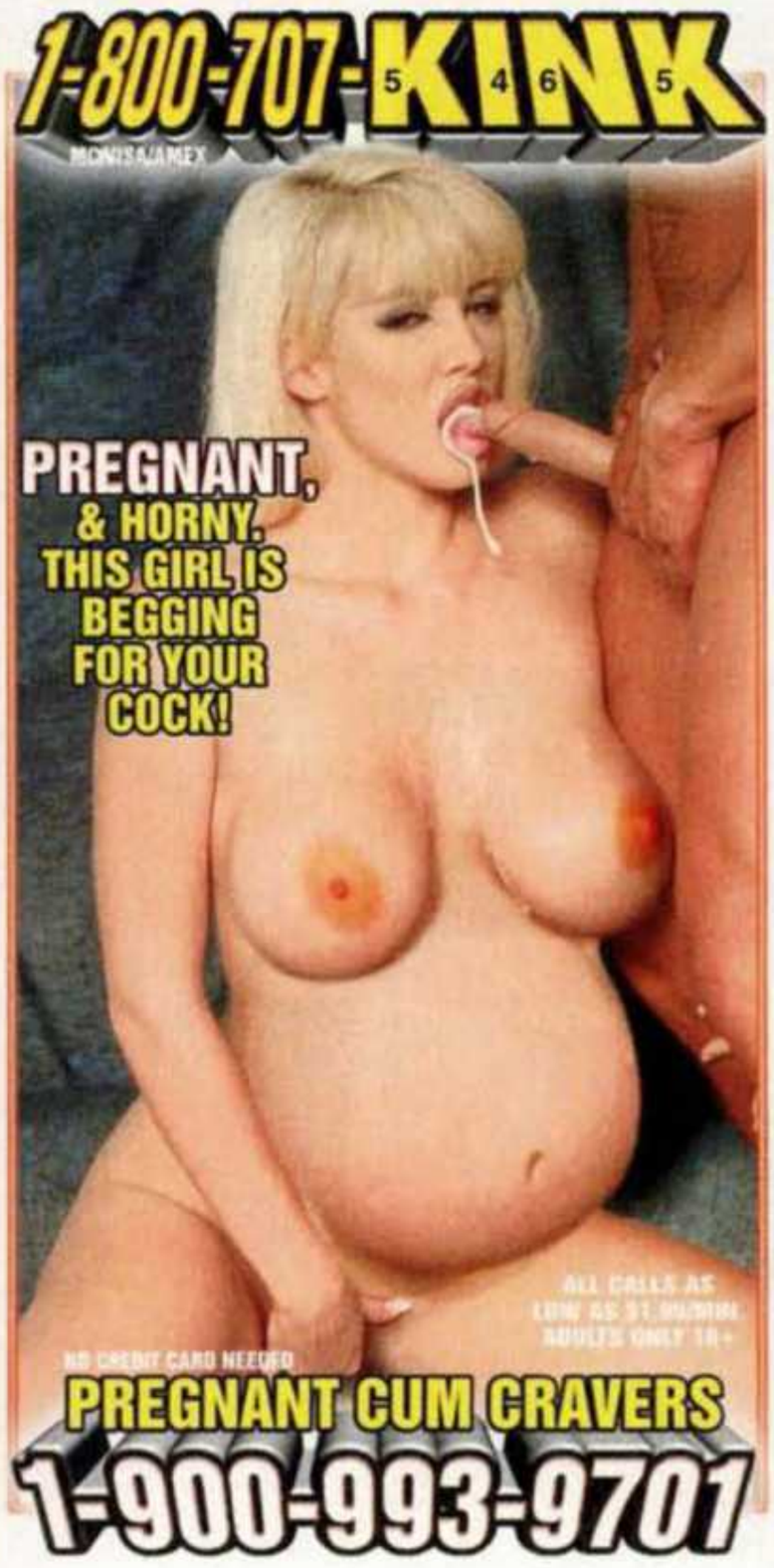
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TECH KNOW

Better living through gadgets.

by Michael Allen

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Before

After

The Fast and the Furious

Okay, so you're not Vin Diesel, but you can still race tricked-out cars with the XMODS Custom RC (radio-controlled) Starter Kit. These toy autos come in six different colors and four different makes: Toyota, Honda, Acura and Nissan. Best of all, you can buy additional parts and upgrade your badass wheels. There are XMODS racing leagues forming all over the country; you can get in on the action by calling **(800) 843-7422** or going to **www.RadioShack.com** or any Radio Shack store. Suggested retail price: $49.99

Jam Session

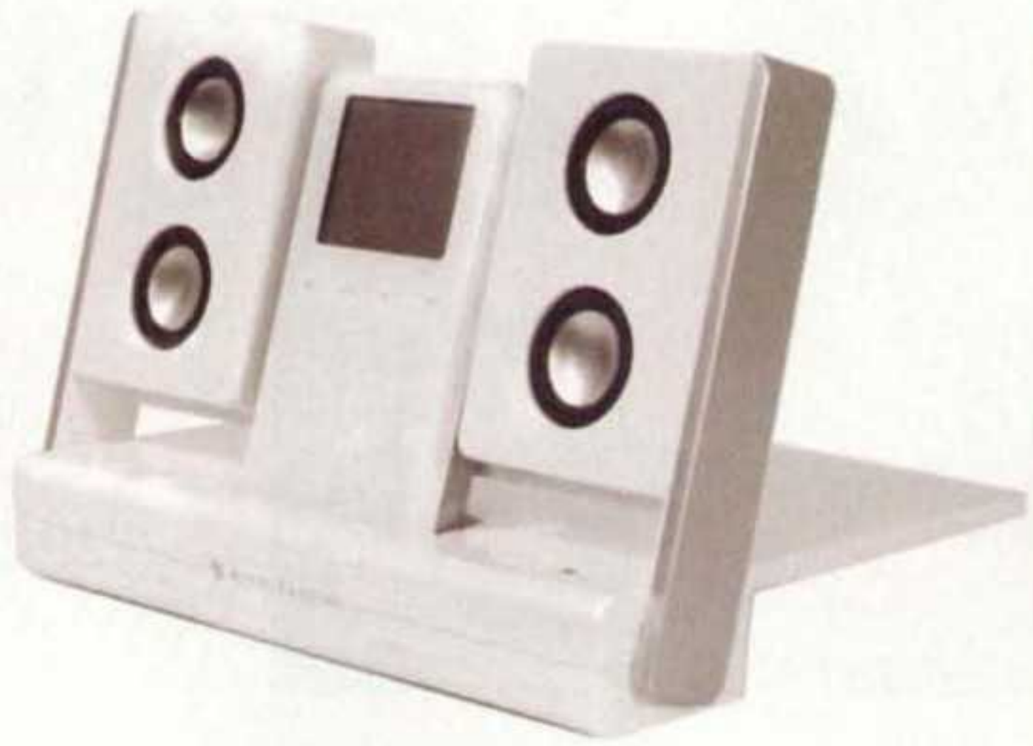
There's nothing worse than being stuck near a motor mouth who endlessly chatters away on a cell phone, indirectly talking your ear off. Thanks to the Cell Phone Jammer, you can discreetly cut their call short. Don't get too excited, you can't jam everyone in the neighborhood; this covert disrupter only works within a distance of approximately 15 feet. To order yours, go to **www.GlobalGadgetUK.com**. Suggested retail price: $315 *(Note: This is a British company and this price is based on the current exchange rate, which is subject to change. Also, our legal department suggests that you consult an attorney before purchasing this product.)*

Sending the Right Signal

The MIRT is possibly the coolest gadget we've ever featured. As you approach a traffic light, this portable electronic whiz transmits a signal, causing the light to change. The only catch is the traffic light has to have a built-in receiver; so it may not work out in the boonies. Traditionally used by police and emergency vehicles, the MIRT is now available to the average Joe. (However, laws on operating the MIRT vary, so check your local ordinances.) To order yours, go to **www.TheMIRT.com** or call **(800) 486-5971**. Suggested retail price: $489

Crank Up the Volume

If your ears have been ringing a lot lately, it might be time to give your headphones a rest and try the inMotion portable audio system. No larger than a paperback book, these miniature speakers hook up to your iPod and turn it into a full-blown stereo. Your taste in music might drive others crazy, but your eardrums will thank you. To order, go to **www.AltecLansing.com**, **www.Apple.com** or Apple retail stores nationwide. Suggested retail price: $149



HUSTLER ON CAMPUS

Crashing the Fetish Ball on an All-Girl Campus ★ Report From Mills College by Sam Ospovat

Mills College in Oakland, California, is a gold mine of opportunity. Sure, the all-girl campus boasts one of the largest per-capita collegiate lesbian populations on earth, but the graduate school is coed, making the ratio of women to men approximately 11 to 1.

A stroll through the campus on a typical day is filled with pastoral scenes of young women sprawled on grassy lawns studying, holding hands and leering at the occasional male graduate student passing by.

When the sun is up, Mills exudes the air of an institution of higher learning in which the cultural mores of a male-dominated society are fervently dissected, spurned and rejected. After dark, however, it's a different story.

Enter the school's annual fetish ball.

Late one Saturday night in April, I find myself hanging out at an art-show reception on campus. Several trips to the wet bar and a couple of hours of ogling hot, pretentious dykes have my hormones raging like a brush fire. It's midnight when my buddy Bill says, "I'm headed to the fetish ball. Who's in?"

Still buzzed and not yet ready for the night to end, I follow Bill to the student union building. We pay the $5 cover at the door and weave our way through several dimly lit hallways and corridors toward the pulsating sounds of Prince's "Kiss."

I wonder in awe at the twisted, sex-crazed world that I've entered. Security guards stand watch as droves of girls between the ages of 18 and 22—clad in garters, leather, harnesses and every other type of fetish gear imaginable—parade around the dance floor. Many of the revelers carry whips and chains; other sapphic college girls spank the bottoms of their fellow students. Red spotlights and disco balls illuminate slutty-looking go-go dancers who gyrate on raised platforms throughout the room. Writhing girl-on-girl action ensues on the couches and in the rooms that line the dance floor.

There are almost no men at the ball. I discover that, despite the college's lesbian leanings, there are sufficient bisexual and straight populations to spur frenzied lusting after almost any male who walks through the doors of this wild sex soiree.

Before I've made it ten feet onto the dance floor, I am met by three vaguely familiar undergrads who surround and drag me to the bar. I order a glass of cheap wine from a sexy freshwoman bartender wearing a microminiskirt, stilettos, fishnets and a corset. "If you wanna drink, you gotta kiss me," she says, and I happily oblige. The comely mixologist cocks her head, takes a swig from the glass, locks lips with me and proceeds to lick my teeth as she feeds me the wine.

I barely finish drinking from the mouth of this luscious serving wench when my escorts pull me back to the dance floor. I'm sandwiched between two girls, and a roving hottie sprays whipped cream and cocoa syrup on my dance partners' tits. "Lick 'em clean," she instructs me. How can I resist whipped cream and nipplage?

After eating dessert off four perky breasts, I find myself on one of the go-go platforms grinding with an eager Hungarian exchange student. It is 2 a.m.—closing time—and this is my last dance of the night. Unfortunately, this year's fetish ball is about to end.

What the event lacks in longevity, it makes up for in quality. I leave the ball with my new foreign friend, and we end up in her dorm room. The day after the party I ask my buddy Scott if he got laid at the ball.

"*Uh*, yeah," he replies. "Twice."

It's enough to make even the loathsome glares of hairy dykes bearable.

* * *

Sam Ospovat, 25, just completed his master's degree in music at Mills College. He enjoys snorkeling, skydiving and fish tacos.

Attention budding college journalists: If you have an idea for a report from your campus, contact us at HUSTLER@lfp.com.

"Men really fuck up casual Fridays."

Once again *Real College Girls* visits the Aloha State to bring you the finest academic cuties of Maui Community College.

MARIA

Hailing from Kihei, Hawaii, 19-year-old Maria is a third-term student majoring in resort management. When not hitting the books, the delicious damsel has a passion for all activities related to water, such as surfboarding, kite-surfing and body-boarding. Although anatomically unbashful, Maria isn't very forthcoming regarding her grade-point average, simply stating, "I'm a pretty good student." Still, the wahine doesn't mince words when it comes to her carnal ambition to "fuck the photographer."

—Photo by Friend

HOKULANI

A liberal-arts major concentrating on caretaking for the elderly, this 20-year-old maintains a 4.0 grade-point average while holding down a waitressing gig in her hometown of Kihei, Hawaii. Hokulani neglected to provide a sexual fantasy, but judging by her suggestive photos, she seems open to pretty much anything.

—Photo by Friend

CHAMILLIA

A former resident of Tempe, Arizona, Chamillia, 18, studies fashion design and plans to open a clothing store to sell her own "Madonna-meets-hippie" designs. To help pay the bills, the auburn-haired looker also works as a housekeeper. Chamillia confesses that her grade-point average recently slipped from a gaudy 4.0 to a 3.0, perhaps due to her penchant for hanging out naked at the beach. Her extracurricular likes include swimming and traveling, and so far the gal's most memorable college experience has been "having sex in a dark room with a complete stranger."

—Photo by Friend

TIANA

Lahaina, Hawaii's own Tiana is an 18-year-old liberal-arts major. The bronzed academic, who maintains a 3.0 grade-point average, lists her hobbies as "swimming and shopping." Tiana's most memorable sexual experience in college has been "having sex in a dark room with a complete stranger."

—Photo by Friend

AMATEUR PHOTO/VIDEO CONTESTS

$5,000 IS UP FOR GRABS

Guys, we need you to be HUSTLER's campus point men in our ongoing search for new, untapped Beavers. Do you know gorgeous college students who are over 18 years of age? We're looking for readers to recruit babes for the *Real College Girls* division of *Beaver Hunt.* The process is easy; just snap a couple of clear, sexy—the more explicit the better—photographs (digital shots are cool too, as long as they're high resolution and printed on photo-quality paper). Send them to *Real College Girls*, 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. Every female whose picture sees print will receive a $350 honorarium, as well as a slot in HUSTLER's 2004 *Beaver Hunt* competition and a chance to appear in the video version of *HUSTLER's Real College Girls.* Finalists score $1,500 each, and the Grand Prize winner will appear in a HUSTLER photo-feature and earn $5,000. The photographer of the Grand Prize winner scores $500, and the Finalists' photographers earn $250. All photographers of models appearing in *Real College Girls* receive a one-year subscription to HUSTLER. Ask the girls to fill out the model release below, and include copies of two legal forms of ID and a current college ID. The model's photo, date of birth and signature must appear on the IDs (not necessarily all on the same one). All photos become the unreturnable property of L.F.P., Inc. No essays are required, but if your model can come up with something sexy, tell her to knock herself out.

MODEL RELEASE/ENTRY FORM

To enter *Real College Girls* you must be 18 years of age or older, and you must fill out and send this release and copies of two forms of ID, one with photo (i.e., driver's license, passport or photo ID issued by state). Second ID can be a birth certificate, Social Security card, credit card, marriage certificate or immigration card. One ID must include your date of birth, and one must include your signature. Send photocopies, not originals. Send two or more sharply focused color prints or slides. Send videotapes in VHS format. Showing pink is optional at entry stage. All photos and videos become the unreturnable property of L.F.P., Inc., which buys all rights in perpetuity to photos and videos we purchase. Win $350 if we publish your photo, or $500 if we choose your video, and win the chance to be in an extended pictorial or feature video worth $5,000. Send photos, videos, IDs and release to *Real College Girls*, 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. **Contest not open to residents of Arizona.** Void where prohibited. No purchase necessary.

Model's name

Any alias, nickname, stage or pro name

Name to be published

Date of birth Phone (include area code)

Model's Social Security number

Address

City State Zip

Personal e-mail address Occupation

Hobbies

Major College Year GPA

Best sexual experience in college (include separate sheet if necessary)

Model's legal signature (use separate sheets for more than one model) Date (month/date/year)

Warning: Anyone signing this release form other than the model will be subject to monetary damages and/or criminal prosecution. I declare under penalty of perjury that all of the information I have given above is true and correct.

Note: Prize money sent to model only.

In consideration of $350 for photographs or $500 for a video, I grant to L.F.P., Inc. all rights of every kind whatsoever, whether now known or unknown, exclusively and perpetually, in any submitted photographs of myself [the "Images"]. Without limiting the generality of the foregoing, and in addition thereto, I further grant to L.F.P., Inc., and its affiliates and assigns, the following perpetual and exclusive rights: (1) to copyright, copy or reproduce, by any present or future means, all or any part of the Images; (2) to exhibit, sell, assign and transmit, and license others to do so (whether by means of still photographs, magazines, newspapers, radio, television, televised motion pictures, videodiscs, videocassettes, videotapes, computer, CD-ROM, Internet transmission or any other means now known or unknown) any or all of the Images; (3) to use the Images in connection with advertising as well as for commercial exploitation, including, without limitation, in magazines, newspapers, books, one-sheets, flyers, catalogs, and covers or wrappers of recordings, discs, CD-ROMs, tapes and/or cassettes, and in connection with the sale of any by-products or merchandising; (4) to use the Images, or any parts thereof, as a portion of a motion picture or other work (and for the advertising thereof) and in connection with the sale of any by-products or merchandise relating thereto, and to reproduce and/or transmit the same by and in any and all media; and (5) to edit, add to, subtract from, arrange, rearrange, distort and revise the Images in any manner as L.F.P., Inc. may, in its sole and complete discretion, determine, from time to time. I certify that I was 18 years of age or older at the time my photographs and/or video footage were shot, and that I am of full age and am possessed of full legal capacity to execute the foregoing authorization.

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WHERE ARE THESE PHOTOS FROM... MARS?

NO, SIR... IT'S WHAT'S LEFT OF BAGHDAD...

Tosley.

Game On

Grab your joystick; HUSTLER plugs you into the latest video games.

by Gus Mastrapa

Psi-Ops: The Mindgate Conspiracy

Midway
(PlayStation 2/Xbox)

There's more to psychics than Miss Cleo has been letting on. ***Psi-Ops***'s Nick Scryer is a military mentalist gifted with the abilities of telekinesis, pyrokinesis (like Drew Barrymore in *Firestarter*) and mind control, just to name a few. As luck would have it, a group of psychically endowed terrorists plans to take over the world, and our man Scryer is the only one with the mind to stop them. We predict that taking down baddies with a thought is going to be a blast.

Red Dead Revolver

Rockstar
(PlayStation 2/Xbox)

Blazing six-guns are all well and good, but a good Western offers more than just firepower. ***Red Dead Revolver*** (from the same folks who brought you ***Grand Theft Auto***) puts gamers in the saddle. With a flick of the stick, players can ride up on a stagecoach or train and climb aboard. But don't fret, pardner, your itchy trigger fingers get a workout too. Oater staples like the train-top brawl and the high-noon duel are all part of the package.

Tom Clancy's Splinter Cell: Pandora Tomorrow

Ubisoft
(PC/Xbox)

If you think this game's *name* is a mouthful, try sinking your teeth into its complex, but supremely satisfying, stealth action. You're Sam Fisher, a one-man army deployed by the Third Echelon, a top-secret wing of the NSA. Your mission is to take on a militia leader in the ongoing conflict between East Timor and Indonesian guerrillas. Don't believe what they say; one man *can* make a difference.

Destruction Derby Arenas

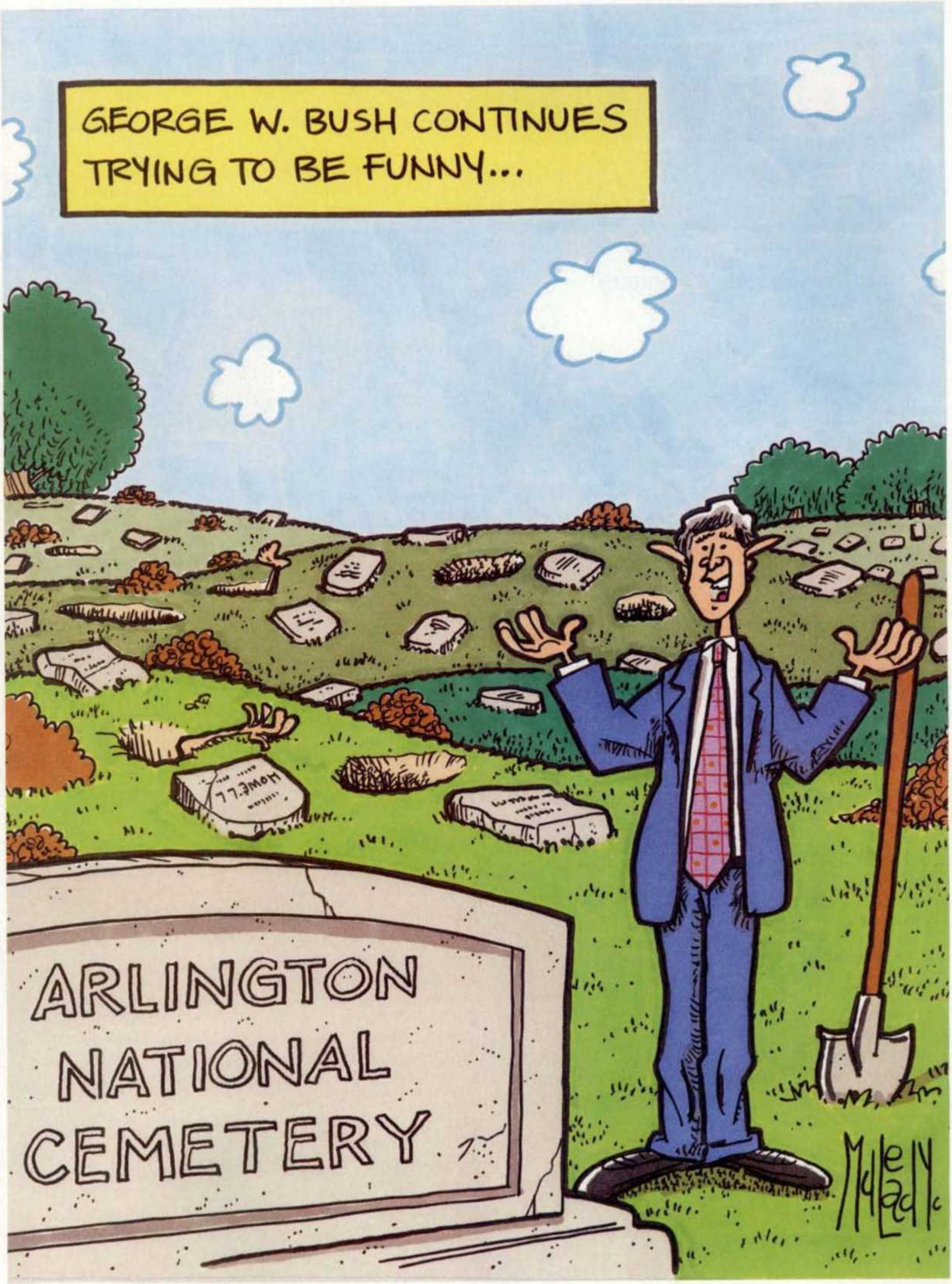
Gathering
(PlayStation 2)

The original ***Destruction Derby*** (1996) is one of the games that helped make the PlayStation 1 console a hit. The formula was simple: put players in the driver's seat and let them fuck shit up. After a long run of poorly received sequels, ***Destruction Derby Arenas*** aims to recapture the magic by pitting 20 online drivers against each other. That's a lot of nitro-fueled, muscle-car metal flying around.

Seven Samurai 20XX

Sammy
(PlayStation 2)

Akira Kurosawa's classic film *The Seven Samurai* tells a story that never gets old. Hollywood remade it twice: the Western *The Magnificent Seven* and the sci-fi flick *Battle Beyond the Stars*. ***Seven Samurai 20XX***, made with the cooperation of Kurosawa's son, is another futuristic take on the tale. Natoe is a lone swordsman who must recruit six more blades to defend the last human city from an army of evil robots. Fighting the good fight has never been so much fun.



"Boy, I just can't find those weapons of mass destruction anywhere, ha ha!"

The WALLACE REPORT

Free Speech With Laurie Wallace

The Vocal Minority

Growing up in Europe, I was used to seeing billboards and magazine ads with beautiful topless women. The "Page 3 Girl" (a picture of a topless gal on the third page of the *U.K. Sun*) has been a feature of the newspaper for decades. With a daily circulation of more than 3.5 million, the *U.K. Sun* is the most-circulated English-language paper in the world.

In the U.S., however, Janet Jackson's display of a single breast for a few seconds caused such an uproar among a segment of the population that our entire entertainment industry was changed overnight.

The uproar was fueled by the enemies of liberty, many of whom belong to the Religious Right. These people speak out relentlessly and complain loudly about anything they dislike. They are America's squeaky wheel that gets legislative grease at the expense of our freedoms. Apparently, you *can* legislate morality.

When the Federal Communications Commission (FCC) receives a complaint, the commissioners assume that the disapproving citizen represents many other people who feel the same way but don't bother to comment. This gives enormous leverage to vocal minorities. Even if the FCC *did* receive more than 200,000 complaints for the Super Bowl halftime show, many millions of people who also saw the spectacle didn't object and may very well have enjoyed seeing Jackson's breast.

This may explain why our outrage at censorship is less effective than others' outrage at things they want to censor. We are simply not a sufficiently vocal group; we are not trying hard enough to be heard.

Just before the House passed H.R. 3717, which dramatically increases the penalties for broadcasting obscene, indecent or profane material, New York Congressman José E. Serrano (D-New York) said, "The target here is coming from the political and Religious Right, and it is directed only at that which they think is bad, anti-American or indecent...My friends, this is a dangerous time."

In the 1970s, the song "Jet Airliner" by the Steve Miller Band contained the line, *I don't want to get caught up in any of that funky shit goin' down in the city.* The tune was a top-30 hit for 13 weeks in 1977. If you were to play the original version on the air today, the FCC could fine you heavily and revoke your broadcasting license. Radio executives are now forcing their DJs to play clean versions of songs. In this case, the disc jockey might resort to playing the version from the group's greatest hits CD, where the word *kicks* nonsensically replaces the word *shit*.

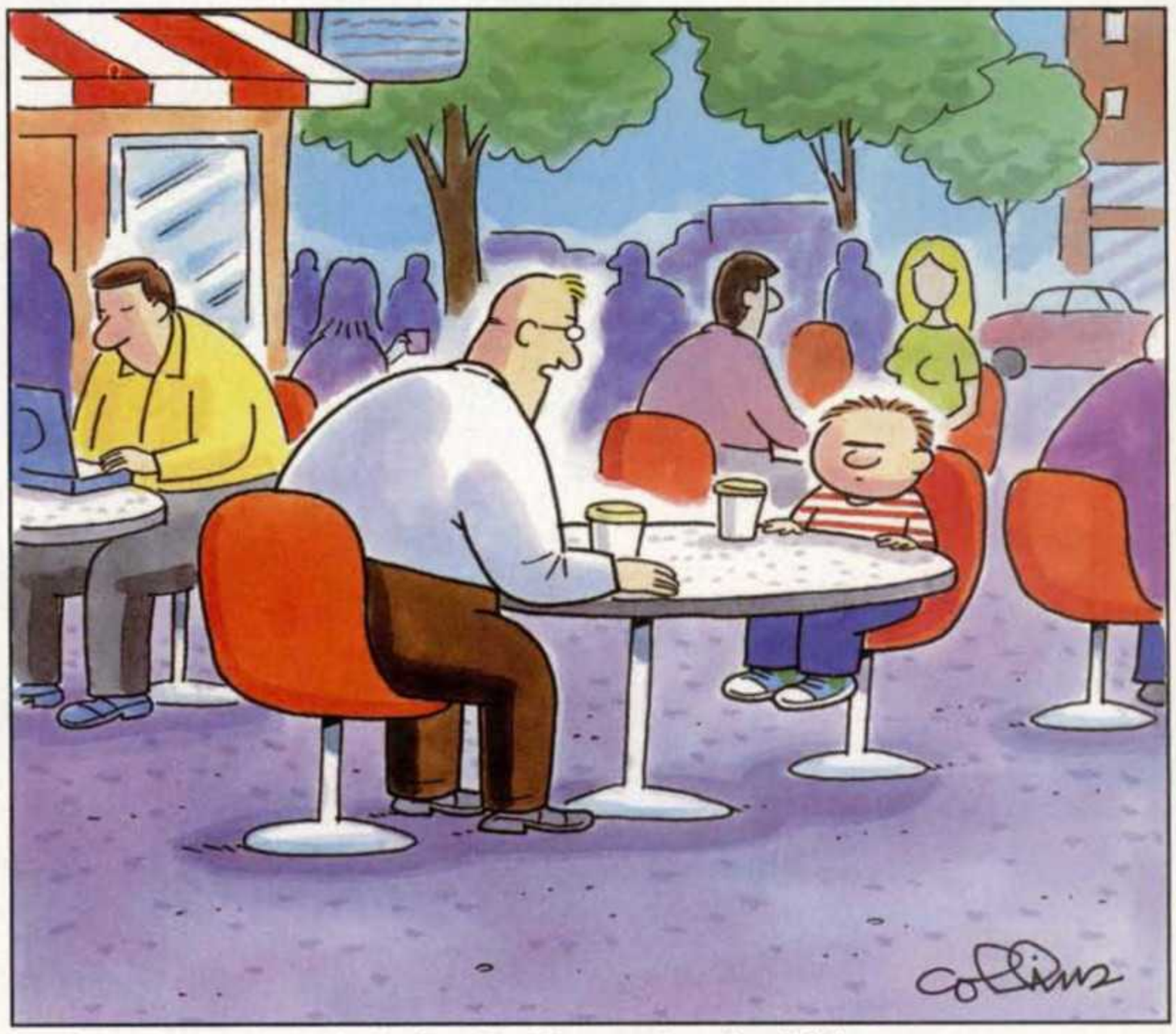
Making artists sanitize their work is not a new idea. When Michelangelo completed the *Last Judgment* fresco in 1541, he was accused of intolerable obscenity for his depiction of naked figures. After Michelangelo's death, a law was passed decreeing that all genitals in paintings and sculptures must be hidden. This Fig Leaf Campaign was, of course, a tool of the Catholic Church.

Make no mistake about it, the zealots want to control the entertainment content available to you in every venue possible, including cable TV, satellite and the Internet. When Attorney General John Ashcroft was a boy, his father told him he couldn't go to the movies because seven cents of his 15-cent ticket would go to support a lifestyle they disagreed with. This is a war of cultures.

It is time that we start making our silent majority heard in Washington. Call your elected officials frequently and tell them how you feel about these social issues, then make sure to cast your vote against intolerance.

* * *

Laurie Wallace graduated summa cum laude from Loyola College in Maryland and attended George Washington University law school. She has since appeared in mainstream films (Big Daddy, The Holy Man), television (The View, Ed) and magazines (Maxim, GQ, Men's Health, Muscle and Fitness), as well as adult publications (including HUSTLER). Her Web site is www.LaurieWallace.com.



"I think we should start seeing other kids."

BRANDIE

FRESHLY SQUEEZED

2004 BEAVER HUNT FINALIST #1

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATTI KLATT

Brandie hails from Los Angeles and works as a dental hygienist. Because of her chosen profession, the Capricorn spends much of her day in people's mouths. "I take X-rays, do cleanings, give anesthesia and administer nitrous," she chirps.

For all of you dental-phobes out there, the toothsome babe recommends a unique type of preventive dental care. "Why not try flossing in the shower? You might as well do something while you're standing there."

When she's not involved in oral activities at the office, the dental dame is checking out the ivories of prospective beaus. "I like a guy with a nice smile and guys who take care of their teeth." The 29-year-old has always wanted to be a model, but says, "I didn't try to pursue it because there are so many beautiful women out there."

If Brandie wins the $5,000 Grand Prize, she plans to save the cash and put it toward a house. Will the fiscally prudent filly get her dream home someday? Her fate hangs between your legs. Look for our *Beaver Hunt* ballot in the Holiday issue.

NEXT MONTH

NAKED PIX: LIL' KIM'S TIGHT QUIM

Raunchy rapper Lil' Kim is best known for her sexually explicit lyrics and outrageously revealing outfits, but the Grammy winner's usual sartorial displays pale in comparison to the pictures in our October issue. Enjoy an unobstructed view of her vertical smile as Lil' Kim outstrips her slutty peers in exclusive photos.

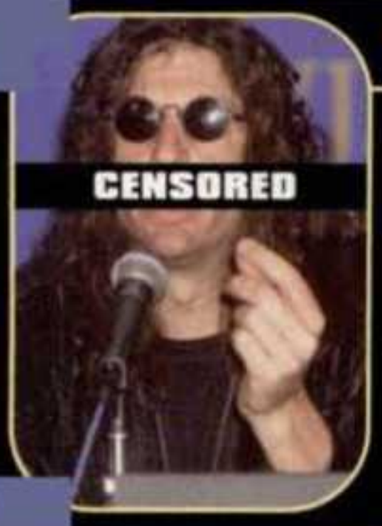
FBI TEN MOST WANTED FUGITIVE
RACKETEERING INFLUENCED AND CORRUPT ORGANIZATIONS (RICO) - MURDER (19 COUNTS), CONSPIRACY TO COMMIT MURDER, CONSPIRACY TO COMMIT EXTORTION, NARCOTICS DISTRIBUTION, CONSPIRACY TO COMMIT MONEY LAUNDERING, EXTORTION; MONEY LAUNDERING
JAMES J. BULGER

EXPOSÉ: G-MEN AND GANGSTERS IN CAHOOTS

When J. Edgar Hoover's FBI turned its attention to the La Cosa Nostra crime syndicate in the early 1960s, agents recruited violent gangsters as secret informants and offered them free rein to rob, extort and even murder. Now one of their ex-stool pigeons, James "Whitey" Bulger, is on the FBI's Most Wanted list with a $1-million bounty on his head. Former mobster Dominic Spinale sings like a soprano about Whitey's lawless partnership with the FBI.

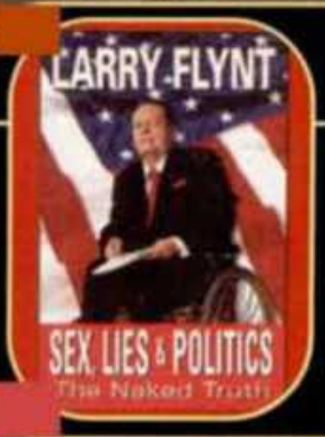
RODNEY GETS A RIMSHOT

Legendary comedian Rodney Dangerfield has turned his life into a punch line over a highly celebrated career. Now the 82-year-old comedian comes clean in his long-awaited autobiography, *It's Not Easy Bein' Me: A Lifetime of No Respect but Plenty of Sex and Drugs.* The king of one-liners cracks wise to Features Editor Dan Kapelovitz in an uncensored interview.



THE FCC'S FUCKING RAMPAGE

The FCC responded to the Janet Jackson Nipplegate scandal by going after radio programs and cracking down on free speech. Howard Stern has been in hot water for his sexy banter for years, but was thrown off radio giant Clear Channel's stations for alleged offenses once he started bashing the Bush Administration. Mancow Muller cohort John Calkins exposes the FCC's hypocrisy.



LARRY FLYNT'S NEW BOOK: A SNEAK PEEK

Larry Flynt drives the war against censorship and hypocrisy home in his brand-new book *Sex, Lies & Politics: The Naked Truth* (Kensington Books). In an exclusive excerpt from the sure-to-be controversial tome, the fearless champion of First Amendment rights delivers fresh dirt in his crusade against the country's corrupt leadership.

CHALMERS JOHNSON ON THE END OF DEMOCRACY

Retired International Relations professor and former CIA consultant Chalmers Johnson, author of the best-selling book *Blowback: The Costs and Consequences of American Empire,* is back to warn Americans about the perils of perpetual war in *The Sorrows of Empire: Militarism, Secrecy and the End of the Republic.* Find out what might await us in an exclusive interview by Editorial Director Bruce D[redacted] and Features Editor Dan Kapelovitz.

Lea DeMae

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